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CONTENTS

(July-December, 1948)

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

	PAGE		PAGE
Are Profits Too High? <i>Sumner H. Slichter</i>	July 31	Eigh Policy and the Atomic Bomb, <i>Bradley Dewey</i>	Dec. 37
Beech and the Pigeon, The, <i>Donald Culross Peattie</i>	Aug. 58	"Honeyed Peace, The," <i>Martha Gellhorn</i>	Aug. 48
Bells That Nobody Heard, The, <i>Sean O'Faolain</i>	Dec. 40	How Dense Is the Mass? <i>Gilbert Seldes</i>	Nov. 23
Bookseller and Auctioneer, <i>John Carter</i>	July 96	I'd Do It Again, <i>Edward Kennedy</i>	Aug. 36
Cameras on Hudson Bay, <i>John J. Rowlands</i>	Sept. 21	In the Park, <i>Monica Stirling</i>	July 38
Can Israel Help the Arabs? <i>David L. Cohn</i>	Aug. 34	Interpreting Music, <i>Serge Koussevitzky</i>	Aug. 24
"CBS Views the Press," <i>Don Hollenbeck</i>	Sept. 49	Island Greeks, The, <i>Osbert Lancaster</i>	Sept. 59
Change of Heart, A, <i>George Santayana</i>	Dec. 52	James Revival, The, <i>Leon Edel</i>	Sept. 96
Charles Dickens, <i>W. Somerset Maugham</i>	July 50	"Kitty" of Harvard, <i>Rollo Walter Brown</i>	Oct. 65
D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell, <i>Harry T. Moore (Ed.)</i>	Dec. 92	Laughter in the Next Room, <i>Sir Osbert Sitwell</i>	July 73, Aug. 71, Sept. 73, Oct. 73
Democrats Can Win, The, <i>Ellis G. Arnall</i>	Oct. 33	Man Against Darkness, <i>W. T. Stace</i>	Sept. 53
Did Roosevelt Start the War? <i>Samuel Eliot Morison</i>	Aug. 91	Man Named Flute, A, <i>Joseph Heller</i>	Aug. 66
Editor in London, <i>Edward Weeks</i>	Dec. 25	Man Who Might Have Been President, The, <i>Edward Mead Earle</i>	Dec. 85
Education in an Armed Truce, <i>James Bryant Conant</i>	Oct. 48	Mann and His Mephistopheles, <i>Charles J. Rolo</i>	Nov. 92
Elms Go Down, The, <i>Donald Culross Peattie</i>	July 21	Marcel Proust, <i>Harry Levin</i>	Oct. 85
English Traits, <i>Henry Steele Commager</i>	Aug. 61	Mark Twain's River, <i>Dixon Wecter</i>	Oct. 45
Fashion Is My Business, <i>Stanley Marcus</i>	Dec. 43	Master of the "Rockingham," The, <i>H. M. Tomlinson</i>	Dec. 62
Five Good Poets in a Bad Year, <i>Peter Viereck</i>	Nov. 95	Modern Art and the Dignity of Man, <i>Francis Henry Taylor</i>	Dec. 30
Gap Between Prices and Wages, The, <i>Philip Murray</i>	July 25	Mr. Murray Replies, <i>Philip Murray</i>	July 35
Get Out and Get Under, <i>John E. Hutton</i>	Nov. 40	Museum of the Future, The, <i>Walter Lippmann</i>	Oct. 70
Go South, Young Man! <i>Louis Bromfield</i>	Nov. 57	Night Without Stars, <i>James Binney</i>	Sept. 65
Golfmanship: or How to Win Without Actually Cheating, <i>Stephen Potter</i>	Sept. 45	No Place to Hide, <i>David Bradley, M.D.</i>	Oct. 25, Nov. 28, Dec. 65
Grand Tour — Nonstop! <i>Bergen Evans</i>	Sept. 35	Once Only, <i>Oliver St. John Gogarty</i>	Oct. 59
Harry Hopkins, <i>Raymond Swing</i>	Nov. 87	Orient Express, <i>Eleanor Palffy</i>	Sept. 40
Heart in the Mouth, <i>Geoffrey Household</i>	Nov. 51	Pearl Harbor in Retrospect, <i>Sherman Miles</i>	July 65
Heifer, The, <i>Patrick Morgan</i>	July 62	"PM" Post-Mortem, <i>Robert Lasch</i>	July 44
Henry Wallace: A Divided Mind, <i>Gardner Jackson</i>	Aug. 27		

49894

Purpose in the Universe			
Is It Really That Dark? <i>Bernard Id- dings Bell</i>	Nov.	35	
The Principle of God, <i>Charles F. Hib- bard</i>	Nov.	37	
How Can We Deny God? <i>E. H. Ed- wards</i>	Nov.	38	
The Quest for Basic Values, <i>James Croswell Perkins</i>	Nov.	39	
Racing and Touring, <i>John E. Hutton</i> . .	Dec.	48	
"Read to Me," <i>Margaret Palfrey Wood- row</i>	Sept.	93	
Religion in the Independent School, <i>E. Laurence Springer</i>	Dec.	57	
Republican Revival, The, <i>Oren Root, Jr.</i>	Sept.	28	
Road Ahead, The, <i>Sir Richard Living- stone</i>	Nov.	63	
Santa Lucia, <i>Joseph Petracca</i>	Nov.	72	
Saracen's Head, The, <i>Osbert Lancaster</i> .	Nov. 78, Dec.	75	
Sassafras and Witch Hazel, <i>Donald Cul- ross Peattie</i>	Nov.	69	
School, the State, and the Church, The, <i>Agnes E. Meyer</i>	Nov.	45	
September Sea, <i>Wyman Richardson, M.D.</i>	Sept.	69	
Subversive of What? <i>Julian P. Boyd</i> . .	Aug.	19	
"Taste of Angels, The," <i>James S. Plaut</i>	Oct.	90	
Tolstoy in Soviet Hands, <i>Mikhail Ko- riakov</i>	Oct.	53	
Train to Moose Factory, <i>John J. Row- lands</i>	Aug.	42	
Victory, The, <i>Carl Moon</i>	Dec.	71	
White Man Returns, <i>Agnes Newton Keith</i>	Oct.	39	
Who Gets Our Public Lands? <i>Arthur H. Carhart</i>	July	57	
Winston Churchill, Leader and Histo- rian, <i>C. S. Forester</i>	July	93	

Poetry

Ballade about Nish, <i>R. P. Lister</i>	July	43	
Boy up from Hunting, <i>John Rolfe</i>	Dec.	61	
Date Before Dawn, <i>Mary Ballard Duryee</i>	Sept.	58	
Death's Jester, <i>Alastair W. R. Miller</i> . .	Aug.	60	
Easy to Pack, <i>Hortense Flexner</i>	Sept.	68	
Invocation, <i>Conrad Aiken</i>	July	49	
Little Farm, The, <i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	Nov.	44	
Luis de Camoëns, <i>Leonard Bacon</i>	Nov.	98	
Mr. Bluefrook Considers It All, <i>R. P. Lister</i>	Sept.	52	
Now I Become Myself, <i>May Sarton</i> . . .	Dec.	42	
Report on the Sexless Behavior of Micro- scopic Immortals, <i>Oliver St. John Go- garty</i>	Sept.	44	
Second Sowing, <i>Anne Morrow Lind- bergh</i>	Aug.	70	
Storm Warning, <i>Frances Minturn How- ard</i>	Nov.	68	
Sunday Near a Naval Air Base, <i>John Ciardi</i>	July	37	
Three Houses, <i>Margaret Beaufort</i>	Oct.	57	
Two Poems, <i>Donald C. Babcock</i>	Aug.	56	

The Atlantic Serial

Laughter in the Next Room, <i>Sir Osbert Sitwell</i>	July 73, Aug. 71, Sept. 73, Oct. 73	
Saracen's Head, The, <i>Osbert Lancaster</i> .	Nov. 78, Dec. 75	

Accent on Living

(* Indicates a poem)

*After Eighty, <i>M. A. DeWolfe Howe</i> . .	Nov.	128	
Among the Patronesses, <i>Lorna Slocombe</i>	Nov.	125	
Building Boom, <i>Ray Josephs</i>	Oct.	118	
Displeasure, <i>René MacColl</i>	Sept.	87	
Dominica, <i>Eleanor Early</i>	Oct.	113	
Drownings Unlimited, <i>David L. Gra- ham</i>	July	91	

CONTENTS

v

Dubious Panegyric, <i>Rixford Knight</i> . . .	Aug. 84	*On — Within Reason — With the Dance, <i>Fairfax Downey</i>	Aug. 86
*Evening with the Poets, An, <i>Ethel Jacobson</i>	Dec. 126	*Owl Song, <i>J. S. Moody</i>	July 90
*First Love, <i>Bette Richart</i>	Dec. 129	*Owlet and the Gamekeeper, The, <i>R. P. Lister</i>	Sept. 92
Fruit Salad, <i>John Ciardi</i>	Nov. 122	*Radio Plugger's Wife, <i>Gelett Burgess</i> . .	Aug. 90
Fruto, Lagartija, and Christmas, <i>Alva Queneau</i>	Dec. 127	*Shush! <i>David Morton</i>	Sept. 88
*Gardener at Kew, The, <i>Helen Bevington</i>	July 92	Sinking of the Well, The, <i>George R. Harrison</i>	Aug. 87
Gentleman, The, <i>Howard Hayes</i>	Aug. 89	Size, <i>Warren Weaver</i>	Sept. 88
Ghosts, <i>W. A. R. Wood</i>	July 86	*Spoils, The, <i>David Brock</i>	Oct. 115
*Golden Age, The, <i>Witter Bynner</i>	Oct. 118	*Story of the Bible, The, <i>Minna Keyser</i> .	Nov. 124
Ignorance Preferred, <i>Bergen Evans</i> . . .	Nov. 127	Street Called Solitude, The, <i>A. Hamilton Gibbs</i>	Oct. 115
Kids' Movie, <i>Lorna Slocombe</i>	July 89	Three Frosted Drinks, <i>Q. de Goût</i> . . .	Aug. 86
Mexican Guide, <i>Malcolm LaPrade</i> . . .	Oct. 116	Through the Films Darkly, <i>Jack Masters</i>	Sept. 91
My Precarious Life in the Public Domain, <i>John Jacob Niles</i>	Dec. 129	U.S.A. Retasted, <i>André L. Simon</i> . . .	Nov. 126, Dec. 124
Newsreeland, <i>John Crosby</i>	Dec. 126	Witching Wands and Doodlebugs, <i>H. K. Stephenson</i>	Sept. 86

INDEX BY AUTHORS

Aiken, Conrad, <i>Invocation</i>	July 49	Cohn, David L., <i>Can Israel Help the Arabs?</i>	Aug. 34
Arnall, Ellis G., <i>The Democrats Can Win</i>	Oct. 33	Commager, Henry Steele, <i>English Traits</i>	Aug. 61
Babcock, Donald C., <i>Two Poems</i>	Aug. 56	Conant, James Bryant, <i>Education in an Armed Truce</i>	Oct. 48
Bacon, Leonard, <i>Luis de Camoëns</i> . . .	Nov. 98	Crosby, John, <i>Newsreeland</i>	Dec. 126
Beaufort, Margaret, <i>Three Houses</i> . . .	Oct. 57	de Goût, Q., <i>Three Frosted Drinks</i> . . .	Aug. 86
Bell, Bernard Iddings, <i>Is It Really That Dark?</i>	Nov. 35	Dewey, Bradley, <i>High Policy and the Atomic Bomb</i>	Dec. 37
Bevington, Helen, <i>The Gardener at Kew</i> .	July 92	Downey, Fairfax, <i>On — Within Reason — With the Dance</i>	Aug. 86
Binney, James, <i>Night Without Stars</i> . .	Sept. 65	Duryee, Mary Ballard, <i>Date Before Dawn</i>	Sept. 58
Boyd, Julian P., <i>Subversive of What?</i> . .	Aug. 19	Earle, Edward Mead, <i>The Man Who Might Have Been President</i>	Dec. 85
Bradley, David, M.D., <i>No Place to Hide</i> .	Oct. 25, Nov. 28, Dec. 65	Early, Eleanor, <i>Dominica</i>	Oct. 113
Brock, David, <i>The Spoils</i>	Oct. 115	Edel, Leon, <i>The James Revival</i>	Sept. 96
Bromfield, Louis, <i>Go South, Young Man!</i>	Nov. 57	Edwards, E. H., <i>How Can We Deny God?</i>	Nov. 38
Brown, Rollo Walter, "Kitty" of Harvard	Oct. 65	Evans, Bergen, <i>Grand Tour — Nonstop! Ignorance Preferred</i>	Sept. 35 Nov. 127
Burgess, Gelett, <i>Radio Plugger's Wife</i> .	Aug. 90	Flexner, Hortense, <i>Easy to Pack</i>	Sept. 68
Bynner, Witter, <i>The Golden Age</i>	Oct. 118	Forester, C. S., <i>Winston Churchill, Leader and Historian</i>	July 93
Carhart, Arthur H., <i>Who Gets Our Public Lands?</i>	July 57		
Carter, John, <i>Bookseller and Auctioneer</i> .	July 96		
Ciardi, John, <i>Fruit Salad</i>	Nov. 122		
<i>Sunday Near a Naval Air Base</i>	July 37		
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram, <i>The Little Farm</i>	Nov. 44		

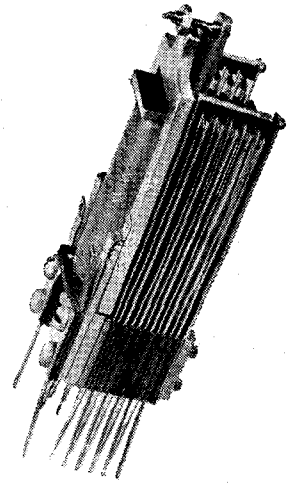
Gellhorn, Martha, <i>"The Honeyed Peace"</i>	Aug.	48	Meyer, Agnes E., <i>The School, the State, and the Church</i>	Nov.	45
Gibbs, A. Hamilton, <i>The Street Called Solitude</i>	Oct.	115	Miles, Sherman, <i>Pearl Harbor in Retrospect</i>	July	65
Gogarty, Oliver St. John, <i>Once Only</i>	Oct.	59	Miller, Alastair W. R., <i>Death's Jester</i>	Aug.	60
<i>Report on the Sexless Behavior of Microscopic Immortals</i>	Sept.	44	Moodey, J. S., <i>Owl Song</i>	July	90
Graham, David L., <i>Drownings Unlimited</i>	July	91	Moon, Carl, <i>The Victory</i>	Dec.	71
Harrison, George R., <i>The Sinking of the Well</i>	Aug.	87	Moore, Harry T. (Ed.), <i>D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell</i>	Dec.	92
Hayes, Howard, <i>The Gentleman</i>	Aug.	89	Morgan, Patrick, <i>The Heifer</i>	July	62
Heller, Joseph, <i>A Man Named Flute</i>	Aug.	66	Morison, Samuel Eliot, <i>Did Roosevelt Start the War?</i>	Aug.	91
Hibbard, Charles F., <i>The Principle of God</i>	Nov.	37	Morton, David, <i>Shush!</i>	Sept.	88
Hollenbeck, Don, <i>"CBS Views the Press"</i>	Sept.	49	Murray, Philip, <i>The Gap Between Prices and Wages</i>	July	25
Household, Geoffrey, <i>Heart in the Mouth</i>	Nov.	51	<i>Mr. Murray Replies</i>	July	35
Howard, Frances Minturn, <i>Storm Warning</i>	Nov.	68	Niles, John Jacob, <i>My Precarious Life in the Public Domain</i>	Dec.	129
Howe, M. A. DeWolfe, <i>After Eighty</i>	Nov.	128	O'Faolain, Sean, <i>The Bells That Nobody Heard</i>	Dec.	40
Hutton, John E., <i>Get Out and Get Under Racing and Touring</i>	Nov.	40			
	Dec.	48			
Jackson, Gardner, <i>Henry Wallace: A Divided Mind</i>	Aug.	27	Palfy, Eleanor, <i>Orient Express</i>	Sept.	40
Jacobson, Ethel, <i>An Evening with the Poets</i>	Dec.	126	Peattie, Donald Culross, <i>Sassafras and Witch Hazel</i>	Nov.	69
Josephs, Ray, <i>Building Boom</i>	Oct.	118	<i>The Beech and the Pigeon</i>	Aug.	58
			<i>The Elms Go Down</i>	July	21
Keith, Agnes Newton, <i>White Man Returns</i>	Oct.	39	Perkins, James Crosswell, <i>The Quest for Basic Values</i>	Nov.	39
Kennedy, Edward, <i>I'd Do It Again</i>	Aug.	36	Petracca, Joseph, <i>Santa Lucia</i>	Nov.	72
Keyser, Minna, <i>The Story of the Bible</i>	Nov.	124	Plaut, James S., <i>"The Taste of Angels"</i>	Oct.	90
Knight, Rixford, <i>Dubious Panegyric</i>	Aug.	84	Potter, Stephen, <i>Golfmanship: or How to Win Without Actually Cheating</i>	Sept.	45
Koriakov, Mikhail, <i>Tolstoy in Soviet Hands</i>	Oct.	53			
Koussevitzky, Serge, <i>Interpreting Music</i>	Aug.	24	Queneau, Alva, <i>Fruto, Lagartija, and Christmas</i>	Dec.	127
Lancaster, Osbert, <i>The Island Greeks</i>	Sept.	59	Richardson, Wyman, M.D., <i>September Sea</i>	Sept.	69
<i>The Saracen's Head</i>	Nov.	78, Dec. 75	Richart, Bette, <i>First Love</i>	Dec.	129
LaPrade, Malcolm, <i>Mexican Guide</i>	Oct.	116	Rolfe, John, <i>Boy up from Hunting</i>	Dec.	61
Lasch, Robert, <i>"PM" Post-Mortem</i>	July	44	Rolo, Charles J., <i>Mann and His Mephistopheles</i>	Nov.	92
Levin, Harry, <i>Marcel Proust</i>	Oct.	85	Root, Oren, Jr., <i>The Republican Revival</i>	Sept.	28
Lindbergh, Anne Morrow, <i>Second Sowing</i>	Aug.	70	Rowlands, John J., <i>Cameras on Hudson Bay</i>	Sept.	21
Lippmann, Walter, <i>The Museum of the Future</i>	Oct.	70	<i>Train to Moose Factory</i>	Aug.	42
Lister, R. P., <i>Ballade about Nish</i>	July	43			
<i>Mr. Bluefrock Considers It All</i>	Sept.	52	Santayana, George, <i>A Change of Heart</i>	Dec.	52
<i>The Owllet and the Gamekeeper</i>	Sept.	92	Sarton, May, <i>Now I Become Myself</i>	Dec.	42
Livingstone, Sir Richard, <i>The Road Ahead</i>	Nov.	63	Seldes, Gilbert, <i>How Dense Is the Mass?</i>	Nov.	23
			Simon, André L., <i>U.S.A. Retasted</i>	Nov. 126, Dec. 124	
MacColl, René, <i>Displeasure</i>	Sept.	87			
Marcus, Stanley, <i>Fashion Is My Business</i>	Dec.	43	Sitwell, Sir Osbert, <i>Laughter in the Next Room</i>	July 73, Aug. 71, Sept. 73, Oct. 73	
Masters, Jack, <i>Through the Films Darkly</i>	Sept.	91	Slichter, Sumner H., <i>Are Profits Too High?</i>	July	31
Maugham, W. Somerset, <i>Charles Dickens</i>	July	50			

CONTENTS

vii

Slocombe, Lorna, <i>Among the Patronesses</i>	Nov. 125	Tomlinson, H. M., <i>The Master of the</i>	
<i>Kids' Movie</i>	July 89	<i>"Rockingham"</i>	Dec. 62
Springer, E. Laurence, <i>Religion in the In-</i>			
<i>dependent School</i>	Dec. 57	Viereck, Peter, <i>Five Good Poets in a Bad</i>	
Stace, W. T., <i>Man Against Darkness</i>	Sept. 53	<i>Year</i>	Nov. 95
Stephenson, H. K., <i>Witching Wands and</i>			
<i>Doodlebugs</i>	Sept. 86	Weaver, Warren, <i>Size</i>	Sept. 88
Stirling, Monica, <i>In the Park</i>	July 38	Wecker, Dixon, <i>Mark Twain's River</i>	Oct. 45
Swing, Raymond, <i>Harry Hopkins</i>	Nov. 87	Weeks, Edward, <i>Editor in London</i>	Dec. 25
		Wood, W. A. R., <i>Ghosts</i>	July 86
Taylor, Francis Henry, <i>Modern Art and</i>		Woodrow, Margaret Palfrey, <i>"Read to</i>	
<i>the Dignity of Man</i>	Dec. 30	<i>Me"</i>	Sept. 93

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

The Elms Go Down	DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE	21
<u>Wages versus Profits</u>		
The Gap Between Prices and Wages	PHILIP MURRAY	25
Are Profits Too High?	SUMNER H. SLICHTER	31
Mr. Murray Replies		35
Sunday Near a Naval Air Base. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN CIARDI	37
In the Park. <i>A Story</i>	MONICA STIRLING	38
Ballade about Nish. <i>A Poem</i>	R. P. LISTER	43
<i>PM</i> Post-mortem	ROBERT LASCH	44
Invocation. <i>A Poem</i>	CONRAD AIKEN	49
Charles Dickens	W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM	50
Who Gets Our Public Lands?	ARTHUR H. CARHART	57
The Heifer. <i>A Story</i>	PATRICK MORGAN	62
Pearl Harbor in Retrospect	SHERMAN MILES	65
Laughter in the Next Room	SIR OSBERT SITWELL	73
<i>The New Atlantic Serial</i>		

ACCENT ON LIVING

W. A. R. Wood — Lorna Slocombe — J. S. Moodey — David L. Graham — Helen Bevington	85
--	----

BOOKS AND MEN

Winston Churchill: Leader and Historian	C. S. FORESTER	93
Bookseller and Auctioneer	JOHN CARTER	96

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Edward Weeks — Charles J. Rolo	100
--------------------------------	-----

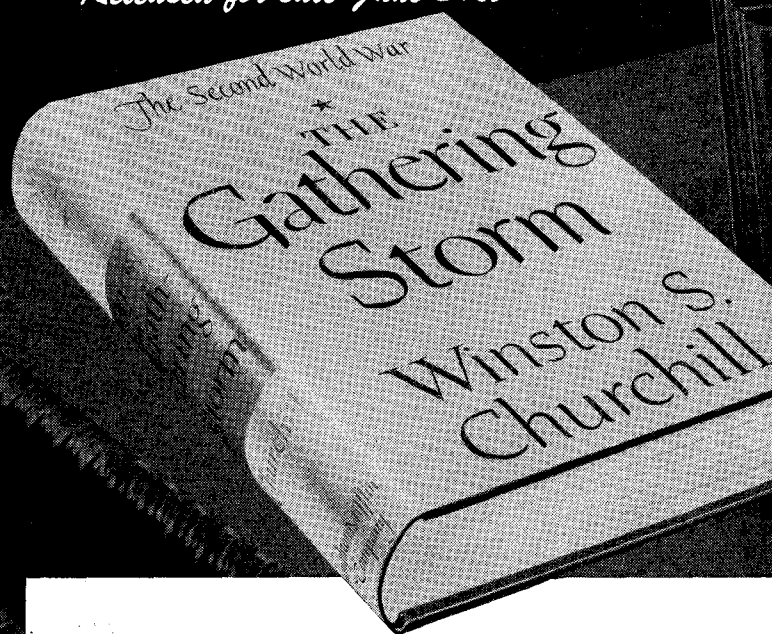
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Europe

CCHEERED by the prospect of the best crop year since the end of the war, the Marshall Plan nations of Western Europe are embarking upon their drive for economic rehabilitation with new energy. By midsummer of 1947, according to a survey issued last month by the United Nations Economic and Social Council, the industrial production of the fourteen leading European nations taken together, and exclusive of Germany and Russia, had already approximated the pre-war level of 1938. At the same time the total agricultural output for twenty-two European countries — again excluding Germany and Russia — stood at only 76 per cent of the pre-war figure.

This 24 per cent deficit in agricultural production, caused by protracted winter storms, devastating floods, midsummer drought, and inadequacies of farm equipment, will, it is now believed, be more than offset by the harvests which will begin to come in within a few weeks. Large increases in acreages planted, a steadily rising supply of farm tools and fertilizer, and exceptionally favorable weather promise to carry the farmers' contribution to recovery well above pre-war volume for the entire area, with the possible exception of Bizonal Germany.

On the land, Europeans are largely at the mercy of nature. In industry they are more nearly masters of their own destiny. The industrial production figures in UNESCO's latest report disclose the real measure of Western Europe's efforts.

Great Britain

By midsummer of 1947, Britain, which in 1938 accounted for about 22 per cent of all industrial production in Europe, boosted her output to 110

per cent of pre-war figures. By the end of the year she had added another 10 per cent to that staggering figure. Her own estimates indicate that she has raised the level still higher during the first quarter of 1948.

Some of Britain's key industries, however, continue to lag — textiles, building, and coal, for instance. Yet, though her nationalized coal industry managed to send only 1,057,000 tons into export for the entire year 1947, her current coal exports are running more than a million tons a month. If this rate continues, a substantial portion of her pre-war share in world coal markets will be recovered by the end of 1948.

Despite this impressive comeback there is trouble, both in the pits and in the administrative sector of the coal industry. Attempts to push nationalization by closing uneconomic pits or consolidating adjacent mines continue to meet with opposition from the miners, who dislike moving to new work fields in a time of acute housing shortage.

The recent resignation from the Government's coal board of Sir Charles Reid, famed production expert, because of his insistence upon a greater driving power in its decisions, has brought the whole problem of the mines to a head. For both political and economic reasons British socialism cannot afford to permit its initial experiment with nationalization to flounder.

That point is emphasized by the progress of three of Britain's other great industries, which have not yet been nationalized. Steel boosted production to 140 per cent of pre-war levels early in April. At the same time British engineering output stood

1947

1948

Atlantic Prizes

to High School and Private School Students

The Atlantic Contests for High School and Private School Students for 1947-1948 (*closing date April 10*) were open to all students using the Atlantic in a course during some part of the 1947-1948 school year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

Intimations, by Edith Reveley, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Eva Freeman, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Blue-Water Memories, by Alice Emily Sutton, Shaker Heights High School, Shaker Heights, Ohio; *Gale Wickwire, Instructor*

The Threads of My Cloth, by Lois Williams, Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Ohio; *Ethel Andrews, Instructor*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

The Dance, by Anne Adams, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Eva Freeman, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Dawes' Pride, by Hedda von Goeben, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut; *Elizabeth H. Kellogg, Instructor*

Princess with Golden Hair, by Cornelia Wight, The Chapin School, New York City; *Corinne L. Olli, Instructor*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

The Ballad of Terry the Terror of the Plains, by Bayard Gardineer, Jr., Peekskill High School, Peekskill, New York; *Richard K. Corbin, Instructor*

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

The Indian's Child, by Peggy Wilson, Sarah Dix Hamlin School, San Francisco; *Mary Marty, Instructor*

Journey's End, by Ralph G. Burke, Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Massachusetts; *Joseph A. Shea, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Pontius Pilate, Esquire, by Nathan Cervo, New Haven High School, New Haven, Connecticut; *Marion C. Sheridan, Instructor*

To Sam—with Regrets, by Calvin W. Atwood, Rutland High School, Rutland, Vermont; *Mabel Morrill, Instructor*

The Child, by Gloria Gebhart, North Shore Country Day School, Winnetka, Illinois; *Cleveland A. Thomas, Instructor*

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The University of Pittsburgh,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

announces the award of a Four-Year Scholarship (free tuition) to Anne Adams, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts (*Eva Freeman, Instructor*), for her story, *The Dance*.

well above 125 per cent of pre-war figures, and British chemicals were more than 160 per cent of pre-war production.

France

Belgium, France, and Denmark enter the first fifteen months of the reconstruction program with over-all industrial production comfortably above 1938. Pressure on manpower for industry in France is tremendous. She is still short of requirements, even though she has combed the displaced persons camps of Western Germany for skilled workers, has absorbed some 80,000 Italian workmen under her recent plan for joint economic coöperation with Italy, and has settled nearly 40,000 Poles (mostly in industrial areas) and 120,000 former German prisoners of war who have elected, as free men, to make France their future home because of the appeal of steady work and good pay.

French coal production is already ahead of the goal of 51 million tons set for 1948. The program for expansion of electric power, though delayed by shortages, will add another 10 per cent to French power facilities before the end of the summer. With her index of industrial production standing at 106 per cent of 1938 as spring ends, despite the harassments of last year's strikes, France is pushing forward with vigor. Greater mechanization of farms is strengthening the role of French agriculture. Before the war there were 30,000 tractors in the country. Today there are nearly 75,000.

The Netherlands

The pace of industry in the Netherlands can be measured in many ways. In 1920, after World War I, 2,000,000 man-days were lost to production because of strikes. Last year, thanks to the excellence of Dutch labor-management relations, firm price controls, and a carefully devised scheme for stabilization of wages, only 200,000 man-days went to waste for this reason.

Holland's industrial production soared nearly 40 per cent last year over the preceding year. It is still climbing. The number of industrial workers doubled in thirty-six months. A study of 9800 Dutch industries, completed this spring, shows productivity of workers up more than 250 per cent over 1946. The production index of the Netherlands, which stood at a low of 46 in the final quarter of 1946, hit 110 in the first quarter of 1948.

Norway

Norway moves into the reconstruction program harassed by continuing shortages and dollar difficulties. The latter may be eased somewhat by her allotment of credits under the aid plan. Only in February of this year did her export industries attain pre-war levels, despite the fact that her fishermen last year chalked up a world's record with a catch of more than a billion pounds.

Concentration on the job of rebuilding Norway's great merchant marine is resulting in prodigies of accomplishment. The Norwegians take a long



The Atlantic Report on Europe



view of recovery. In this they differ to some degree from their neighbors. They expect real results not this year, but in 1949 and 1950. New motor-driven tankers, ranging up to 16,000 tons, further expansion of their magnificent whaling fleet, enormous new underground hydroelectric power stations — one of them tucked under a mountain — will all be contributing to productive output in another year or two.

Meantime, Norwegian labor and management have once more placed the general good above the expediences of the moment by renewal of the famous "blanket labor contract" for the remainder of 1948. This arrangement has kept the industrial peace for well over a year. It is based on moderate pay adjustments and an honestly administered control of prices.

Italy

In Italy the pleasant ruminations of the post-election period are giving way to hard realities. Though the lira has been stabilized at 570 to the dollar, and though ERP aid brought the hope that all bread and *pasta* rationing would end by mid-summer, the persisting problems of unemployment, land reform, and fiscal distortion hung like death's-heads over the new De Gasperi regime.

Italy's allotment of aid from the Western Hemisphere exceeds a billion dollars. But will this solve the riddle for a nation sorely deficient in almost all essential materials for production, whose population is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year? Unless genuine effort is put into the task of land distribution soon, ERP may well represent for Italy's hundreds of thousands of landless peasants merely another brief respite. And until some means can be devised for fitting the living wealth of Italy's manpower into a general coöperative scheme with her neighbors, her dangerously high unemployment will continue to burden her economy.

Greece

Italy's status under the Marshall Plan is nevertheless far more comfortable than that of her Mediterranean partners in the sixteen-nation group. Matters in Greece proceed from bad to worse with little prospect of real economic rehabilitation this year. The extreme reactionaries in Athens have managed to stalemate most of the major administrative reforms proposed by the American mission and to embroil themselves in a quarrel with the American press, which is chiefly significant in that it is uncovering, for the first time, the real nature of the Greek government to many Americans.

Morale among the people is at a new low. The burden of hundreds of thousands of refugees from the civil war is squeezing relief funds. Despite optimistic predictions by the military, there is little likelihood that the approach of autumn will find the "pacification campaign" a success. As Exhibit A for the Truman Doctrine, Greece offers Washington little to cheer about.

Turkey

Barred from the tobacco market in Bizonal Germany by decision of the American directors there, Turkey's great tobacco industry languishes with half its crop unsold for lack of foreign outlets, and bankruptcies accumulate. The first fine rapture of enthusiasm over unexpected windfalls from Washington is giving place to sharp criticism of American businessmen and American policy.

Turkey's share of ERP aid is relatively small, though it has been eked out rather handsomely by the latest grant under the Truman Doctrine. The difficulty is that the economic crisis is growing, while the benefits which may flow from new arterial highways (which are still in the print stage), gifts of submarines, and new increments to armament are all in the speculative future. Trade is tangled in the knots of Middle East unrest, war in Greece, Balkan enigmas, and the preoccupation of Western Europe with its own concerns.

Coöperation and freedom

The movement toward coöperation among the nations of Western Europe continues to gather strength. Indeed, it is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the entire post-war period. Within less than six months it has developed from a rather nebulous suggestion put forth by Ernest Bevin into a series of concrete achievements. The Organization for Economic Coöperation set up at Paris in April is Europe's device for affirming not only the will to coöperate but her determination to maintain essential freedoms while participating in a delicate economic enterprise which, without safeguards, might well impair some of them in the very process of building new strength.

The present aim of the Marshall Plan nations is to achieve greater coöperation without trying to do too much too soon. Recovery of economic health is their primary task. There is no diminishing of European concern about the riddle of Russian policy. But most Europeans are of the opinion that unification is more likely to advance through a process of gradual integration than by attempting to follow a hasty blueprint.

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A report on the most useful year

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1 World-wide, the need for oil surpassed all records. To help meet the need, crude oil production by Jersey Company affiliates was increased 8% over 1946, setting another new record. Their production was 14% of the world's total for the year.

2 In the U. S., too, the need was at record levels. Three million more cars to fuel than pre-war; twice as many tractors and trucks on farms; a million and a half more oil-heated homes; five times as many diesel locomotives. Total U. S. consumption of oil products was 11% greater than 1946, 12% greater even than the peak war year. In meeting this need, we set new output records month after month, accounting for 9% of U. S. total crude oil.

3 The unusually hard winter made heating oil and kerosene supply a special problem. By extraordinary effort in refineries and hard work and long hours by people all along the line, we were able to deliver about 25% more of these products than in the winter before.

4 With such big demand, big supply, and rising prices, money came in — and was paid out — in all-time record figures. Total dollar income reached \$2,387,000,000 — 45% over 1946. Operating charges and other deductions from income reached \$2,118,040,000 — 44% over 1946. A record sum of \$466,954,000 was paid to our employees.

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biggest, hardest, we ever had!...

5 Net consolidated earnings of the Company and affiliates — \$269,000,000 — equalled \$9.83 per share, or 11.3% of total income as compared to 10.8% in 1946. Dividends of \$4.00 per share were paid by the parent Company.

6 Most important dollar figure of the year was the 426 million dollars spent for new wells, plants, tankers, pipelines and all the other things it takes to get the oil you need. Part of a billion dollar program covering the two years 1947-48, it was by far the greatest capital investment we have ever faced. The money came almost entirely from earnings, past and current — money made on the job went back into the job.

7 Transportation of oil was a big job. During the year, we bought 23 ocean-going tankers from the U. S. Maritime Commission, and early this year we ordered 6 new 26,000-ton, 16-knot ships, the largest we ever operated. Pipelines were pushed to new records—our trunk lines delivering 83 billion barrel-miles, or 11 billion more than in 1946.

8 In discovering new oil, we spent 5 times as much as pre-war — 16% more than last year. (Altogether, the country's known oil reserves were increased by 600 million barrels during the year, in spite of record consumption.)

9 Cost of research also increased — \$18,200,000 was spent for new knowledge. Considerable progress was made in finding more efficient and

lower-cost processes for making gasoline and other liquid fuels synthetically from natural gas, oil shale, and coal.

10 Labor-management relations remained excellent, continuing our exceptional record of industrial harmony. Employee compensation was adjusted upward during the year to help meet rising living costs. A total of \$55,396,000 was saved in employee Thrift Plans, of which \$20,987,000 was saved by employees and \$34,409,000 contributed by the Company and its affiliates.

THE 1947 JOB WAS A BIG ONE. The jobs ahead are bigger still. In a democracy the responsibility for making a better world rests with the individual and the individual enterprise. It is clear that an enterprise like Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) must exercise a full realization of the social responsibilities of profit—must understand that the peace, advancement, and the security of the people of the world are the best guarantee of the Company's own progress and security. We intend now, as always, to demonstrate in action that the free, competitive American enterprise system is far superior to any other. We believe that the Company and its affiliates are so organized, and their business so conducted, that they will continue to serve people well.

(NEW JERSEY)
COMPANIES

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by A. F. Whitney, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, expresses labor's point of view.

"WORK PAID FOR—BUT NOT PERFORMED"

by J. B. Hill, President of the L & N Railroad, tells management's side of this story.

WHAT IS THE FRP?

The Federation for Railway Progress is a non-profit organization—composed of railroad management, labor, railroad shippers and suppliers, security holders, financial institutions and the traveling public. Its aim is to improve railroading through the cooperation and to the mutual benefit of all these groups. It has been in operation since Feb. 24th, 1947.

"LABOR AND WORLD PEACE"

by Robert R. Young, Founder and Chairman of The Federation for Railway Progress and Chairman of the C & O, outlines a plan for labor-management cooperation in his monthly column.

"THEY DON'T WANT TO WORK ON THE RAILROAD"

by Dean James Kip Finch of Columbia University's School of Engineering, tells how the industry's policies affect the college man's choice of a railroad career.

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TOPICS

such as these have been and will be discussed in *Railway Progress*:

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Railroad Freight Service
Interstate Commerce Commission



Washington

SLOWLY but surely Administrator Hoffman is building up a staff for the Economic Coöperation Administration. The officers so far chosen for Europe ensure excellent liaison with the European beneficiaries. The easiest problem will be with Italy, the hardest with Britain.

The new Italian Cabinet shows the way the Italians intend to coöperate under the Marshall Plan. Two Cabinet posts have been created to execute Marshall planning. Another portfolio which shows that Italy means business is a vice-premier-ship reserved for Signor Porzio. Porzio is to handle affairs in Southern Italy, where a dissatisfied peasantry has been suffering under conditions which were breeding Communism.

The appointment of Signor Lombardo as Minister of Industry and Commerce is the final demonstration of Italian determination. Lombardo, who is a right-wing Socialist, is well known in Washington as a reconstructionist of merit. The news that the Italians are all set to get the maximum advantage out of the Marshall Plan has been received with great satisfaction at ECA headquarters.

Washington would be better satisfied if the British would revamp their economic approach similarly. It is felt in the Capital that Sir Stafford Cripps is the only member of the Cabinet imbued with the spirit of the Marshall Plan. He has assured the Western finance ministers of Britain's willingness to "adapt its economy to this coöperation." But when he told this to the House of Commons and warned the members of the "considerable readjustment" involved, the reaction, in the words of the London *Economist*, was "cold and startled."

The fact appears to ECA that doctrinairism and nationalism seem still to be in the British saddle. For instance, the discussions at the Labor Party conference at Scarborough dealt with the nationalization of the steel industry, not its continentalization. Yet it is emphasis on continentalization that underlies the Marshall Plan. Instead of all-inclusive steel industries for every country, there should be one steel industry divided among the Europeans. Signor Lombardo and the Italians are waiting for

this kind of continental planning. On his last visit to Washington Lombardo said, "We don't want to set up a steel industry. It would be uneconomic. We should like to see it, say, in France, so that we could be supplied by France. In return we should like to make artificial fibers for France."

The political side of ERP has been broached by Senator Vandenberg. Of late the Europeans have been assiduously feeling out Washington for military aid. It had been hoped that the Vandenberg-Lovett "working paper" would provide for shipment of arms and munitions. But the resolution before the Senate which is based upon the working paper stops short of such help, in spite of Secretary Marshall's recent hint of a resumption of military Lend-Lease.

The feeling is that the house which the United States is expected to roof is still incomplete. Washington still needs to be shown evidence of self-help. To be sure, a five-power military alliance is already in effect in Europe. But until action is suited to words, say in the continentalization of the arms industry, the United States can give only a promise of "association" with a West European union.

Abolish the veto?

There is an important section of the Senate which would further improve the association of the free world by abolishing the UN veto on police action. But neither Secretary Marshall nor Senator Vandenberg agrees. They feel that this would cut the last link with Moscow, and that the idea is more provocative than constructive. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the suggestion has been thought through. Would the United States be content with the same voting power as Honduras — the nation that Molotov always uses to illustrate the point?

What is needed in the absence of a veto is weighted representation so as to recognize the realities of power. But for the moment the State Department and Senator Vandenberg would content themselves with a revision of the veto power. They would restrict the veto to police action, so that a single vote would not, as now, be sufficient



The Atlantic Report on Washington



to kill UN membership applications or moves aimed at the pacific settlement of disputes.

Who makes our foreign policy?

Secretary Marshall suffers desperately — as Secretary Hull did — from Presidential interference. The most recent example is President Truman's action on Palestine. Secretary Marshall did not know in advance about the President's appointment of General Hildring as Special Assistant Secretary of State for Palestine Affairs. And the American delegation at the UN was not told ahead of time about the recognition of Israel. The omission put Warren Austin in such dudgeon that on being handed the announcement he left the hall at Lake Success and forgot to pass on the information to his deputy.

At the same time both President Truman and Secretary Marshall have been ill served by their Palestine advisers. These latter are mainly philo-Arabs. And they made no bones about their determination to defeat the United States policy in favor of partition and the General Assembly recommendation to that effect. Nor were the defense officials helpful. They egged on the dissidents in the State Department by insisting that partition would endanger access to Middle Eastern oil.

On oil there has been a revision of opinion which makes the Defense Department's argument on Palestine look a trifle silly. The Defense Department's negative attitude on partition derived from the project for building a pipeline from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean. But this has now been abandoned as uneconomic. It has been decided that the United States would benefit more by investing steel in tankers, in domestic oil developments, and in exploration of South America than by building pipelines. The Middle East, moreover, is too vulnerable to attack, partition or no partition. A recalcitrant Jew or Arab could easily put a pipeline out of commission.

Senator Vandenberg applauded recognition of Israel as an inevitable filling of "what otherwise would be a cruel and dangerous vacuum." He left unmentioned the "cruel and dangerous vacuum" of Arab Palestine, though he doubtless had had many harsh words to say about the somersaults and do-nothingness that created it.

Communism in government

A *reductio ad absurdum* of the witch-hunting in the Capital was Representative Crawford's effort to pin on a government official the responsibility for

his daughter's joining the Tass News Agency. Perhaps this is the high-water mark of the hysteria about Communism in government. As for the country at large, a seminar on the subject was provided by the Dewey-Stassen debate, and the Oregon election proved that the Oregonians at any rate were more susceptible to argument than emotion.

Mr. Stassen said that the Mundt bill would outlaw the Communist Party. This is denied by the sponsors, but unconvincingly. To be sure, the bill does not say flatly that the Communist Party is illegal, but it comes to the same meaning when the rigmarole is disentangled. The Mundt bill is a hot potato which few Senators want to touch.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital as members of Congress entered the home stretch of the Eightieth Congress was to ride along noncontentiously. Even Senator Vandenberg refused to intervene in the tussle over the Atomic Energy Commission appointments. He wanted no brush with Senator Taft before the battle in Philadelphia.

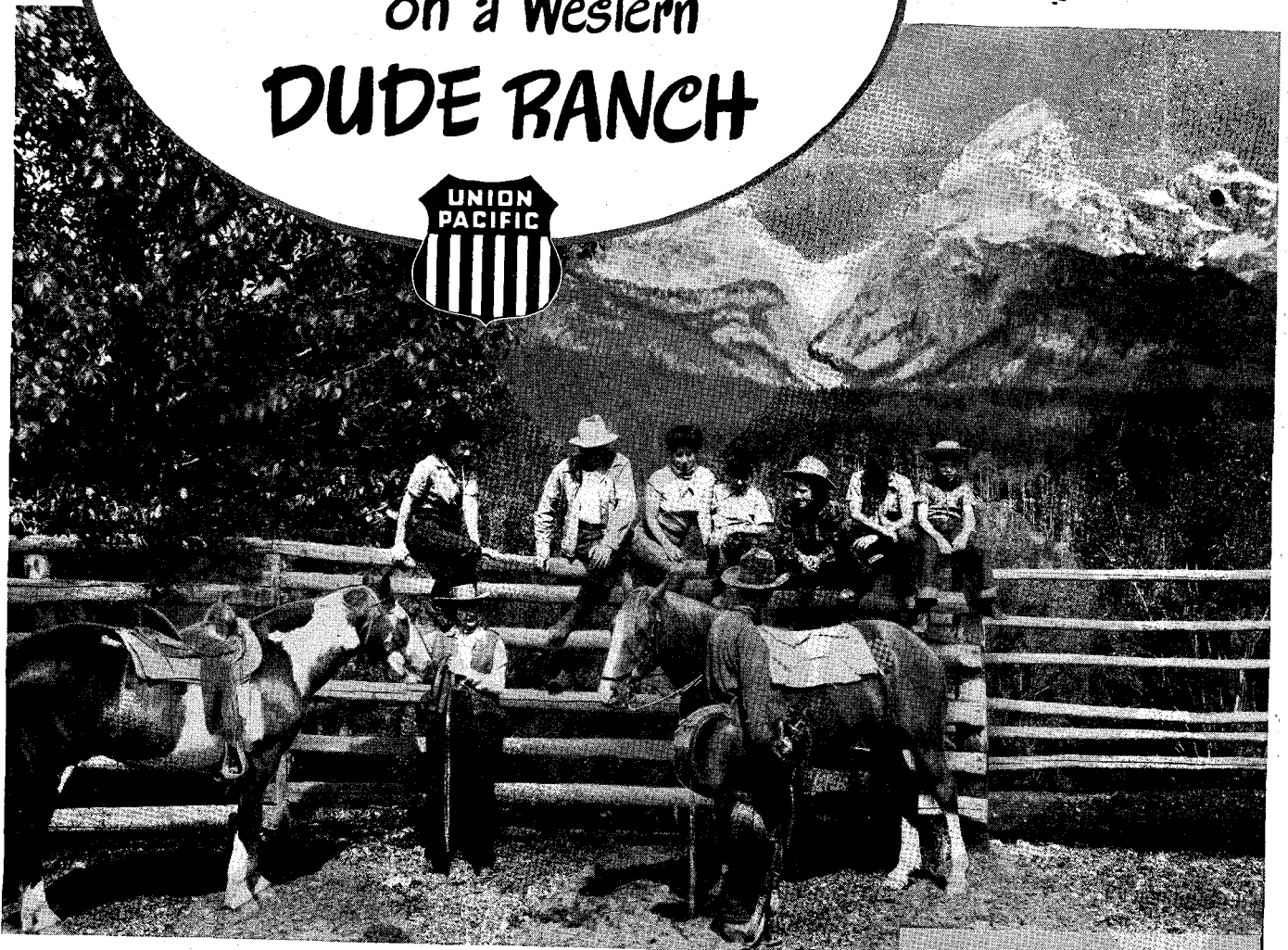
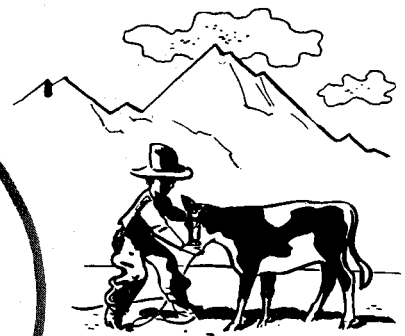
In the House the overriding fear is to be bracketed with Marcantonio and Isacson. No matter what the issue, the object is to keep out of their company. On the Hill you will hear it said, "I think we are cock-eyed about the seventy-group air force bill, but I can't afford to vote with those guys." A GOP tactic is to bring the relation to voters' attention back home. It is done with a variant of the following: "Did you know that in electing Mr. So-and-so you were electing Mr. Marcantonio's pal?"

Prudence was likewise reflected in buck-passing. The Mundt bill got a great deal of support in the House out of the foreknowledge that the measure would not go very far in the Senate. "Of course, the thing is infamous," said one member, "and would undoubtedly be found unconstitutional." Yet he voted for the measure because he felt sure of Senatorial cold water.

Caution has been mixed with GOP confidence that when the next Congress meets, the Capital will be wholly in Republican hands. The Republicans have been preparing the ground for the take-over by delaying action on appointments, by holding hearings in secret on such significant subjects as the extension of the reciprocal trade agreements, and by putting a time limit on powers delegated to the Executive.

Lazy days

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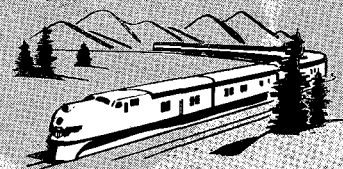


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The Far East

EVER since the end of the war a log jam of obstructed nationalisms has been piling up in the Far East. The coming into being of the new nation of Israel has sent threatening tremors through this log jam.

Tiny though it is, Israel is a portent because it is the only middle-class nation in Asia, where the development of political nationalism has limped along lopsidedly for lack of a strong middle class and all that a middle class means in the way of business outlook and the ability to manage and organize. Nationalism in India, the colonial countries, and even China is more middle-class than proletarian in its ideals. The bourgeois longings of would-be middle-class nationalists all over Asia will be intensified by the revolution of a middle-class people in Israel.

Lack of a middle class makes harsher the friction between landlord and peasant. The landlord who sets the tone in the agrarian societies of Asia is a man who owns land but does not invest in the business of farming. He merely collects a tribute from the harvest. The peasant is a sharecropping tenant, not a farmer in the Western sense. Having neither land nor capital, he cannot develop the business sense that goes with investment and the calculation of risks and profits.

The farmers of Israel, on the other hand, are business farmers. They make the land pay not merely in subsistence but in black-ink entries on the ledger. Recognized as a nation, such farmers are bound to have a revolutionary influence in Asia, by showing that the land can be made to flourish without either the old parasitic landlordism or the new Russian state collectivism.

The emergence of Israel will also impart fresh energy to the obstructed nationalism of minorities who demand recognition of their separate languages, religions, or social structures. Such nationalities within nationalities exist in Southeast Asia and India. Others include the Kurds in Turkey, Iraq, and Iran; the Azerbaijanis and the non-Iranian nomad tribes of Iran; the Central Asian peoples under Chinese rule in Sinkiang; the Moslems of

Northwest China and the Inner Mongolian Leagues and Banners in the political no man's land between China and Outer Mongolia.

The loss of prestige

Colonial rule depends on a mixture of prestige and strength. All European countries ruling dependencies in Asia lost both prestige and strength during the war. For France and Holland, the loss of prestige was the greater disaster. France in Indo-China, and Holland in Indonesia, can hope to retain only what they have the strength to hold. Their moral claims to superiority as rulers, organizers, and custodians of justice are no longer respected.

Britain, on the other hand, has lost strength but has to a remarkable extent recovered prestige through able statesmanship and willingness to negotiate before being forced to surrender. Unfortunately Palestine, or rather Israel, has been both the national blind spot of Britain and the personal blind spot of Ernest Bevin. As a consequence, Britain's heaviest loss of prestige has been inflicted on her by the smallest of her dependent peoples. The effects will be all the more far-reaching because of the conflict of policy between Whitehall and the White House.

In countries like Indonesia and Indo-China people will not be slow to learn from Israel two things: that the strength of the ruling power can be accurately measured and, once measured, outmaneuvered; and that, if a gap between the interests of America and the ruling power can be exploited, the ruling power will not get full American support.

Indo-China listens in

Washington should expect speedy application of all these lessons. News is now flashed from one part of Asia to another, and political analysis treads on the heels of the news. After the First World War a colonial nationalist like Ho Chi Minh was a kind of medieval wandering scholar. From his native Annam he traveled to Paris, where he studied socialism. Moving on to Moscow, he studied communism. Returning to Asia in disguise,



The Atlantic Report on the Far East



he attached himself to the Chinese Communists in Canton and Shanghai to study practical revolution.

Things are easier for the Ho Chi Minh of today and his counterparts in colonial Southeast Asia. Thanks to an ample supply of radios distributed during the war — and distributed, ironically, by OSS and other agencies of American political warfare — the revolutionary nationalist today, though driven into the hinterland, is no longer tied down to out-of-date directives while the next courier dodges his way through the blockade. He learns in great detail just what Moscow thinks about yesterday's events and tomorrow's opportunities.

Radio sets the tune

The radio is an important new factor in the politics of Asia; but it does not automatically give Moscow a tighter grip over adjacent territories and outlying ideological satellites. The dial that tunes in to Moscow can also be turned to other wave lengths.

Both Communist and non-Communist leaders of nationalism tend increasingly to make their own estimates of any situation. The political dreamer in Malaya or Burma, seeking to crystallize his dreams into reality, can choose his own precipitant. He can either take the straight Moscow formula or experiment with the methods of Tito in Yugoslavia or with those of Mao Tze-tung in China. Or he can compound his own formula by analyzing the news from India, Indonesia, or Israel.

It may or may not be significant that while Moscow was directing a drumfire of propaganda into Iran, American influence in that country grew stronger. More recently, Moscow dropped the barrage. Since then, opposition groups in Iran have shown a greatly increased initiative.

There is in this a suggestion that when Moscow demands political openings for these opposition groups they lose ground, because they are regarded as Moscow's threat. But when the opposition groups themselves, without exhortation from Moscow, demand better relations with Russia, they are able to exert real pressure on the party in power by using as a lever the universal longing for peace.

Asia's right-wing nationalists

Increased skill in using Russia without being used by Russia marks the ascendancy of nationalisms that are right-wing but defiantly anti-imperialist in Iran, Iraq, Indonesia, Siam, and the Philippines. In the Philippines, nationalism of

this kind is exploited by José Laurel, chief quisling under the Japanese. Since the death of President Roxas, he has been making a hammer-and-tongs comeback campaign. It is clear that he has studied the post-war situation in Burma, where the British could not avoid dealing with leaders who, though they had played along with the Japanese, still had a majority popular following.

President Quirino, successor to Roxas, has been crowded so hard from the right that he has negotiated with the left-wing Hukbalahaps, offering them political amnesty. The Huks, in turn, have studied the Chinese Communists. Knowing that intransigence would lose them popular support, they have made the negotiations turn on their demand to retain their arms until amnesty has been granted and some degree of local reform carried out. President Quirino, of course, feels obliged to demand that they first surrender their arms and then trust to his magnanimity.

In Siam a right-wing government, also strongly tinged with wartime collaboration with the Japanese, is flirting with Russia and discussing the employment of Russian technical advisers as a way of lessening its economic dependence on Britain and America.

In Iraq, where the politicians are all right-wingers, the absorbing preoccupation of the moment is to take advantage of Britain's troubles, which means that ideological defiance of Russia is out, for the time being. In Indonesia it is more and more the old-line Moslem nationalists who are holding the line against the restoration of Dutch control in anything more than name.

The rights and the lefts

In America we have neglected the study of these right-wing anti-imperialists. Their political behavior is determined by their stubborn opposition to social reform in their own countries. Therefore, in order to retain a popular following, they move over to the left of the leftists in their demands for complete emancipation from foreign controls.

The leftists want as much independence as they can get, but also want to modernize their societies. For the sake of modernization, they are willing to make deals for trade and the investment of foreign capital. The rightists want first to get full control of their own societies. After that they are willing to negotiate for the use of foreign capital on terms that will not disrupt the old order, especially the agrarian order.



The United Nations

At the opening of the Special Session of the United Nations General Assembly on Palestine two items were on the agenda. The first was a report of the Palestine Commission, appointed under the terms of the November 29 partition resolution, which insisted that partition could not be carried through unless an international force was provided by the Security Council. The second was a proposal brought forward by the United States delegation that Palestine should be placed under a temporary international trusteeship since it was apparent that partition could not be implemented.

In the course of the debate three related facts became plain: (1) there was no adequate majority to reaffirm the partition decision; (2) there was no majority to rescind the partition decision; (3) there was no majority to carry the United States trusteeship proposal even as a temporary measure. Under these circumstances it was inevitable that events in Palestine itself would exert a determining influence on the Assembly's action.

Two weeks of fruitless debate in the Political Committee showed that the American trusteeship proposal was doomed. A subcommittee was then given the task of mapping out a more modest interim regime to take over certain responsibilities from the mandatory power after May 15 and act as mediator in the Jewish-Arab war.

But neither Arabs nor Jews would accept deferment of independence. Their respective conceptions of "independence," of course, came into headlong clash. The Arabs claimed the whole of Palestine, the Jews those sections assigned them by the November 29 resolution. The General Assembly was not prepared to back an interim regime by force. The final decision was to appoint a United Nations mediator with no powers of government and supported by no authority beyond the will of the Assembly that peace somehow be obtained.

Meanwhile the Assembly turned over to the Trusteeship Council the problem of protecting Jerusalem. The Security Council had already named a Truce Commission made up of the Belgian, French, and American consuls in Jerusalem. Agree-

ment was reached on a Municipal Commissioner, but no agreement could be reached on a temporary administration or on a truce. The Assembly had scarcely adjourned before fierce fighting broke out in and around Jerusalem.

The United Nations and Israel

The first estimate of General Assembly action on Palestine is one of failure. The underlying cause was the fanatical, irreconcilable conflict between Jews and Arabs which the British could not resolve during their thirty years in Palestine. But the immediate cause of failure was the United Nations' unwillingness to stand firmly behind its partition decision. And for this failure the United States must bear most responsibility.

Last November the pro-partition stand of the United States had been an important factor in swinging the majority towards the final resolution. When the United States reversed its policy and proposed trusteeship, the full implementation of partition was impossible. And during the whole course of the Assembly debate the hesitation, uncertainty, and shifts of the American delegation contributed to the frustration and the almost total paralysis which finally seized the Assembly.

Nevertheless it must not be forgotten that from one point of view the United Nations had already done its job. It had provided the Jewish state with its constitutional charter and its tentative frontiers. The United Nations had rallied the nations of the world to a solution based on a kind of rough justice to two quarreling peoples.

In the closing moments of the Special Session the Palestine situation obviously moved into a new phase. This new phase opened with the declaration of the Jewish state and the surprise recognition of Israel by the United States. At first a feeling of bewildered resentment swept through the Assembly — resentment against a capricious action by the White House of which even the American delegation at Flushing had not been informed.

The new American line became apparent when, instead of urging appeasement and mediation,



The Atlantic Report on the United Nations



Warren Austin pressed for drastic action to stop the Arab-Jewish war. He wanted the Council to order a cease-fire under Chapter VII of the Charter, the chapter under which diplomatic, economic, and ultimately military sanctions could be invoked against an aggressor. And the American delegate frankly branded the Arabs as aggressors.

British-American compromise

The American action produced a new alignment of forces in the Council. It was strongly backed by the Soviet Union and the Soviet Ukraine, which meanwhile had recognized Israel. It was bitterly opposed by the United Kingdom, whose pro-Arab position seemed confirmed by its continued supply of arms to the Arab states and its initial refusal to withdraw British officers from King Abdullah's Arab Legion. It was viewed dubiously by a number of smaller nations which, after so many shifts of American policy, could not believe that the United States would back up its tough talk by force.

This skepticism explains the failure of the United States to get support for action under Chapter VII, and the resulting adoption of a milder British resolution calling for a truce and urging the acceptance of the good offices of the newly appointed United Nations mediator, Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden.

Even the forthright Arab rejection of this truce proposal failed to swing the Council around to the tougher line now pressed most firmly by the Soviet Union. Instead, a new resolution calling for a four weeks' truce and a total embargo on all arms and fighting personnel into Palestine or the Arab states was adopted. The resolution was a much overhauled version of a British proposal which in its original text had strong pro-Arab overtones; amendments by the United States, France, and Canada did something to restore the balance.

The acceptance of this proposal by both sides provided a cooling-off period of a month during which some settlement might be worked out. Three facts were becoming clear: British-American unity on a Middle Eastern policy had been restored; the Arab states, never fully united, were showing signs of weariness in the Palestine war; and the state of Israel, both diplomatically at Lake Success and militarily in Palestine, had made good its claim to recognition.

Atomic control: the end of a search

May 17, 1948, was a black day in United Nations history. For on that day the Atomic Energy Com-

mission, appointed to work out an effective system of international control for atomic energy, decided to suspend operations.

From one point of view the Commission may be said to have wasted two years of work. It met for the first time on June 14, 1946, and by the end of the first week it had before it two documents: (1) an American plan for full international control of atomic energy presented by the then head of the United States delegation, Bernard M. Baruch; (2) a Russian resolution insisting that, before any consideration be given to an international control scheme, a convention be signed prohibiting atomic weapons and ordering the destruction of those already in existence. During two years the conflict between the two positions has not been resolved; the majority backed the American plan, the Russians and their allies opposed it.

The U.S. keeps its bombs

The essence of the majority plan is the operation, management, and inspection by an Atomic Development Authority of all installations engaged in the production of atomic energy or nuclear fuel. No veto would operate that might save a nation judged guilty of a violation from penalties imposed by the authority. In this sense, the ADA would be more powerful than the Security Council.

Against this position the representative of the Soviet Union advanced two main objections:—

1. No control scheme should even be contemplated until the convention to outlaw atomic weapons and destroy existing bombs was signed and implemented. It was hypocrisy, said the Soviet delegate, to talk control and keep on making bombs.

2. The proposed control system was a breach of the United Nations Charter—since the Atomic Development Authority would not be subject to the veto clause of the Security Council—and a violation of national sovereignty. "The Soviet Union," said Mr. Gromyko on March 29, 1948, "has no intention of placing the fate of its national economy under the protection of United States financiers, industrialists and their subordinates, who are attempting to tie the hands and feet of other nations, primarily the Soviet Union, and to achieve this aim with the help of the majority which is obedient to them."

The Soviet delegate proposed instead a loose system of periodic inspection with special investigations when clandestine operations were suspected.



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The Working Committee of the Commission found, after examination, that the Soviet Union proposals did not provide an adequate basis for the effective international control of atomic energy and the elimination from national armaments of atomic weapons.

In a sense, the debates in the Commission were shadowboxing. For Russia to have accepted the majority plan would have meant the abandonment of its policy of close secrecy in all matters of Soviet industrial operations. For the Americans to have agreed to the destruction of existing bomb stocks and the cessation of the manufacture of atomic weapons without a system of international control would have meant the abandonment of Europe to superior Soviet forces.

With political tension at its height neither side would consent to a measure which might sap its strength or expose its weakness. The search for security against atomic weapons had come to a dead end.

Freedom of information

At Geneva a highly successful conference was held on Freedom of Information and of the Press. Fifty-seven member nations were represented. The Conference prepared three draft conventions having to do with the gathering and international transmission of news, the combating of false, distorted, or malicious reporting, and the free exchange of information. In addition it prepared several articles for inclusion in the Declaration and the Covenant on Human Rights and passed forty-three resolutions in the field of freedom of information.

At Lake Success the Commission on Human Rights held its third session. In the field of human rights the ideological clash between East and West is sharpest: the clash between political liberalism — which may conceal economic exploitation — and state socialism — which may provide economic security at the expense of individual liberty.

What the conferences on Freedom of the Press and Human Rights have managed to bring out is that there does exist a middle ground between capitalist individualism and Soviet statism. The reasons for not going to war over ideas may still be found.

ATLANTIC

Rebelle

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Saddle"

SIR:

Apparently a copy of the April *Atlantic* is making the rounds up in Wyoming and Montana. I am hearing from the old-timers, complaining about Courtenay Terrett's "The Saddle." I started to read the story when the magazine first arrived because this is the stock story of the cattle country as "The Rawhide" (from an alleged skinning of a white man by the Indians) is the stock story of the Emigrant Trails for every creek called Rawhide between the Mississippi and Oregon.

I've heard various versions of "The Saddle," from the junction of the Little Missouri down to the Pecos. Only an outsider who didn't know how worn the story is could hope to make anything of it.

I admit I started to read Mr. Terrett's version with considerable anticipation. However, I didn't get past the bottom of the first column — not beyond "His was three-quarter rigged, with the cinch far enough back from the withers so the horse couldn't be galled." Even the chart in Webster's locates the withers for anyone willing to look. They are on the top of the ridge between the shoulder bones, and the pommel of a well-set saddle rests on them, and a tenderfoot is thrown over them.

In the meantime the letters started to come in. One from an old-timer up around the Rosebud and Powder River country, the locale of "The Saddle," couldn't be ignored. He says: —

"The schoolma'am boarding here at my daughter's fetched home the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine with a

story called 'The Saddle' and it's a real caution. There ain't scarcely a line without some fool greenhorn mistake. I remember running into you making summer camp up here on the Rosebud right around twenty years back, and the Indians talk like you been up and around here several times since, so you know the country and you ought to tell that *Atlantic* outfit. I see they printed your books and you know a lot of good men got hung for traveling with horse thieves here in Montana and down in your country, so I guess it's up to you to write the outfit. I guess you ain't anxious to be classed with some of the company they had you keeping."

Well, I managed to finish the story and it is pretty dreadful. First of all I see no reason why Mr. Terrett couldn't have placed it a generation farther back, where it belongs. He has a regular 1880-1890 fall roundup, with a pig-tailed Chinese cook, a four-horse cook wagon, and 512 horses in the *remuda*. In the decade after World War I the region of his story was long past those days.

Surely someone in the *Atlantic* office must have seen a horse or a team hitched up, one time or another. Yet Mr. Terrett says: "He grabbed the bridles of the wheel team and held them steady while Lee hooked them to the doubletrees and then hiked them to the pole." Let anyone try this in sight of the boss and he gets fired, for if the horse or team happened to move, the down pole (or shafts if one horse) would run into the ground, tip the vehicle up and over the horses, and — well, imagine the consequences.

Always hook up the pole to the

breast straps, whether a neck yoke is used or not, *before* hooking the tugs to the doubletrees.

And in every version of the story which turns on the largeness of the boy's stirrups, that largeness is mentioned early in the story, to prepare for the ending.

MARI SANDOZ
New York City

Miss Sandoz's reputation as an authority on matters Western is well known, but her letter sounds as if she had staked out the entire territory between the Mississippi and the Rockies, and I were a rather impudent claim-jumper.

It is true that I haven't worked as a ranch hand since wages were \$30 a month, but I put in three to five months every year up to the age of sixteen on Tongue River ranches, and my memory is still pretty clear for a gaffer of forty-five.

Several of Miss Sandoz's objections can be answered by the observation that she read in careless haste. I said specifically that the story takes place in the first year or so of World War I, but she insists on placing it a decade later. I can remember seeing seven or eight thousand head of cattle in one gather, and cavvies up to four and five hundred horses were not unusual, with several outfits thrown together and "reps" coming from other ranges to gather in the strayed stock (which often included horses). A lone woman on a ranch was no rarity; and I can still remember, with a hungry pang, the meals cooked by an old Chinaman, complete with pigtail.

If Miss Sandoz had spent some of

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her time hanging around a saddle shop, as I did, she would know that the forward strap of a three-quarter rig fastens to the tree just under the withers.

And as for the inversion of the process of "hiking the pole" and hooking the traces, it was carelessness for which I beg pardon. But I will bet Miss Sandoz a corncob pipe that when she says she "puts on her shoes and stockings" she does not mean that she wears the stockings over the shoes.

I'm going over to the Tongue River country soon, and I wish Miss Sandoz would send me the name and address of the Trader Horn whose encomium she quotes; he seems a very quaint character. — COURTENAY TERRETT

In Reply to David L. Cohn

SIR:

In your April issue David L. Cohn ("I've Kept My Name") has ungraciously, as well as ignorantly, chosen to designate truck drivers as "the group of men at the bottom who have no social position to lose."

If his standard is financial, let him investigate the average pay of the trucking industry compared with other industries, and the average pay of truck drivers compared with, say, free-lance writers of magazine articles. Some of our drivers receive a regular \$108 per week for forty-eight hours' work.

If his standard is courtesy and gentlemanly conduct, let him stall his automobile twenty miles from the nearest town on a Western highway and see who stops to help him.

If his standard is achievement, let him take the physical and mental tests which he would have to pass in order to become a truck driver for any major truck line.

Whatever his standard, I think a moderate amount of research will convince him that next time he should grope a little further for the words to use in such an unpleasant connection. There are very few snobs among truck drivers, but not for Mr. Cohn's reason.

PHILIP H. SMALL

Pacific Intermountain Express Company
Salt Lake City, Utah

Since "I've Kept My Name" is in reply to my article on name-changing in the February *Atlantic*, I thought there might be some interest in my reaction to a few of the points made by Mr. Cohn.

It seems to me that Mr. Cohn has built his case on familiar premises: that changing names is unnecessary because being Jewish is practically no handicap; and that changing names is likewise cowardice in the face of danger.

The reconciliation of these two premises would, I think, tax the genius of an Aristotle. Moreover, each appears to be debatable.

Cowardice? On the contrary: only the coward can be bullied and shamed into the ranks of a cause he has not voluntarily chosen, the validity and importance of which he finds questionable, and that has, in fact, no meaning for him. In the battle for Judaism I believe the position of the conscientious objector both ethical and tenable. Traditionally the conscientious objector has been the target for much scornful abuse. Yet all of us know by now that he may be better, brainier, and very often braver than the soldier.

No handicap? Comparison is difficult. Mr. Cohn brings before us a section of the country pretty idyllic as to interfaith relations. A few years ago New York banned by law the printing of religious specifications in "Help Wanted" advertising. It may be that the disappearance of "Chr" and "Prot" from the notices of most worth-while jobs represented a sudden collapse of the formidable wall of hate of which those little symbols had been the manifestation; maybe it was like a mass religious conversion. Maybe that moment saw New York become by and large the city of near-pastoral brotherliness that Mr. Cohn represents his home town of Greenville to be. Still, even in the South as drawn by Mr. Cohn, I can't help wondering what happened in the town next to Greenville, where there may have been no Leroy Percy to confound the Klan singlehanded.

Mr. Cohn is glad to be spared automatically the society of bigots and, it appears, has concluded that changing names indicates a specific desire for such society. I have found that living under a different name fails to render the company of bigots any less loathsome. But it certainly raises personal efficiency. One walks into the most convenient hotel without gnawing second thoughts: "Restricted or non? Will it be unpleasant?"

And I know many young men who, sharing Mr. Cohn's repulsion for bigotry, yet feel it no shame to desire immoderately the society of a medical

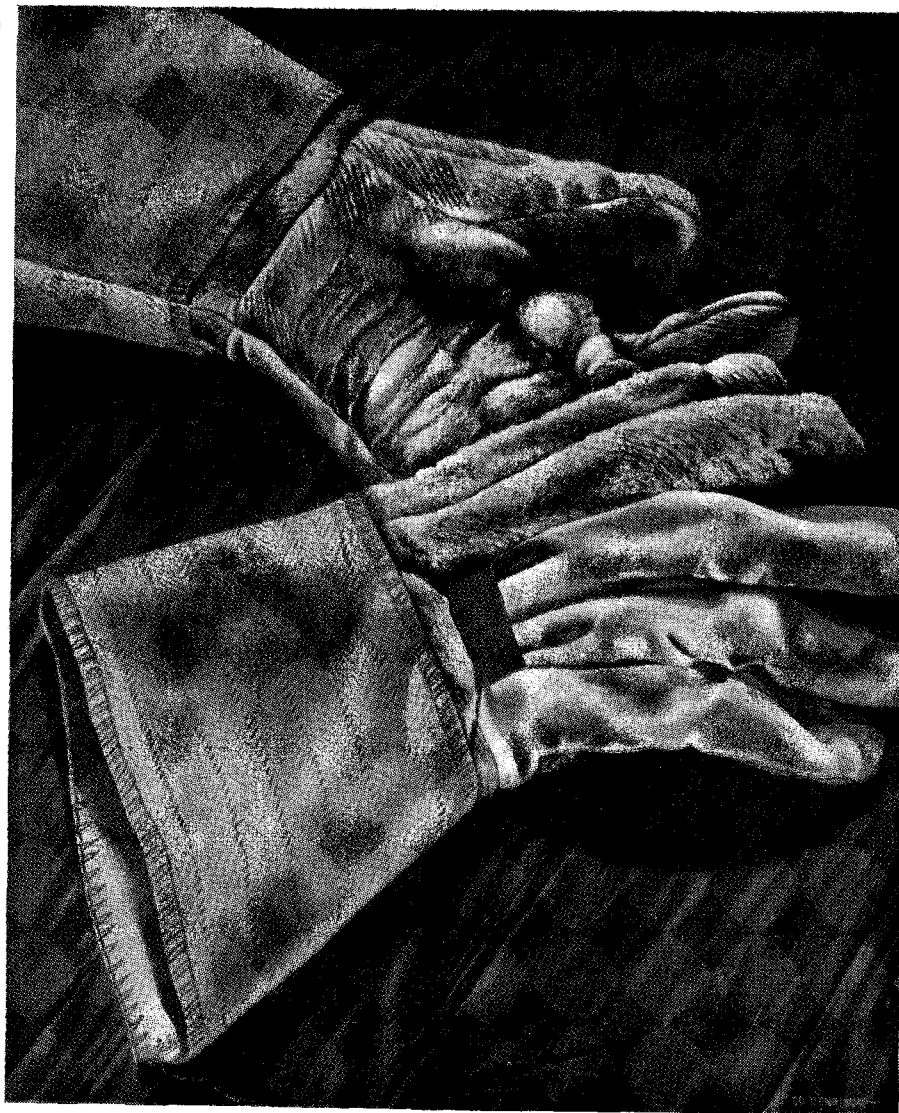
school that doesn't want them. I will never be a doctor, but I think people of sensitivity will understand this: that each professional school where Jews are admitted through a sieve and live on their knees diminishes me — yes, me, though I never in a thousand years shall want to be a doctor. Each narrowing of possibility is to me, and I think to most others, a morsel of death.

No, I do not care to run twice as fast merely in order to keep even with my Christian neighbor. It seems a high price to pay, especially for something I didn't choose and don't particularly want.

To tell the truth, since nothing effective has ever been done about it. I think anti-Semitism in America may be considered to have attained the status of a natural force. For practical purposes it can be classed with tigers, floods, leprosy, and tornadoes. Brave men run from tornadoes. You demonstrate not so much courage as a state of mind rather less inspiring, when you stand your ground against tigers and floods.

One thing more. Mr. Cohn is unwilling to part with what he calls "the fifty centuries' history and tradition of my people." "My people?" Mr. Cohn may not believe this, certainly Adolf Hitler would never have believed it, but I can find nothing in my blood which instinctively commits me to preference of the Book of Job over Notre Dame in Paris. That does not at all mean rejection of the great monuments of Judaism, which have their unassailable place in the narrow but secure and shining history of human nobility. I simply claim a far wider heritage. Since science confirms my personal datum of no special and hereditary response to the Old Testament, it seems rational to catch up, at least to the extent of dropping the illusory nomenclature of race, which always manages gracefully, with banner and trumpet, to conduct men to foxholes and there blow out their brains.

No, I have not abandoned my people, I have found them. Miraculous survivors of half a million years of geological and fratricidal terror, successors to the dinosaur, haunted, puny, fearful, yet bearing a spark of the power that set the cosmos whirling; and capable of the Parthenon. We're still taking a lot of punishment, but there's a long road ahead, and there are two billion of us in the world today. — ANONYMOUS

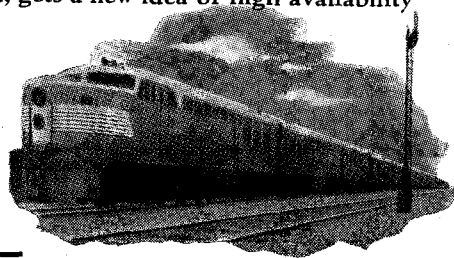


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What NAM says and does therefore is a product of many minds — all united in faith in the American way of life and a conviction that the public interest comes first.

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Author and botanist, DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE is now working on his book, American Trees of the Northern States. "To the tree patriot," he says, "the arch hero of them all is the American Elm." In this paper he shows us how deep-rooted the elm is in our history; he locates some of the more famous of the ancient trees which now stretch far beyond New England, and tells of the stories that made them famous; and in his close he reminds us of the fight we now have on our hands to save this noble tree from extinction.

THE ELMS GO DOWN

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

WHY are there trees," asks Walt Whitman, "I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?" The answer, any New Englander would tell him, is that those trees must have been elms. And not just any elms — not slippery elms, or rock elms, or English elms, or Dutch elms. But *the* elm, that needs no introduction (though it has several specific names, such as white or water elm), for it is the elm that met the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the elm of Boston Common, of Harvard Yard, of *Little Women*, of Whittier and Lowell and Holmes. And, not to be provincial about it, it is the college campus variety found from Bowdoin in Maine to Pomona in southern California.

Wherever the white elm grows, whether as a native tree or cultivated beyond its aboriginal range, it is fairly sure to constitute itself Chief Inhabitant for miles around. It must have done so centuries before Thoreau climbed Poplar Hill in an autumn dusk to pick out unseen homes of his neighbors (whom he declares so much less estimable than their trees) by the high domes of the "imbrowned" elms, and the "hundred smokes" of the village chimneys twirling peacefully up through their noble crowns. For, long before the white men came, elms were council trees for Indian tribes, later the meeting place for treaty-making between whites and reds, and then the favorite house site of the

first settlers, who spared elms when they razed all other trees.

So an elm can scarcely grow to old age without collecting rich human associations around it. In this respect it has but two rivals in all the sylvia of North America — the white oak of the Northern states and the live oak in the South. But a survey of all the historic trees of our country shows that among them elms outnumber each of these oaks nearly two to one. Summing up hundreds of accounts, I find that in almost all cases it is the tree that makes some man or some event remembered. If you want to be recalled for something that you do, you will be well advised to do it under an elm — a great elm, for such a tree outlives the generations of men; the burning issues of today are the ashes of tomorrow, but a noble elm is a verity that does not change with time. And though elms too are mortal, great ones are remembered as long after they are gone as are great men. "On this spot stood once an elm" — so begins many a marker, many a sentence in a book of local history, as one would say "Here was born a man," "Here died a king."

This tree, so often a living monument, takes on several forms; there is what is called the oak form, with heavy, more or less horizontal branches, and there is a "weeping" form and a "feathered" form; but typically the white elm is vase-shaped. In this, the most beloved of all its outlines, the main trunk separates at fifteen to thirty feet above ground into

several almost equal branches. At first these diverge slightly and gradually, but at a height of about fifty to seventy feet they begin to sweep boldly outward so that they form a great dome, on the periphery of which the branches arch and the branchlets droop. Thus a great old elm appears like a fountain of vegetation — the trunk as the primary jet gushing upward and forking as it rises, then the jets again forking, the forks spreading out and falling as if by gravity in a hundred branchlet streams that become a thousand streamlet twigs and a million drops of spattering foliage.

So, because of its fundamental architectural form, this is the ideal street tree, for its branches meet across the road in a vaulted arch that permits the passage of the highest vehicles. As a dooryard tree, it hangs above the roof like a blessing — clean of branches under the crown but shading the roof like a second air-chamber above it. On a campus a colonnade of elms is a living stoa, and the supreme natural architecture of elms can triumphantly harmonize the woeful incongruities of that curse of all our old colleges — mixture of styles: Georgian jumbled with Palladian, Greek Revival, post-office Romanesque, Christian Science Byzantine, Baptist Gothic, and something combining the features of the baths of Caracalla and the libraries of Carnegie.

The very way that the leaves hang accounts for the special quality of elm shade. A big old specimen will have about a million leaves, or an acre of leaf surface, and will cast a pool of shadow one hundred feet in diameter. But, though umbraculate in shape, an elm is fortunately not too perfect a parasol in function. The leaves hang more or less all in one plane on the bough, and they make a pattern roughly like a lattice. Hence the dappling of shadow and light that is full half the charm of many a fine old façade in Portsmouth and Portland, in Newburyport and Salem, on Pleasant Street in Marblehead and Brattle Street in Cambridge. Within an old room, the play of light and shade from elm leaves is like music without sound, a dance without dancers.

2

WHAT makes a first-class elm?" asked Holmes in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, and answered: "Why, size in the first place, chiefly. Anything over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet above the ground, and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title, according to my scale." Holmes mentions only six first-class New England elms known to him; no, I will not save you trouble by naming them for you — you can read your *Autocrat* as well as I; nor does he speak of the elm of Cambridge Common under which, it is fondly told, George Washington took command of the Continental Army.

The Cambridge Elm, hard by Harvard Yard, blew

down during my student years there, and before the souvenir hunters had carried it quite away its rings were counted by an acknowledged expert. Alas for legend, it was found that this particular tree would have been little more than a sapling at the time of the siege of Boston. So, if Washington really stood under it, that third day of July, 1775, he must have picked it just because it was so small and young; he must have wished to give it a good start in life, to endow it with a legacy entailing his illustrious name. For Washington is perhaps the only man who ever added stature to an elm.

Holmes makes no mention of Connecticut elms, yet there are no New England villages more beautifully shaded by this species than Fairfield and Litchfield, Woodstock and Windsor, Woodbury and Wethersfield. The Great Elm, at the last-named, is one hundred and two feet high, with a spread of branches about one hundred and fifty feet, forty-one feet about at breast height (the correct place for measuring the girth of an elm, by the way), and its age today should be one hundred and ninety years. The Whipping Post Elm at Litchfield was used as a place of chastisement as late as 1815; today no culprit's arms could be tied around its doughty girth.

When Sarah Saltonstall came from New London to be the bride of David Buck of Wethersfield, she intended to bring, after an old Connecticut custom, a bridal tree to plant, but ice on the river prevented the transportation of any gift except herself. Next spring she encountered an Indian bearing an elm sapling in his hand, and after a powwow in sign language, secured the elm in exchange for a quart of rum. I am less impressed with the fame and stature of Sarah's elm than by the mystery of how a churchgoing lady would have a quart of rum about her!

True that these famous Connecticut elms were not so tall when the *Autocrat* was published in the first volume of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857. But it was beyond Holmes's power to conceive that elms outside New England might grow bigger and older still, that God in His inscrutable wisdom had bestowed this noble vegetable upon New Yorkers, Philadelphians, Washingtonians, Ohioans, Iowans, Omahas, Kansans, Kiowas, Kickapoos, and other people best lumped as something lost behind the Berkshires. The brutal fact is that the Markham Elm at Avon, New York, is said to be almost fifty feet in girth and about six hundred and fifty-four years old, which leaves the New England elms rather in the shade! Nor are all the historic elms found east of the Hudson; monarch among them was the Penn Treaty Elm that stood at Shackamaxon; here it was that William Penn made what was probably the only absolutely upright treaty ever offered the red man, certainly the only one scrupulously honored on both sides for as long as fifty years. This elm blew down in a storm on March 3, 1810, but scions and grand-

scions of this monument to integrity are scattered all over Penn's Woods.

George Washington's diary shows that he was constantly searching the bottom lands along the Potomac for wild elms to transplant to the grounds of "Mount Vernon." Today four of those set out by his hand still stand, the largest of them on the Bowling Green. But more venerable still is the elm that young Mr. Washington, the surveyor, set out as the merest switch of a sapling at what is now Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, to mark the southern boundary of the land grant of Lord Fairfax. Elms and George Washington came naturally together throughout his life — at Valley Forge, at Brandywine, in the churchyard at Alexandria where he worshiped, in the streets of Fredericksburg where he grew up.

There are so many elms in Lincoln's life, it would be impossible to speak of them all even by name only — the elm above his mother's grave in Indiana, the elms on the White House lawn, that must have known his sorrows, and best of all, I think, the Lincoln memorial tree at Atchison, Kansas, where the vast crowd that had gathered to hear him, and could not be accommodated inside the little church, sat under the shade while Lincoln spoke by the open window.

The great elm of Boonesborough, in Kentucky, is gone now — indeed Boonesborough itself is nothing today but a cornfield, a patch of wood, and a lovely bit of stream. So wondrous was this tree they called it "the divine elm"; it stood at the heart of this ghostliest of ghost towns, with a turf of wild white clover making a carpet beneath it right to the mighty roots. On that sward gathered on the 23rd of May, 1775, the first legislature of Kentucky. See them there — Harrod of Harrodsburg, in his coonskin cap, cradling his long rifle, and Richard Henderson in his scarlet coat and powdered wig, Squire Boone and Dan Boone and Calloway, the old fox — heroes of our Homeric days, who were founding a new state, in the American way. Transylvania they called it then — Kentucky, the Great Meadow, "beyond the woods."

In Missouri still stands the Justice Tree, an elm where the aged Boone, as syndic of the Femme Osage district, dispensed the law to his consenting neighbors. At Le Claire, Iowa, the citizens still honor and protect The Green Tree, an elm of enormous spread which was the "green hotel" of travelers and rivermen in the days of Mark Twain's boyhood. They say that Buffalo Bill played beneath this tree when he was a child. More importantly, The Green Tree is still the natural meeting place for all the folk of this old river town. When a railroad obtained a right-of-way through Le Claire, along the river bank, its citizens stoutly refused to let it pass unless it routed its way around The Green Tree.

There are many Le Claires scattered over this

country — little towns that worship big elms; Kearney, Nebraska, and Grand Detour, Illinois, are two green in my memory, and there are a thousand more that I may never have heard of, yet their names would come to your lips. All of them but prove the elm does not belong to New England alone, not even to the national capital, although Washington is the most elm-planted of all our cities; it belongs to the whole country, even far beyond its natural range, wherever it can be grown.

3

THE elm is more securely rooted in the love and traditions of the American people than any other tree, native or exotic. So it is with alarm that people are realizing that our elms are dying by the thousands, of a new epidemic. True that the elm has many insect pests and fungus diseases, but most have been native to our tree, which had thus built up an immunity to them. What happens when a disease from some foreign tree reaches this country and is spread by man's all too efficient methods of transportation, we saw when the chestnut blight entered our country on Chinese chestnuts and exterminated our noble native species with appalling swiftness.

Warned by that experience, our experts were watching anxiously for the first appearance here of a fungus called *Graphium ulmi* that was ravaging the elms which helped to hold the dykes of Holland and, no respecter even of majesty, had attacked the magnificent row of English elms which line the long approach to Windsor Castle. Our quarantine authorities thought they had every avenue of entry blocked against the Dutch elm disease. Yet it broke out in the heart of the country, in Ohio in 1930. Converging at once upon the local outbreak, sanitary forces exterminated it; but in 1933 three thousand eight hundred diseased elms were found in New Jersey and twenty-three in Connecticut across the Hudson. Every year brought more alarming reports of spreading malady, and it was evident that, carefully though all living elm stock was inspected at the ports of entry, *Graphium ulmi*, all unseen, was some way coming over here in lethal doses.

The locus of infection was found at last in logs of English elm which we imported wholesale for the manufacture of elm veneer. For some of the European elms produce abnormal lumpy growths on the trunk, called burls, which when sliced by the veneer knives reveal fancy figures that unhappily pleased the public taste here. These logs were swarming with elm bark beetles, the *Scolytus multistriatus*, who, disgustingly healthy himself, is the carrier of the disease. And since once it has gained entry within an elm, nothing can be done save to fell and burn the tree, the war for the elms has concentrated attack on the bark beetle. So far, DDT is the most

powerful weapon in our armory, but the Dutch Elm Disease Project of the U.S. Department of Agriculture is constantly experimenting with further chemical warfare.

The private citizen can best help by recognizing suspicious symptoms. If the elm bark beetle is present, you may find in the tree's crotches a lot of rust-colored frass, and also "shotgun holes" made where the larvae have emerged through the bark. Under the bark will be seen the characteristic "engraving" of centipede-like form — the broad galleries of the larvae. The presence of the fungus may be known by the shepherd's-crook curvature of the twigs, by the yellowing and falling of foliage even in spring and early summer, and in late summer and winter by the persistence of dead leaves at the tips of the branches. If you cut open the twig of an elm diseased with this fungus, a cross section will show brown streaks and discolored rings in the wood. Since all these symptoms are imitated by other maladies of the elm, the layman should send doubtful specimens to his State Department of Agriculture for expert identification.

For the outlook at present is more alarming than it was when the fight began. The Dutch elm disease has been moving up the Connecticut valley and is making its most serious progress in New England with an evil rapidity. In Massachusetts the first stricken elm was spotted in 1941, far to the west in Berkshire County. Today over thirteen hundred elms have fallen to the enemy, and many more are doubtless infected. The little village of Sheffield alone lost ninety-eight trees, and since it is the ancient trees with old and weak limbs that yield most helplessly to the bark beetle, this was a loss of venerable beauty. Quincy lost a hundred and three elms last year. Now Salem has been invaded with a threat to the centenarians whose branches look above Chestnut Street. Williamstown, with its famous quadruple row of elms the length of Main Street, is up in arms. Williams students hunted out the dead and dying trees, property owners combed their woodpiles for elm wood that might have been affected, and a trained investigator led the whole determined defense. The credit for the clean trees in Williamstown goes directly to the strenuous efforts of an energetic community.

New Haven is, too, aroused to the fight, for she is one of the great elm cities of New England. Before the blight beetle arrived in 1945, there were six thousand shade elms within the city. Today more than a thousand of them are doomed, including some of the magnificent old giants along Whitney Avenue. Those deep staunch roots take labor and money — perhaps as much as two hundred dollars a tree — to bring out of the earth, and with them is torn out a green peace, a calm faith, that no coin can buy. The sight of men working on those great decapitated trunks is a harsh reminder of what might happen straight through New England.

The only significant victory so far won is in northeastern New Jersey and is due entirely to the intensity of the effort expended upon searching out diseased trees not only in cultivation but in the wild. The lesson for other states is obvious. And the problem has become chiefly the states'. For the Congress, in May, 1947, revoked the Federal Dutch Elm Disease Quarantine and threw the fight back to them. They are not incapable of waging it — provided that the taxpayers grant them the funds.

During the war, when manpower and money had to be diverted to deeper channels, the elm disease, like a neglected forest fire, got out of bounds. Since the war, there has followed a clamor for economy in government, and the first to fall under the legislator's axe are too often the scientists, the foresters, the research projects. So, if the elms above your house, on the streets of your town, mean much to you, speak for them. Write to your state senator and your state congressman telling them that you want adequate funds appropriated for stamping out the Dutch elm disease, and that you are willing to see your taxes go up enough to bear your share in this fight. Only so can you strike a blow against this creeping enemy, and I promise you that it will not be ineffective, for years of working for conservation have taught me that, though petitions and resolutions are feeble, a letter, in your own words, counts with the lawmakers. The chestnuts are gone; the elms are going, but it is not too late to fight for them. We shall not grow again a tree so noble, or so deeply rooted in a noble past.

Wages

In this and the following article the Atlantic examines one of the most difficult of our domestic issues: the crucial balance between wages and profits. To the new world of Labor Relations, PHILIP MURRAY has brought the patience and integrity of his Scotch blood. Born in Scotland in 1886, the son of a miner, he was taken to his first union meeting by his father at the age of six, and at the age of ten began to work in the pits. The family emigrated to western Pennsylvania in 1902. Young Murray was naturalized in 1911, elected president of District No. 5 of the Mine Workers in 1916, and appointed to the War Labor Board by President Wilson. He played a leading part in organizing the steelworkers in 1936, and his election to the Presidency of the CIO four years later was characterized by the New York Herald Tribune as a fitting climax to "thirty-six years of progressive conciliatory activity among organized workers."

THE GAP BETWEEN PRICES AND WAGES

by PHILIP MURRAY

I

ORGANIZED labor in the United States has one basic objective — an ever improving standard of living for all workers everywhere. Full employment and full production, fair wages and fair hours, are but the means of achieving our goal of decent homes, adequate diets, and improved health for the families of America, and better educational opportunities for their children.

The well-being of both the individual and the group is dependent upon a high consumption level economy with maximum purchasing power. These in turn promote full production and full employment. In other words, when men have money to spend and are using it to buy the things they need and want, demand increases. It starts with the consumer, goes to the retailer, the wholesaler, the manufacturer. The manufacturer must keep his plant fully manned to turn out the goods needed to satisfy demand. This in turn puts money in the workers' pockets and keeps the cycle in operation.

To achieve our goal of a better standard of living we must have all-out production, which today means greater capacity than now exists in many industries. We must have a greater availability of products at lower prices so that the majority of people can buy and consume. We must also have a larger share of the profit dollar going to the mass of American consumers in the form of increased wages.

Workers have been getting the short end of the stick. Briefly the situation, according to statistics from the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Department of Commerce, is this: —

From January, 1945, to January, 1948: —

1. The cost of living rose 31.4 per cent.
2. Weekly wages *before taxes* in manufacturing increased 11 per cent.
3. Corporation profits *after taxes* rose 90 per cent.

Increases in industrial profits reaped at the expense of wages make our economy more and more unstable. The average worker finds himself behind the eight-ball, unable to buy the things his family needs to maintain health and peace of mind. That is why the CIO and its affiliated unions are seeking to obtain substantial wage increases for American workers through the process of collective bargaining. We must restore the loss in real income suffered as the result of inflation. This can be achieved without any justifiable increase in prices because of the phenomenally high level of profits which American industry currently is enjoying.

One argument used against wage increases is that they are inflationary. Actually, increased wages in themselves are not inflationary since it does not necessarily follow that they require increased prices to support them. Wages can be increased by lowering profit margins.

The reason prices moved up after each wage increase since the war is that industry has been operating on the theory that it would make hay while the sun shines. On the other hand, labor asked for wage increases to raise its rapidly falling standard of living.

After V-J Day, overtime pay was eliminated, workers were down-graded, and many were shifted from high-paid wartime jobs to lower-paid jobs in civilian industries. In January, 1945, the average industrial wage before taxes was \$47.50 per week. By the end of that year, wages had dropped to \$41.20 per week. It was this development that led unions to ask for the first round of wage increases, which were granted in 1946.

However, the wage increases were not large enough to result in a return to the conditions of 1945. In addition, later, when price controls were

removed, prices were raised so high that workers found that their pay checks could not buy the food, clothing, and other things they needed. These two factors — inadequacy of the wage increases of the first round, plus the rapid rise in the cost of living due to decontrol — led to the second round of demands for wage increases.

The unions asked for raises out of profits which were extraordinarily high at the time. When wages were finally raised, we felt we had been given a new lease on life. But no sooner had the raises been granted than industry unjustifiably jacked prices up — even higher than was necessary to cover the increases in wages. Wage increases could have been taken out of the high profit margins, and industry would have continued to operate on a profit — but one that was more reasonable. Industry refused to do this.

Industry knew that demand for goods was still high; therefore, consumers were forced to pay highly inflationary prices for war-scarce goods. A statement by Irving S. Olds, Chairman of the Board of United States Steel, in his annual report for 1946 demonstrates the attitude of industry: —

Operations are at an all time high. Profits should be sufficient to enable a fair return to be paid to the owners of the business in the form of dividends and also to permit an adequate amount to be set aside for future needs since "the day will come when steel operations are at a lower rate than at the present time."

In other words, the steel industry, in maintaining high prices, has been more interested in ensuring its position against a depression than in the national economy or in the standard of living of the people.

Wage increases may have an inflationary effect if they add to the income stream during a period when there is either insufficient production or poor distribution of available supply. However, at such a time, the level of incomes should not be reduced nor should it be prevented from increasing. Instead, scarce commodities should be rationed and allocated equitably. Only through such a well-rounded anti-inflation program can our wages be protected from another onslaught brought on by further unjustified price increases.

2

A VERY real problem facing our people today is how to stretch the weekly pay check so that it will cover the necessities. A welder in Detroit writes he is paying more than he can afford for meat and shirts. A weaver in Richmond says she has nothing but hand-me-downs for her children. Everywhere the complaints are the same: the cost of living is too high.

An examination of retail prices from the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows what has been happening to prices since OPA was wrecked in June, 1946. In the eighteen months prior to that time, food

prices increased 6 per cent; eighteen months later (the period ending with January, 1948), they had increased 42 per cent. Clothing went up 10 per cent under OPA, 22 per cent after OPA was killed. Rents were held well in check under OPA with an increase of only 0.2 per cent during the eighteen months prior to June, 1946. In the following eighteen months, under weakened controls, large numbers of tenants were forced to pay increases of 15 per cent, but when this is averaged with those whose rents remained frozen, the national average was 6.4 per cent. However, rents are still well under what they would be if controls were removed.

Although since June, 1946, there have been several interruptions in the price advance, the military armament program will probably tend to keep prices at their present high levels or force them still higher. As production is diverted from consumer goods to war goods, additional scarcities of consumer goods will develop and prices will tend to rise. The 1940 story will be repeated. When metals are used for planes and guns, the cost of vacuum cleaners and refrigerators goes up.

The gap between prices and wages which steadily widened during 1945 did not decrease during 1946 and 1947 in spite of two rounds of wage increases. By correcting the average weekly take-home pay for consumer price changes, we can compare money wages with real wages — the amount of goods that can actually be purchased by the weekly wage.

As an example, let us take a typical industrial worker, Tom Blake, married and the father of two children. In 1945 Tom's weekly money earnings were \$47.50 before taxes. By the end of 1947, his weekly earnings had gone up to \$52.69 before taxes — but he and his family were much worse off than in 1945. By the end of 1947, price increases had devaluated his money to the point where he could purchase only \$40.09 worth of merchandise in terms of early 1945 dollars. So, while money earnings for the average industrial wage earner increased a little over 11 per cent, actual real earnings declined by over 15 per cent because of rising prices.

In post-war America we have been forced to live under a steadily lowering standard of living and a steadily decreasing real weekly wage. This is exactly opposite to what a strong and healthy economy should provide for its people. Prosperity should mean higher living standards, not lower.

The question is sometimes raised as to whether we are entitled to enjoy an increasing standard of living at a time of ruination and insecurity in Europe and Asia. For the answer, let us examine our own situation. We have in America a distortion in our economy which has made it possible for people in the upper income groups not only to maintain but to increase their standards of living at the same time that the standards of our workers are dropping. Wealthy persons have incomes large enough to withstand the price increases. Actually, the savings

of this group have been increasing steadily since 1945, according to the Liquid Asset Survey of the Federal Reserve Board. On the other hand, workers' wages have been insufficient to meet the price increases which materialized since the war, and their savings are being liquidated.

So far as Europe and Asia are concerned, the United States fortunately is in a position to ship heavy equipment abroad and to feed and clothe the needy. At the same time, however, we should distribute the profit dollar more equitably here so that our own workers need not suffer. We should not permit the low level of living in Europe to pull our own workers down. Instead, we should maintain and increase our own standard and gradually pull them up to it.

In January of this year, the Bureau of Labor Statistics issued a budget for "a modest but adequate American standard of living" for a family of four. Covering 34 cities, it cited a range of from \$3004 for families in New Orleans to \$3458 in Washington, D.C., with an average of about \$3200. These budgets are low since the figures apply to June, 1947, and do not take into account the rise in retail prices which took place after June, 1947. When the Bureau's figures are adjusted to compensate for the rise in prices, the national average is \$3450 instead of \$3200. The cost in New Orleans is \$3175, and \$3634 in Washington, D.C.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics declares that "this is not a 'subsistence' budget, nor is it a 'luxury' budget." It allows the wife of the family one wool dress about every five years, and permits her to half-sole her shoes every other year. Each member of the family is allowed one visit to a dentist every two years, and the man of the house may have one beer a week or its equivalent.

Most workers today are earning less than \$3450 per year. It is difficult to figure out, even theoretically, how close the average family comes to enjoying this "modest but adequate American standard of living," because annual take-home pay figures are not available. The average weekly earnings when multiplied by fifty-two weeks come to \$2730, and this does not allow for any time off.

3

UNDER present-day conditions the most immediate method of bringing relief to the majority of American families is by putting more money in their pay envelopes. That is why labor is asking for raises.

Although the United States Steel Corporation recently announced a 25-million-dollar cut in the price of steel, it is only a drop in the bucket, certainly not enough to affect inflation. The 25-million-dollar cut amounts to approximately \$1.24 a ton, or nearly one twentieth of a cent per pound of steel. Transfer that cut to the cost of a pot, pan, or automobile and it will have very little effect. Moreover,

we must not forget that whereas U.S. Steel cut prices \$1.24 per ton in April, 1948, it had raised the price of steel \$11.32 per ton between April, 1947, and April, 1948!

Labor welcomes price cuts, but the present reductions by the steel and electrical industries are paltry and insignificant and are intended primarily for headline purposes. They mean very little when translated in terms of cost-of-living items. We are convinced that steel, electrical, and other industries are in a position to make sizable rather than token price reductions, and at the same time retain a large enough price margin to grant the unions' demands for real wage increases.

This is a new industry tactic: refusing, in the name of inflation, to grant wage increases, and making what the *Wall Street Journal* (May 1, 1948) called "modest price reductions." These modest price reductions will bring no relief to families who depend on wages for their living. The cost of food, clothing, rent, medicine and medical care will not drop because of these price cuts. Therefore, wages must be raised so that families can have an adequate income that will provide a decent standard of living on current prices. If industry would recognize this fact, it would increase wages, lower or hold the price line, and allow profits to drop to a justifiable and conscionable level.

High prices and low wages have resulted in the rapid depletion of wartime savings. Families that had saved with the hope of buying a new car or to provide against emergencies have been forced to spend their savings to keep the wolf from the door.

Surveys by the Federal Reserve Bank indicate that savings deposits have leveled off and that withdrawals by the lower income groups are for purchases of basic necessities. U.S. Savings Bonds are also being redeemed. By June, 1947, more than half of the total Series E savings bonds in the lower denominations had been redeemed. During the first half of that year, for every 100 bonds sold in the \$25 denomination, 194 were cashed in. In the \$1000 bonds, for every 100 sold, only 40 were cashed in. The large savings are getting larger and the small savings are disappearing.

Today industry is in a position to grant increased wages without increasing prices. That does not mean that every single firm in the United States can grant such raises. It does mean that corporations, by and large, are enjoying exorbitant, record-breaking profits with which to do it.

In spite of the taxes, which business claims are still too high, corporate profits after taxes in 1947 were 17.5 billion dollars. Compare this with the wartime profits of 10 billion dollars after taxes in 1943, and with 8 billion dollars in the peacetime boom year of 1929.

These profits show that during the last two years industry easily could have held the price line and still have reaped profits in excess of any peacetime

year. Instead, wage increases were granted and more than abundantly passed on to consumers, so that in the final analysis industry was making greater profits, after granting the wage increases, than it did before.

A reading of the 1946 and the 1947 profit statements of our large corporations shows how business is improving for them. U.S. Steel made 88.6 million dollars in 1946 and 153.3 million dollars in 1947, an increase of 64.7 million dollars. General Motors increased its profits 212 million, from 87.5 million dollars in 1946 to 299.8 million in 1947. International Harvester showed an increase of 26 million dollars.

Recently the CIO investigated the effect that new substantial wage increases would have on 1947 profits if wage increases were absorbed. Using Department of Commerce statistics, we found that if workers were given a 20 per cent wage increase, 1947 profits would drop to their 1929 level — that is, 8.4 billion dollars. If workers were given an 18 per cent wage increase, profits would drop to their war level of 1945 — that is, 8.9 billion. If wages were increased only 10 per cent, profits would still amount to their fantastically high level of 1946 — that is, 12.5 billion. These figures do not apply to every corporation. They are an average of the entire corporate sector. However, they do give a clear indication that industry is in a position to grant wage increases to employees this year without any additional price increases.

The increased corporate earnings over the past years reflect a dangerous shift in the distribution of our national income. A greater proportion is finding its way into business profits, dividends, and interest, while a much smaller proportion is going toward wages and salaries. In 1945, excluding the pay of officials, corporations paid 60 billion dollars in salaries and wages. Their profits were 8.9 billion. In other words, after taxes, they made one dollar in profit for every seven dollars paid out in salaries. In 1947, wages and salaries came to 68 billion while profits leaped to 17 billion. This means that corporations paid out only four dollars in wages and salaries for every dollar taken in as profits. Seven to one in 1945, four to one in 1947.

4

FREQUENTLY it is stated that current high profits are illusory because they include inventory appreciation which may become a loss factor if prices drop. A second point is that depreciation charges which are legally included in expenses deductible from taxable profits are insufficient to cover replacement costs. A third is that there is a shortage of venture capital for use in building and equipping new plants and modernizing old ones, and that money from profits must be used for this purpose.

So far as inventory profits are concerned, they

are as real as any other kind of profits. Corporations pay taxes on them and do not separate them out in their accounting systems. Actually, however, much of the inventory profits is concealed and never reported as profits. Corporations do this legally by using the LIFO (Last In, First Out) Accounting Methods. Those not using LIFO have many other ways open to them to accomplish the same end.

Like inventory losses, the question of depreciation charges is a two-way street. There are those who today complain because the law prohibits them from depreciating their plants, constructed during a low-cost period, at present-day high replacement costs. Yet these same groups would protest, in a period of low replacement costs, if it were suggested that they base depreciation on values lower than the original cost of the plant.

So far as equipment replacements or additions are concerned, machinery prices have risen only half as much as the cost of living, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Moreover, according to the president of the Machine Tool Association of America, new machinery is 50 per cent more efficient than pre-war equipment.

Industry, by asking for depreciation on the basis of replacement costs, is requesting that consumers pay the cost of future machines before they are installed, rather than the expense of machines currently in use. Depreciation reserves are already bloated by the wartime five-year speed-up and various other reconversion slush funds which industry was permitted to set up. Industry will be able to depreciate higher-priced machinery after it has been installed and is in operation.

Former Secretary of Commerce Harriman has stated that venture capital in general is available. Poorly managed corporations are bound to suffer from lack of venture capital, and rightly so. However, companies operating on a sound basis can receive loans for improvement and expansion from banks, insurance companies, and the RFC, and new securities are issued weekly for venture capital.

The fact remains that today only 39 per cent of profits are paid out as dividends. But dividends are no reflection of profits. Corporations are paying for expansion out of profits instead of money available on the savings market. Even so, dividends are still above their pre-war levels in spite of the fact that three fifths of profits are undistributed and available for expansion. When profits become excessive, as they are today, one segment of the economy is inordinately benefited at the expense of labor.

Thus a smaller and smaller share of income is becoming available for expenditures on consumer goods while more and more income is being channeled into the wealth of a relatively small group of individuals and corporations. The aggrandizement of the national income has resulted in a dangerous concentration of power and influence.

At the present time, 250 large corporations control

two thirds of the usable manufacturing facilities of our entire country. More than a hundred of the largest corporations are controlled by eight groups of banking interests. In the steel industry the ten largest corporations hold more than three fourths of the ingot capacity; three banking houses control eight of these ten producers. These statistics were published by Senator Murray's Small Business Committee in a report entitled, "Economic Concentration, World War II."

What effect does this concentration of power have on the average citizen? One of the most direct effects is higher prices. As monopolies have become stronger, they have been able to control production, maintain an economy of scarcity, and keep prices high. Last February the major steel companies *simultaneously* announced a \$5 a ton increase in the price of semifinished steel, at a time when the steel industry was making the highest profits ever. There had been no wage increase which they could cite as a reason — the monopoly simply decided to hike prices because the traffic could bear it. In the long run, the consumer, workers and professionals too, pays for the resultant profits, in the form of higher prices for household goods.

It is an old axiom that when demand is high and supply low, prices are high, and when supply approaches demand, prices drop. Today, monopolies in some industries are rigidly controlling production and prices to the detriment of the consumer. Discussing this point, *Business Week* of August 2, 1947, says: "The law of supply and demand, temporarily, isn't working as it is supposed to. When demand fell off, producers used to mark down prices in an effort to stimulate buying. Today output is cut to support prices. A case in point is shoes."

This is the shoe story. In 1946, according to the Department of Commerce, the shoe industry produced 528 million pairs of shoes. When prices had begun to waver because consumption was falling, shoe workers were laid off and plant operations were curtailed. A sufficient shortage was created for the industry to bolster its price structure. In 1947, production was reduced by 60 million pairs of shoes, while prices were upped 35 per cent.

Shoes are not an isolated case; they are typical of a trend. Cotton textile production was cut 21 per cent and prices raised 45 per cent. Wool production was cut 14 per cent, prices raised 19 per cent.

A year ago, in June, 1947, in his economic report to Congress, President Truman said: "Certain businessmen seem motivated in their business decisions by the belief that the consumptive capacity of the country is severely limited, and that the occurrence of periodic depressions is unavoidable. They consequently seek relief from business difficulties by limiting production and they hope to avoid future business difficulties by limiting the capacity of their plants and industries and by withholding new production techniques."

Prices have zoomed because industrial monopolies are in a position to create artificial shortages and to charge the highest prices the public can bear. The price increases go far beyond any wage increases and in fact have little discernible relation to them, although we constantly hear the cry that wage increases are inflationary.

Let us examine the relation between wage increases and price increases in a typical industry. In the period from June, 1946, to January, 1948, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the wholesale price of finished manufactured goods increased 47 per cent, while wages had increased only 21 per cent. Since wages are less than 40 per cent of the total cost of production, according to the most recent census of manufacturing, then, assuming no absorption, prices should have risen 8 per cent instead of 47 per cent. The wage increase that had been granted to help workers of finished goods cope with the already inflated prices should have had little or no effect on prices. The industry, however, not only would not reduce its profit margin, but maintained it by adding 8 per cent to the price, and went even one step further by adding an additional 39 per cent to swell still more an already swollen margin of profit. Thus prices were raised five times the amount of the increases in wages per unit of goods — and all consumers suffered.

5

ONE solution to the price problem is increased production and increased consumption predicated upon the elimination of profit gouging. By raising wages to meet the present price level and at the same time holding current prices in line by cutting excessive corporate profits, industry can raise the American standard of living and stabilize our economy. The Council of Economic Advisers in its "Second Report to the President" stated: —

If we are to achieve and stabilize maximum production according to any reasonable interpretation of America's capacity to produce, we must in future have much higher consumption in all the lower and middle ranks. . . . The enlarging production of an industrially efficient nation must go increasingly to filling in the consumption deficiencies of the erstwhile poor.

Some spokesmen for industry have blamed labor for low production, saying the 40-hour week prohibits workers from putting in a longer work week. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Fair Labor Standards Act provides that in certain industries any time worked over 40 hours shall be paid for at a rate equal to one and one-half times the regular rate of pay. In many industries workers have been working overtime regularly and are paid accordingly. In other industries they are willing to work overtime if they are properly compensated. Production has been increasing about 3

per cent each year since the war. During the past year, in the steel industry, the man-hours worked increased 18 per cent while the total productivity increased 34 per cent. In other words, steel production has increased considerably in the past year. Over-all general productivity increased 27 per cent from 1938 through the first half of 1947 according to the "Survey of the Economic Situation and Prospects of Europe," prepared by the Research and Planning Division of the Economic Commission for Europe.

Industrial workers are especially aware of the importance of production and the effect that large-scale operations have in reducing unit costs. During the war they took a great pride in their wartime production records, and today they would experience a personal satisfaction if their efforts resulted in helping to bring prices down by lowering unit costs.

Labor's critics are inclined to blame low production on strikes. They seem to forget that a strike is a measure of last resort, used only after all other measures have failed.

During 1947 there were roughly 100,000 contract negotiations plus countless grievance negotiations. Most of these were settled quietly without any fuss or feathers through the medium of collective bargaining. The workers and employers or their representatives worked out their problems to their mutual satisfaction without bringing in any third party. Only 11,338 disputes were handled by the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. Of these, only 2113 were work stoppages; the remaining 81.4 per cent never developed into stoppages. This demonstrates that there are relatively few strikes and that unions prefer to settle disputes through collective bargaining if possible.

The percentage of work stoppages is small and the duration of strikes is short. In 1947, 99.6 per cent of the total time spent in work in the United States was not interrupted by work stoppages. In other words, only four tenths of one per cent of the total potential working time was lost in strikes. Even in 1946, when such basic industries as steel, automobile, electrical, and coal were on strike, only 1.4 per cent of the total potential working time was lost because of work stoppage. Workers can afford to spend very little time off the job.

6

It is obvious that wage increases directly benefit union members whose representatives have obtained raises through the process of collective bargaining. Some critics of the labor movement argue that it is only the better organized workers, or workers in the mass-production industries, who have benefited from collective bargaining. There is no justification for this argument.

It is true that during the first and second rounds of wage increases in 1946 and 1947, it was the well-

organized worker who benefited *first*. But as he benefited, wages in unorganized industries, in trades and services, and in the professions moved upward in about the same proportion. For example, organized workers in the steel, automobile, and electrical equipment industries won increases of between 17 cents and 18½ cents per hour. Following their lead, during the period between June, 1946, and the end of 1947, straight-time hourly earnings of workers not nearly so highly organized as in the automobile, steel, and electrical industries also moved upward to about the same extent. In the wholesale trades, the increase in average straight-time hourly earnings amounted to 18 cents; in retail trades, 15½ cents; in the food-processing industry, 19 cents; in lumber, 15 cents; in furniture, 17½ cents; and in tobacco, 12 cents.

There are groups of individuals receiving fixed income and some white-collar workers whose earnings have not kept pace with the general increases. The solution to their problem lies, not in denying wage increases to workers in organized and unorganized industries, but in federal legislation to increase the minimum wage to 75 cents and eventually to \$1.00 an hour, to improve and extend social security benefits, and to increase the wages of federal, state, county, and municipal workers.

If we firmly believe in the objective of improving living standards and developing a high consumption level economy, we must see to it that the area of collective bargaining is extended and that trade-union organizations are strengthened in our American life, so that all individuals, be they white-collar workers, teachers, federal or state employees, or other persons with fixed incomes, can derive the benefits of improved living standards.

As for the timing of wage increases and the improvement of living standards, I think that *now is the time to raise the real income of the mass of American consumers*. And to protect purchasing power, Congress should enact controls on prices, on inventories, on distribution, through an allocation and ration system, on consumer and bank credit, and on excess profits, through taxation.

Labor-management relations have been improving and the emphasis is gradually shifting to the idea of teamwork between employer and employee. The objective is negotiation rather than work stoppage over disputes. I can sum up my position on the wage-price-profit relationship in our national welfare by saying:—

We must go forward with faith in America's ability to provide a more abundant life for all.

We must establish goals of expanded industrial and agricultural capacity.

We must make mass products available at low prices.

We must create income levels, through higher wage levels, sufficient to establish a decent American standard of living.

Profits

Philip Murray, spokesman for the CIO, has argued that wages must be increased to keep pace with living costs and that the increases can be paid out of profits without increasing prices. SUMNER H. SLICHTER, on the other hand, believes that profits are not high enough if we are to have the expanding industrial plant which this country needs. Economist and teacher, Mr. Slichter has been a mediator in many difficult labor disputes. Born in Madison, he took his A.B. degree at the University of Wisconsin and his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in 1918, and is today Lamont University Professor at Harvard and chairman of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development.

ARE PROFITS TOO HIGH?

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

CORPORATE profits in 1947 reached an all-time high — 17.5 billion dollars after taxes (but before eliminating inventory gains) in comparison with 12.5 billion dollars in 1946. Many people believe that profits are too high. The CIO has called them “extortionate,” and demands “substantial” wage increases at the expense of profits.

The last year has seen a sort of race between industry and consumers, with industry struggling to increase output as fast as people spent their money. Industry added 1.6 million people to its payrolls (over twice the normal increase) between the end of 1946 and the end of 1947, and it increased physical output about 5 per cent. Nevertheless, industry has lost the race with consumers. The people of the United States increased their expenditures for consumer goods by over 20 billion dollars, or about 14 per cent. As a result, the cost of living at the end of the year was about 10 per cent higher than at the beginning. As prices went up, profits increased also.

Not all industries shared equally in the growing demand for goods. Aircraft manufacturing and air transport suffered huge losses in 1947, and department stores, the amusement industry, the electric light and power companies, telephone and telegraph companies, manufacturers of tires, woolen goods, hosiery, and dairy products made less money in 1947 than in 1946. On the other hand, manufacturers of building supplies, petroleum products, machinery, and household equipment made particularly large gains.

Although no generalizations about profits apply accurately to all industries, I believe that profits on the whole in 1947 were not excessive and I question whether wages can be generally increased under present conditions without a rise in prices instead of a reduction in profits.

At the outset a few comparisons between present

and past profits are desirable. These comparisons will not answer the question, Were profits too high? But it is instructive to know how present profits compare with pre-war profits and how large they are in relation to production, sales, and investment.

Profits in 1947 were slightly more than twice as large as in 1929 and about 2.75 times as high as in 1940. Large as were profits in 1947, they were not large in relation to the size of the product of industry. In fact, profits in 1947 were a smaller part of the gross national product than in 1929 and 1940 — 7.4 per cent compared with 8.1 per cent in 1929 and 7.6 per cent in 1940. Americans must remember that the country is growing and that pre-war magnitudes often have little relevance in measuring the present performance of industry. Today the United States has 22 million more people than in 1929 and 12 million more than in 1940 — in other words, it has added the equivalent of about two Canadas to its population since 1929 and one Canada since 1940.

Profits per dollar of sales in 1947 were slightly less than in 1929 and slightly more than in 1940 — 5.8 cents in 1947 in comparison with 6.1 cents in 1929 and 4.8 cents in 1940. This means that the large profits of 1947 were in the main the result of a large volume of sales rather than of a wider spread between selling prices and costs. Incidentally, all forms of income from property (profits, interest, and rents) were only one sixth of the national income in 1947 in comparison with over one fourth in 1880 and about one fifth in 1929.

Profits are frequently computed as a rate of return on owners' equity — that is, on the net investment of owners in the business less the debts of the business. The profits of 3100 leading corporations in 1947 were over 12 per cent of owners' equity. This way of measuring profit, however, is unsatisfactory. One reason is that the losses and

revaluations of assets which accompany depressions diminish the owners' equity. Between 1930 and 1933, for example, losses and revaluations cut the owners' equity in American corporations by 21.7 billion dollars. The more money a company lost during the depression, the higher, of course, would be the ratio of any given amount of profits today to owners' equity. Hence, any given volume of profits would seem exorbitant provided only the company had lost enough during the depression!

Another reason why owners' equity is a bad measure of profits is that it reflects the original cost of plant and equipment rather than the present cost of replacing the plant and equipment. In most cases original cost is only half or two thirds of present replacement cost. It is the return on the *present* cost of plant and equipment, however, not on the cost of fifteen or twenty years ago, which determines the ability of enterprises to attract capital. If the rate of profit were figured on the present cost of plant and equipment, it would be one-third to one-half less than the rate of return on owners' equity.

Industry needs more capital

What yardstick should one use in judging whether profits are too large or too small? Profits have the function of providing industry with capital — partly by giving people an incentive to invest their savings in industry and partly by directly providing industry with investment funds. Hence one's judgment concerning the adequacy of profits depends upon how fast one wishes industry to grow.

At present American industry is in urgent need of huge amounts of additional capital. There are two principal reasons for this need. One is that the increase in capital since 1929 has been abnormally slow. During three years of the severe depression of the thirties and four years of the war, plant and equipment for civilian industries was not being produced as rapidly as it was wearing out or becoming obsolete, and in three other years the net increase in capital was negligible. In the fifty years preceding 1929 the country annually produced about \$1.75 of capital for every dollar of plant and equipment which wore out or became obsolete, so that the plant and equipment of the country was growing rapidly. In the last nineteen years, however, the country has produced only about \$1.14 of new capital per year for every dollar of plant and equipment which wore out, with the result that at the end of 1947 the industrial plant of the country represented less than 8 per cent more capital than at the beginning of 1929.

Again, industry needs large amounts of capital because of the great increase in the labor force. The labor force in private industry today is 10.1 million larger than in 1929 and about 4.5 million larger than in 1940 — partly a result of the growth in population but also a result of the growing popularity of work and of the increasing proportion of

the population who seek work. With the abnormally small increase in capital during the last nineteen years and a rapid increase in the labor force, plant and equipment per worker was about 9 per cent less at the end of 1947 than at the beginning of 1929. It was even slightly less than nearly thirty years earlier in 1919. Until 1929, plant and equipment in industry had been increasing at between 10 per cent and 15 per cent a decade. New investment of about 60 billion dollars is needed to bring plant and equipment per worker up to the level that would be normal in view of the long-term tendency for capital per worker to increase.

New capital and the investor

Were profits in 1947 effective in attracting additional capital into industry — particularly purchases of equity securities by the public? The answer to this question is emphatically, No. Last year American corporations spent 26.7 billion dollars on plant and equipment, inventories, and extending credit to customers. Only 4.1 billion dollars of this money came from the sale of securities to the general public. Of this amount, over two thirds came from bond issues, and less than one third from the sale of stock. In other words, less than 5 per cent of the capital funds of American corporations last year came from the sale of stock. About 60 per cent came from inside the enterprises themselves — from depreciation allowances, the sale of government securities, and most of all, from the reinvestment of profits.

Let us look at the matter from the standpoint of the individual investor. Last year individuals increased their savings in the form of securities, bank deposits, insurance, and real estate by 14.4 billion dollars. It is a striking fact, however, that only 1.3 billion dollars of these savings were represented by net purchases of new corporate stock issues. In other words, equity issues of American corporations attracted less than one tenth of individual savings in the form of securities, bank accounts, insurance, and real estate. Individuals put less into equity securities than into any one of the other principal forms of saving — checking accounts, savings accounts, government securities, and real estate.

The failure of profits to attract substantial amounts of outside capital into industry does not, of course, prove that profits in 1947 were too low. The willingness of people to buy stock depends upon their estimates of the long-run outlook for earnings — not upon the earnings record of a *single year*. It is difficult, however, to argue that profits which attract only a small amount of outside capital into industry are "exorbitant."

Although profits failed to induce people to invest much equity money in industry, profits did supply industry with large capital funds — in fact, profits were by far the largest single source of capital funds for industry. Over three fifths of the 17.5 billion

dollars of profits, before inventory adjustments, in 1947 were plowed back into the business, and less than two fifths distributed to stockholders as dividends. Out of 26.7 billion dollars of new capital expenditures by non-financial corporations in 1947, 10.1 billion dollars came from retained profits. All but 800 million dollars of the 5-billion-dollar increase in profits between 1946 and 1947 was plowed back into industry. In spite of the plowing back of large profits, enterprises still found it necessary to borrow heavily from banks. In fact, the increase in borrowing by industry was larger than in any previous year except 1919, 1920, and 1946.

One of the industries in greatest need of capital for expansion is iron and steel. The capacity of the industry has increased only 25 per cent since 1929, but industrial production is running about 75 per cent above 1929. The industry, along with most other industries, is dependent in the main upon reinvested profits for capital. Yet even in 1947, the industry earned substantially less on investment than most other manufacturing industries and earned a little more than 6 cents a dollar on sales. Prices of most steel products are still too low to yield more than a return of 3 per cent to 4 per cent on new plant at present costs of construction.

The great dependence of industry upon profits for capital in 1947 may seem surprising, but it does not represent a new condition. As a matter of fact, purchases of equity securities by individuals in 1947, though representing only a small part of their savings, were far larger than normal. Rarely has industry had much success in selling stock to the general public. Consider, for example, the three most recent non-war years prior to 1947 — namely, 1940, 1941, and 1946. In these three years individuals saved no less than 44.3 billion dollars in the form of cash, bank accounts, securities, and real estate. They did not, however, increase their holdings of corporate stocks or bonds — in fact, these holdings dropped by a small amount. Evidently most savers are little attracted by the securities of American corporations. The two largest items of personal savings in those three years were currency and demand deposits, which increased by 19.7 billion dollars, and insurance, which increased by 14 billion. Real estate took 5.5 billion dollars of savings, and government securities 3.9 billion.

Records of earlier years are less complete, but it is clear that the sale of stock to the public has supplied American industry with far less than half of its capital. For example, during the period 1895–1939, the total public issues of bonds greatly exceeded the issues of common and preferred stock. During this period American industry issued (exclusive of refunding issues) 39.4 billion dollars in bonds and notes, and 27 billion dollars in common and preferred stock. Likewise, earnings plowed back greatly exceeded new stock issues. During the period 1910–1929, corporations plowed back 37.3

billion dollars of profits, compared with 19.5 billion dollars of stock offered for public subscription.

If wages are increased

Is it possible, under present conditions, to increase wages at the expense of profits? I believe not. Of course, an individual employer or an industry might grant wage advances without raising prices, but this would only increase the upward pressure on prices elsewhere. The level of prices and profits depends, as I have pointed out, upon the rate at which people spend money for goods, on the one hand, and the rate at which industry produces goods, on the other. When people spend money faster than industry is able to increase output, as they did last year, a rise in prices and profits is an arithmetical necessity.

Under present conditions general wage increases would reinforce the tendency for demand to outrun production. So large and urgent is the accumulated demand for goods that a general rise in wages would not reduce employment. Consequently, higher wages would mean larger payrolls. Part of the larger payrolls would be paid to the Federal government in higher taxes and a small part of them would be saved. In the main, however, larger payrolls would mean a greater demand for consumer goods. Last year, for example, payrolls increased by about 11.5 billion dollars. More than 9 billion dollars of this was attributable to higher wages and the rest to the increase in employment. At any rate, higher wages accounted for nearly half of the 20-billion-dollar increase in expenditures on consumer goods in 1947.

The effect of higher wages upon the demand for goods under present conditions would not be confined to consumer goods. Higher wages also increase the demand for capital goods. This is a result of their effect upon the profits of the consumer goods industries. The demand for consumer goods is raised by wage advances in *both* the consumer goods and the capital goods industries. The cost of making consumer goods, however, is raised only by the increase in payrolls in the consumer goods industries. Hence, unless a substantial proportion of the wage increase is taken by taxation or is saved, the growth in the demand for consumer goods raises their prices by more than the increase in the cost of making them. The resulting advance in profits of the consumer goods industries increases the demand for capital goods and encourages business concerns to borrow from banks, if necessary, in order to buy capital goods. Hence, under present conditions higher wages do not encroach upon profits — on the contrary, they stimulate spending and thus help to raise prices and profits.

Of course, under other conditions, the effect of wage increases might be very different. For example, if wage earners were willing to save a large proportion of their wage increase, they might suc-

ceed in raising wages at the expense of profits. Furthermore, if there were not a huge backlog of demand for goods, businessmen might doubt their ability to pass on wage advances in the form of higher prices. Under such conditions, wage increases would lead businessmen to curtail rather than to expand their expenditures for capital goods.

If higher wages under present conditions mean higher prices, unions, employers, and the general public should reconsider carefully the whole matter of wage policy. A higher price level for non-agricultural products in the United States has much to be said in its favor, particularly if it comes gradually and is accompanied by higher wages. Among other things, a higher price level would help increase imports into the United States, thus assisting other countries to get on their feet and also giving Americans more to consume and raising the standard of living here. If unions expect to raise the standard of living of their members by encroaching upon profits, however, they will be disappointed — at least so long as a strong sellers' market continues. Today the best chance for employees as a whole to gain a rise in their standard of living is through an increase in the total flow of goods. Unless more goods are obtained by imports, they must be gained in the main through the use of more and better plant and equipment. Hence employees and everyone else in the community have a keen interest in the expansion and improvement of the plant and equipment of industry.

Can industry attract more capital?

The extreme dependence of business concerns upon internal funds for expansion is disturbing. Surely it would be desirable if the reluctance of people to buy stock in American industry could be largely overcome. If savers were willing to put as much as one third of their savings into common or preferred stocks, industry would be far less dependent upon plowed-back earnings. As a result, enterprises would probably be able to secure ample funds for expansion while operating at somewhat lower rates of profit than have been customary.

How can the reluctance of savers to buy stock in American corporations be overcome? Many people believe that the secret of this reluctance is to be found in high taxes — tax rates which leave the individual investor a substantially smaller return than any given security seems to yield. Undoubtedly, high tax rates have diminished both the ability and the willingness of many persons to save. In addition, high taxes and the absence of adequate offsets for losses have particularly diminished the attractiveness of speculative investments, such as common stocks frequently are.

Nevertheless, high taxes do not seem to be the principal explanation for the small purchases of common stocks by the public. Even before taxes became high, corporate stocks attracted only a

small fraction of individual savings. Furthermore, high taxes do not fully explain why savers put a larger fraction of their savings into government savings bonds or bank accounts or even into real estate than into the stock of corporations.

If tax rates remain very high, as is probably inevitable, some special incentive should probably be given to individuals to save. This could be done by permitting people to claim a substantial tax rebate on that part of their incomes which they save. Savings should be defined, however, so as to exclude hoarding. Another helpful change would be the elimination of the severe double taxation of dividends. A corporation is nothing but an association of stockholders. At present the profits of most corporations are taxed at the rate of 38 per cent, and the individual stockholder pays an additional tax on the dividends he receives. The double taxation of dividends may be eliminated by permitting the individual taxpayer to claim a rebate for that part of the corporate income tax which has already been paid on profits which he receives as dividends.

The essence of the matter, however, is that corporate securities, and especially common stocks, do not seem to satisfy the tastes of most individuals. This has been plainly demonstrated by the pronounced preference which individuals show for putting their savings into houses, insurance, savings deposits, and government securities. The type of investment which attracts most individual savings strongly suggests that individuals save for security rather than for capital gains. If industry is to attract capital from the outside, therefore, it probably must offer investors different sorts of securities from those which it has been offering. Perhaps the answer is to be found in some new form of preferred stock or debenture stock — a security which assures the individual a minimum return on his investment but which does not exclude all possibility of capital gain. At any rate, the problem of making industry less dependent upon internal funds must be solved in large measure by business concerns themselves — by their developing kinds of securities which meet the preference of the great majority of investors.

The problem of raising the standard of living

There has been some criticism of the large reinvestment of profits in industry. As a matter of fact, the country should be thankful that over four fifths of the increase in profits between 1946 and 1947 was plowed back into industry rather than distributed in the form of dividends. This meant that industry, instead of holding back production as it is sometimes accused of doing, was spending large amounts to increase output. To a limited extent and for a short period of time, plowing back profits may divert the output of industry from making consumer goods to making capital goods. This, of course, is inflationary. As new plant and equip-

ment is put into operation, however, the output of goods relative to incomes is increased.

In the last eight years the United States has made considerable progress in raising its standard of living — consumption of consumer goods per capita (adjusted for changes in price) has increased about 31 per cent since 1940. The lowest income groups have fared particularly well. Between 1941 and 1946, the average real income of the lowest fifth of the families increased 68 per cent; that of the second lowest fifth, 59 per cent; and that of the highest fifth, 20 per cent.

In the next few years, increasing the standard of living is likely to be more difficult. During the next five years military expenditures will be at least 50 billion dollars and they are likely to be closer to 100 billion dollars. In addition, the United States will send substantial quantities of goods to Europe. These expenditures do not represent a high percentage of the prospective national income but they are large enough to limit substantially the quantity of goods available for consumers. Consequently, if American consumers are to have a rising standard of living while the country is spending huge amounts on armaments and Euro-

pean aid, the total output of industry must be greatly increased. This means more and better plant and equipment.

Attempts to raise the standard of living by wage increases under present conditions represent a superficial attack upon the problem. There is much to be said, of course, for wage increases to those who did not participate in even the first or the second round. Employees should not expect, however, that wages in general can be increased under present conditions at the expense of profits. Even if wages could be increased out of profits, as some union leaders believe, that would be a national misfortune. The need for enlarging and improving the plant of American industry is urgent, and the encroachment of wages on profits would deprive industry of its largest source of funds for expansion. Several years from now the country will look back with gratification at the large amounts of profits which business concerns used in 1947 and 1948 to buy more and better plant and equipment. It will then be plain that plowing back profits helped give Americans a rising standard of living in the face of huge expenditures on armaments and on aid to Europe.

Mr. Murray Replies

Two diverse points of view have been presented in the articles "Are Profits Too High?" — which gives industry's point of view — and "The Gap Between Prices and Wages" — which tells labor's story. The fundamental difference between the arguments is that I believe that the rights of people and their warm human needs take precedence over profits, even though we admit that profits are a necessary stimulus for our economy. There is no doubt in my mind as to which comes first, wages or profits. An economy can be healthy only if it is based on a healthy people — which in simple terms means enough of the right foods in our stomachs and the proper clothes on our backs.

The case *against* industrial wage increases and for the maintenance of current high profits brushes off the present level of profits by saying that the old ways of measuring profits are wrong, and that even if profits are high, they are needed to finance new factories and machinery. The business viewpoint also stresses that wage increases cannot be paid out of profits because at this time wage increases are inflationary; and, even if wage increases can be paid out of profits, new factories are preferable to higher standards of living.

The first question to be answered is: Are profits high or low? There are several ways of measuring profits, but businessmen among themselves almost always express profits as a per cent of invested capital. This method quickly shows how much they

make for every dollar they have invested. Publicly, however, through such devices as the NAM advertisements, they describe profits as a per cent of sales, and further mislead the public by referring to the relatively low figures simply as "profit per cent." Only by repudiating traditional profit-measures or by heroic and complicated "corrections" and "adjustments" can the present huge profits be made to appear normal.

Any reader of the *Wall Street Journal* becomes quickly convinced that this is a golden era. However, corporations are pleading that their profits are needed for new factories and new machinery. This is the heart of the argument: Should corporate profits provide for dividends *plus* new factories, or should the funds for new factories come from savings and loans?

If new factories are financed by stocks, bonds, individual savers, or lending institutions, these lenders receive returns on their investment. If, on the other hand, the new capital is taken out of profits, the corporations do not incur any obligations such as additional interest or dividend payments. Since profits are the difference between prices and costs, this "profit-capital" results from keeping prices high in relation to wages and other costs. Therefore, it is to industry's advantage to keep prices high and wages low. In this situation consumers and workers are supplying capital for new factories and neither retaining ownership of

the capital nor receiving interest and dividends.

But are there enough savings to supply the needed capital for new factories, or must wages be kept down to supply that capital? The fact is: we have so much savings stored up in the United States that they will supply enough capital to more than duplicate every factory and building. Total business holdings are estimated at about 200 billion dollars. Individuals alone have more than 155 billion dollars of savings stored in cash, checking accounts, or government bonds. Business has more than 65 billion dollars similarly stored. In addition we are saving over 21 billion dollars every year, which is seeking investment outlets. Over and above all this, according to the Federal Reserve Board, our banks have a potential lending power of hundreds of billions of dollars, far more than ever before.

It is true that investors with tremendous amounts of stored-up savings are not flocking to the stock market as in the twenties. This is not because they lack funds. The real reason is they fear another crash. I ask: In all fairness, should workers and consumers be forced to lower their standard of living to pay for factory expansion because investors don't have faith in the long-run stability of our economy and prefer to hoard their money?

Actually the Wall Street capital shortage has greatly improved this year. Money has been loosening up, and the most recent stock issues were easily sold at good prices. Recent surveys by the Department of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Board show that business is not suffering from a capital shortage. Record high earnings are overcoming enough fears to supply adequately the demands for capital. Dividend earnings as a per cent of the cost of stocks are at record levels of about 6 per cent. This 6 per cent rate of dividend earnings on common stock is more than double the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest available on U.S. government bonds.

However, the 6 per cent figure does not tell the real story, since less than half the total profits are being paid out as dividends. If total profits are used, the rate of return on stock, according to the Department of Commerce, rises to more than 12 per cent — surely an incentive for investors.

It is ironic that our present high-profit, low-consumption economy is based on the fear of a future depression. It is ironic because our main hope for continued prosperity is the sustained buying power that goes with a low-profit, high-consumption economy.

It does no good, and causes great suffering, to speed up factory construction the way we did in the twenties, if we are to call a complete halt to expansion and allow existing factories to deteriorate as we did in the thirties. We must have growth and expansion. But at the same time we must maintain

a stable economy, which means keeping the purchasing power of the millions at high levels.

It is particularly unfortunate that so much of our present record-high investment is going for commercial use, and so little to expand crucial bottleneck industrial areas such as basic steel. While it is true that money is being invested in steel, most of it is going into such fields as expansion of fabrication plants rather than into expansion of basic steel production.

Perhaps the most ominous and far-reaching effect of the doctrine that profits should provide for capital expansion is that it increases monopoly control. We all know that Boards of Directors decide how much of the profit will be distributed as dividends, and how much will be saved and plowed back into new factories and new machinery. With the present degree of interlocking directorates and close corporate control, this means that crucial savings decisions now are being made largely by a handful of men — the very same men who make the decisions about investment, wages, and research.

The argument that huge profits are needed for capital expansion is a far more complicated and dangerous doctrine than at first meets the eye. It involves justifying factory expansion at the expense of those least able to bear the expense — the lower income groups. It involves return, in an extreme form, to a profit-heavy, low-consumption economy which brings the eventual depression much closer and makes it much more severe and much more certain. Finally, it justifies a practice which draws even tighter the grip of monopoly on our economy.

The point is often made by corporations that the lower income groups are improving their position much faster than the higher income groups. But big business fails to explain that widely different bases are used to compute the percentages. Incomes of families in the lowest fifth increased by 68 per cent from 1941 to 1946, but this 68 per cent represented only \$337. Families in the highest fifth increased only 20 per cent, but this 20 per cent represented \$1503. The distribution of income is steadily becoming more unbalanced.

There is no reason why substantial wage increases cannot come out of corporation profits without any further price increases. We believe that regardless of how profits are made — whether as the result of increased demand and purchasing caused by increases in population, or for any other reason — profits are profits. We believe industry is entitled to fair profits. But we also believe that the men and women in our cities and towns deserve a standard of living that will enable them to maintain their self-respect. It is the obligation of the men who run our industries to recognize their responsibility and divide the profit dollar so that the men who turn the wheels will get a fair share.

Because of the gravity of this issue, the Atlantic will welcome comments from both management and labor. — THE EDITOR

SUNDAY NEAR A NAVAL AIR BASE

by JOHN CIARDI

THE boy's mind that too much machinery
Dazzled as blank as death, hangs hawking high —
Slow-roll and climb — across the Sunday sky
Of beaches uncomputed by artillery,
Where no tanks roared for blood, and children's faces
Press trustfully against the window glass
Of family cars along the overpass
To watch his running sparkle, like a fuse's.

They feed on hot-dogs and their innocence
And send him admiration, fill his tanks,
Pencil his maps. Their arms bank when he banks
Where practice makes death's perfect balance
Turn on a hinge of wings, answering a wrist,
To spill in avalanche on the least of these
Who carnival the Sundays of their peace
In the folk-pattern of the motorist.

I know that boy. Six friendly days in tweed
He carries books and answers from his desk
Whatever meaningless questions I might ask,
But this one day is uniforms and speed
In the reserve of death, whose metal voice
Answers no questions, whose command
Is wired by reflex to his hand
Where only earphones name a moral choice.

I fear his kind across a world's whole width.
When last I followed him in another sky
I cheered him, knew which way he meant to fly,
And all I had to fear was my own death.
I watch him now, awed as the children are
At his pure motion. But I cannot guess
What tokens will be on his battle dress
When all his Sunday practice goes to war.

That boy outnumbers hope. His laughing skill
Maddens the will to reason. I retreat
Shedding myself in handbills down the street
Knowing that every death is possible
This year or next: a fad of history
To score the corpses on the fuselage
In the three stencils: bomb, cross, flag.
Man is the measure of trajectory.



An Atlantic Story



Of English parentage, MONICA STIRLING spent ten years of her girlhood in Paris. There she became a close friend of Colette and Colette's daughter. In the early years of the war she worked in General de Gaulle's headquarters, where her mastery of the two languages served her in good stead. After the Allied invasion she returned to France for eighteen months as the Atlantic's correspondent.

IN THE PARK

by MONICA STIRLING

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé . . .

IT WAS dark and it was raining. So there were fewer people than usual in the Parc Monceau half an hour before closing time. Among them was Mademoiselle Bérénice Rousseau.

Mademoiselle Bérénice seldom visited the Parc Monceau. Being there made her uncomfortable, although she had years ago forgotten why. Today, however, the rain had caught her: without an umbrella, without a direct Métro or autobus home, without the money for a taxi, she had to take a short cut through the park.

The rain was not falling heavily. This was lucky for Mademoiselle Bérénice. Because she could not walk fast. Her shoes pinched her corns, and the hottest summer Paris had known for years — the concierge said the newspapers said it was hotter in Paris than in Africa, imagine — had made her ankles swell.

Mademoiselle Bérénice was forty-nine but, although her figure was not bulky, looked more. She was tall, with the big bones that are apt to deprive a woman of access to pathos, and her face was neither good nor bad looking but suggested a patient horse. Mademoiselle Bérénice's parents came from Auvergne. She had the indifferent, slouching carriage of a woman who seldom looks at herself, and wore a black hat, coat, and shoes that looked as if they had been bought several years before the war. They had. And they had been cheap then. Her coat, which was unsuitable for summer, had a collar of imitation astrakhan and her shoes had a strap over the instep and three

buttons. Her gloves and stockings were of fawn-colored cotton, and although her handbag was not as big as those now fashionable, it was big enough to contain her keys, purse, comb, Métro and autobus tickets, identity card, lunch sandwiches — dark brown bread with pale pink *charcuterie* — and a folded newspaper. Mademoiselle Bérénice read the *Figaro* regularly. She was a good Catholic and staunch admirer of Monsieur François Mauriac's editorials.

The name Bérénice did not suit Mademoiselle Bérénice at all. When she was young she had been aware of this and distressed by it. But only mildly. She was almost without personal vanity and had a profound respect for her parents. They had given her this name because they had seen *Bérénice* performed at the Comédie-Française during their honeymoon. Mademoiselle Bérénice had seen it herself, for the first time, a year ago. She would have enjoyed it, had it not made her cry. When she cried, her eyelids became red and swollen in record time. She had occasionally wished, without intensity, that she was capable of crying as did the heroines of the few films she had seen — large eyes wide open, pearly tears creeping over long lower lashes and impeccable cheeks without detrimental effect.

The sandy path crunched beneath Mademoiselle Bérénice's feet. There was no doubt about it, her shoes needed resoling. Life was very difficult, with half the tradespeople on holiday, and those who had not got *Fermeture Annuelle* scrawled across their shuttered windows unwilling to work save for fabulous prices. It's all very well for the Socialists to

talk. They don't know what it is. But the Parc Monceau smelled so fragrant that Mademoiselle Bérénice forgot the Socialists, whose presence in her imagination was as shadowy as it was threatening, and began to remember her childhood's holidays in the country. Life had been easier then, colors brighter, shapes more defined, food more appetizing.

Mademoiselle Bérénice's feet were hurting her now. How odd it was, she thought, that when you were young you never believed you would have to reckon with your body. No matter how many elderly relatives were crippled with arthritis or rheumatism — you knew a similar fate would never overtake you. Not that Mademoiselle Bérénice had been young long.

Her parents had met in the post office, where they both worked. Her father had been detailed to teach her mother her job, when the latter arrived, small and dark and in need of a restraining hand to prevent her cheeking stupid customers. Mademoiselle Bérénice's father had enjoyed being a restraining hand. And Mademoiselle Bérénice's mother had enjoyed being restrained. As a result they had not only loved but flirted with each other until death them did part. Which it did in 1916. Two years after Monsieur Rousseau had been killed at Verdun, Madame Rousseau died of Spanish flu. By this time all youthful impulses had been annihilated in Mademoiselle Bérénice, who was unresentfully selling stamps for 50 francs a month.

2

AFTER her mother's funeral Mademoiselle Bérénice went to live with an elderly aunt who was the widow of a postman. The aunt's name was Sophie and she was of the most extreme propriety. It never occurred to Mademoiselle Bérénice to treat authority with anything but respect, or bereavement with anything but resignation. So the love and tenderness no one required of her withered into a gratuitous submissiveness about which there was nothing servile. The fact that her character included elements of grandeur served only to make her as unhappy as acting ability would make a person who had never heard of theaters.

Mademoiselle Bérénice was neither popular nor unpopular with her post-office colleagues. They paid less attention to her than to the flies that plagued them in summer. But she was liked by her customers: untouched by the gloating sadism that is apt to be the functionary's most remarkable feature, she never found herself at a loss for stamps, change, or information without unmistakably genuine regret; and whenever she formed part of a couple one of whom was at fault she instinctively assumed that one to be herself. For this she was heartily despised by her concierge, a pejorative individual who was extremely fond of reading newspapers and misquoting the most alarming passages.

Mademoiselle Bérénice's aptitude for being down-trodden would not have developed at the expense of most of her other qualities had it not been for the fact that during the First World War she had loved and lost. That it was preferable to have done this than not to have loved at all was among the many notions that never occurred to her. She had loved a telegraph boy of her own age and he had loved her. Neither had loved before and it was their intention to marry. But before they could do so patriotism and a desire to impress Bérénice — who was already impressed by him to the point of idolatry — had led Yves to give a false age and enter the Air Corps, in which service he was killed. At this point Mademoiselle would have liked to die. But she considered it her duty to her widowed mother to live. So she did, in a subdued manner — and reproached herself for selfish expenditure after buying a black dress.

During the next months Mademoiselle Bérénice cried often and long. With Yves dead her eyelids might become as red and swollen as tomatoes for all she cared. But she never cried save when alone. For she knew that she had not grieved like this for her father and she did not want to hurt her mother's feelings. When her mother died, Mademoiselle Bérénice thought she had no more tears left. But she discovered herself mistaken. She did not complain. This, she concluded, was life — an opinion Tante Sophie approved and encouraged.

After this, little happened to Mademoiselle Bérénice. She continued to sell stamps, she occasionally ate her lunch on the banks of the Seine on her free days; and the Second World War altered for her only the quality of her sandwiches. She did not like it when German soldiers entered the post office, but the apathetic sadness that hung between her and the rest of the world like a semi-opaque curtain prevented her viewing them with more than puzzled distaste.

She was earning 3500 francs a month now. It did not buy so much as 50 francs had once done. Fortunately she had a small appetite. When she was sixty-three — or sixty if the new law were passed — she would be able to retire with a pension of two thirds her salary. The idea of retirement did not excite her. She had come to think of the sending and receiving of letters as the world's main activity, and she would miss her grandstand view.

Mademoiselle Bérénice did not often think of Yves. She had loved him so long ago. Had she married him she would probably now have children older than he was when he died. No doubt she had, in many ways, been spared. Children so often disappointed their parents. Especially modern children. Her aunt often said she ought to think of this. God knew what He was doing. Tante Sophie was particularly fond of people who knew what they were doing. She was a remarkable woman. Age had impaired none of her convictions. On the contrary.

It was lucky for Mademoiselle Bérénice, who was inclined to vacillation, that she had had so character-forming a relative to whom to turn.

Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Bérénice was not anxious to return to her aunt this evening. She did not admit this to herself. She preferred to admit that her shoes were pinching her swollen feet so badly as to necessitate her resting on one of the park benches.

A little breeze had sprung up. It should have been pleasant after the excessive heat of the day. But it was not. Fumbling for the snap fasteners at her collar, Mademoiselle Bérénice thought how pleasant it must be to live in a country with a good climate. Italy for instance. There had been a customer in the post office this morning who wanted to send a letter to Rome as quickly as possible: a young girl with pretty fair hair and big brown eyes. She had been in a state about her letter. How long does the air mail take? Oh! — an exasperated sigh — but if one sends it express as well, doesn't that make it go quicker? Oh what is the post office for, for the love of God? Angrily, anxiously, suspiciously, she had pushed a bulky white envelope across the worn brown counter. Mademoiselle Bérénice saw again the big unformed writing, in purple ink: Signor Valentino Danesi; heard again the impatient, ardent "But *how* soon — oh can't you tell?" Another sigh. Then the grubby little hand with the big cheap engagement ring was knuckled to push the thick curled fringe off the sweating forehead.

While Mademoiselle Bérénice sat, uneasily remembering the girl's transports, a light was turned on in one of the attic windows of the big gray houses that ring the Parc Monceau. Mademoiselle Bérénice looked quickly away from it. Her eyes were not what they had been. But spectacles came so expensive. And after all she could see well enough, couldn't she? She could. Well enough to distinguish two heads, two pairs of shoulders, the burning butt of a cigarette, at the window. Presently the cigarette was put out, the two heads drew closer. At last they pressed against each other. Mademoiselle Bérénice's bad sight became suddenly worse. Unable to see what was before her, she remembered what was long behind her.

3

YVES had lived in an attic overlooking the Parc Monceau, with his mother, who was a dressmaker. Their living room had contained an imitation Turkish carpet, mirrors with tarnished gilt frames, rickety little tables strewn with plush pincushions alive with pinheads, crumpled paper patterns the color of milky coffee, and half a dozen wooden dressmaker's dummies draped with cheap material.

And there, in the midst of this stuffy, feminine atmosphere, was Yves, slight and trim in his uni-

form. He had bright brown hair and bright blue eyes and a gaily authoritative manner of holding out his arms and saying, "Come here, baby." This endearment had not yet been cheapened by frequent and inappropriate use in films, and the adolescent Bérénice had never heard it without feeling as though something in her — just below where she had been told her heart was, and just above where she had been told her stomach was — something in her were first swelling, then contracting, then turning over. Slightly alarmed and very delighted by this sensation, which never failed to take her by surprise, the adolescent Bérénice had to close her eyes tightly, draw breath sharply before — smiling, blushing, trembling, looking momentarily almost pretty, momentarily almost worthy of her romantic name — she was able to run to Yves and put her thin arms round him.

Their longing to be near each other was so overwhelming, so agonizingly pleasant that at first they could do nothing but clasp each other tighter and tighter and tighter. Then Bérénice would be shaken into speech. Softly, quickly, desperately, as though they were in a condemned cell with only a few minutes of life before them, she would whisper, "Oh my darling my love my beloved my rabbit my dear heart." And Yves would press his head down against hers, so she felt the hardness of his cheekbone through the soft skin, and murmur, with a catch in his voice that brought tears to her eyes, "Oh darling darling darling." And, as they exchanged eager inexperienced kisses, they realized, for the first time in their narrowly circumscribed lives, that the world was a very big place. Delivering telegrams, flying aeroplanes, selling stamps, and fighting anxiety were only a few of its contents, the rest of which were suddenly revealed to them by love — blindingly, confusingly — as the contents of a packed and moonlit antique shop are suddenly revealed by a switched-on electric light.

Oh world! Oh time! Each suddenly weak with pity for all those unfortunates who were not loved by the other, Yves and Bérénice would kiss again and again, pausing only to take each other's faces between their hands and murmur endearments and promises and inarticulate expressions of their conviction that the present was beautiful, the future beautifully promising, and virtue all about them, waiting only to be put to use.

Both had been brought up to think it sinful to make love before one was married, and each would rather have died than involve the other in sin. So despite the waves of desire that punctuated their meetings with sudden blushes, sudden pallors, irrational tears and laughter and trembling, it did not occur to them to do more than kiss and murmur over and over again the classic murmurs: Oh my darling, what is it my darling, when did you first, Oh so did I, Oh darling yes, please say it again, promise me you'll never love anyone else, as if I

could, you're so beautiful, there's no one like you, when we are married, when the war's over, when we are married, Oh darling! I do love you so much, Oh darling.

So entranced were they that neither was aware of hearing the bell ringing through the park below to announce closing time—but neither was subsequently ever to dissociate the faint, shrill, monotonous sound of a distant bell from the smell of damp grass and leaves, the sight of enlaced couples slowly crossing electric-lighted, tree-shadowed paths, and the taste of kisses that seemed to promise that life might, after all, make more than just sense.

The two heads disappeared from the attic window, and a few seconds later the light went out. As it did so, it seemed to Mademoiselle Bérénice that something in her breast clicked. She fumbled for a handkerchief. But her ill-fitting cotton gloves made her clumsy and, instead of finding the handkerchief, she spilled the contents of her pocketbook. Seized by disproportionate anguish, she tugged at her right glove. With a little snap the button fell off. It was small and the same color as the path, so she had little chance of finding it. As she bent down—sighing because her back was painfully stiff—her pocketbook slipped from her lap onto the wet gravel. This was too much. For the first time in forty-nine years Mademoiselle Bérénice felt that she was being unjustly treated.

A small, choking sound escaped her. Abandoning the effort to feel for her tumbled belongings, she began to cry. She cried very quietly, with the discretion that had years ago become habitual to her. It was very provoking, having lost her handkerchief. She rubbed her eyes, hard and unskillfully, as if by doing this she might stop herself crying. But still the tears came. They came so fast they almost choked her.

Waves of painful feeling seemed to be beating up from her feet to her head. First she was too hot, then too cold. And she was as incapable of stopping trembling as of stopping crying. For the first time in her life she would have liked to scream. But reasonable people do not scream in public. Nor in private. And the worst of it was that she had no idea why she was crying. But Tante Sophie said there was a reason for everything, so there must be a reason for her tears. Desperately, conscientiously, Mademoiselle Bérénice searched for one. And at last she found it: her feet were hurting her badly. Still crying she bent and fumbling undid the buttons of her shoes. Painfully, she freed her feet, placing them one on top of either imitation leather shoe. Relief washed upward over her ankles. There was no doubt about it, she felt better. But still she could not stop crying. She began to feel first mystified, then frightened. This exacerbated her grief. She pressed her ungloved hand over the collar and front of her coat. Both were wet. But whether from tears or rain she did not know.

While she was battling with what was beginning to seem to her like the first onslaughts of insanity, a boy and a girl came and sat on the nearest bench, which was in a pale yellow circle of lamp light. They looked very young, very poor, very plain, and very happy. No sooner had they sat down than they put their arms around each other and began kissing and murmuring, the sounds they made almost undistinguishable from those the wind was making in the trees. Almost, but not quite.

A spasm of pain, which she took for neuralgia, made Mademoiselle Bérénice curve her round shoulders, clench her rheumatic hands. Her uncovered feet and scattered belongings forgotten, her hat awry, her hair disordered, her unpowdered face sodden, she looked wildly from the kissing couple to the dark window behind which another couple were doubtless embracing. She no longer heard the wind in the trees. Its sibilance made way, in her ears, for that of silly young voices: Oh my darling, what is it my darling, when did you first, Oh so did I, Oh darling darling darling. . . .

Mademoiselle Bérénice's clenched hands began to beat a tattoo against her bony knees. It was as if she were trying to tap an answer to the question shrilling through her as the alarm shrills through a fire station: trying, but not succeeding. Because although she knew neither whom she was asking: What is life worth without this? nor what she meant by the vaguely comprehensive word "this," Mademoiselle Bérénice was quite certain that there never had and never would exist a satisfactory answer.

4

SUDDENLY she stopped crying. Her stopping was as inexplicable to her as her starting had been. She felt very old and very tired. But she did not feel ashamed. Although she knew she ought to have done so. Crying in public. What would Tante Sophie have said? It was a pity that Mademoiselle Bérénice asked herself this question. Because it roused a prompt answer: shocked as a convent-bred girl who suddenly discovers in herself the makings of an atheist, Mademoiselle Bérénice found herself thinking that Tante Sophie might not be infallible.

After a long sigh that was almost a sob, she buttoned her damp feet into their shoes, scraped some of her belongings—and a handful of gravel—into her pocketbook, wiped her face with her glove, thrust some wisps of hair over her ears, and adjusted her hat. Then she stood up, with difficulty.

As she did so, a bell began to ring on the other side of the park. The enclasped couple on the near-by bench separated. Oh darling, they groaned, oh darling, where can we go, Oh I can't bear it, shall we never have a place to ourselves where they'll leave us alone? For the second time that evening a sense of injustice raged through Mademoiselle Bérénice. For her, as for the young couple clutch-

ing each other's hands upon the public bench, life had been arbitrarily ruled by an inexplicable deity known as They. They ruled one's schooldays, They chose one's work, They made one's salary less than the cost of living, They manifested themselves in human form via teachers, employers, priests, and — failing all else — elderly relatives. They droned over one's life with an effect as menacing as that of a bomber interminably circling over civilians who have not even an air-raid shelter to give an illusion of being protected. They They They. Suddenly: I hate They, cried Mademoiselle Bérénice.

Although she had not done so, she imagined she had spoken aloud and her sagging cheeks became mottled with humiliation. Anxiously, she glanced at the lovers. But they had not noticed her. They had eyes only for each other. Rain or no rain, closing time or no closing time, the lovers were happy: the lovers thought they had escaped They. But Mademoiselle Bérénice knew better, and after a last pitying glance from bench to window and back again she made a limping escape from the scene.

She could not, however, escape the sound of the bell announcing closing time. Closing time, closing time, all out, all out: faint and sweet and insistent it seemed to Mademoiselle Bérénice to proclaim the death of hope. Her feet painfully aware of the inequalities of the path beneath them, her face so sodden by rain that she no longer knew whether she was crying or not, Mademoiselle Bérénice limped home.

The concierge was on holiday and her deputy was deaf. So Mademoiselle Bérénice had to wait in the rain for what seemed to her a long time before the front door creaked open: long enough to come to a decision. At first, this decision shocked her. But by the time she had climbed to the fifth floor — the elevator was not working — it seemed to her first an inevitable, then a reasonable decision.

Tante Sophie was in bed and asleep. Making as little noise as possible, in order not to disturb her relative — it is so difficult for old people to sleep — Mademoiselle Bérénice went to the bathroom and found Tante Sophie's sleeping tablets. Then she washed her face, cleaned her own teeth, and put her

false ones in a glass of water with a dash of disinfectant. Then she went to her room and put her hat on the shelf, her coat on a coat hanger, and her shoes on shoe trees. Then she took from the bottom of the wardrobe a small cardboard box containing a packet of short letters and a yellowed snapshot of a very solemn young man in an ill-fitting uniform who had so little connection with the proud and dashing Yves whom Bérénice remembered that she felt obliged to make one more journey — to the kitchen for matches.

The matches were post-war ones, evil-smelling, giving off just a faint blue glow, then a flickering yellow flame. She had to use half the box before the letters and the cardboard-mounted photograph were reduced to crumpled black fragments. When she had done this she closed the door and pressed her bathrobe against the crack below it. The window had not, fortunately, been opened for years. Tante Sophie disapproved of unnecessary fresh air, and was determined to have none in her apartment. Then Mademoiselle Bérénice turned on the gas stove. With rationing as it was, it was unlikely much gas would come from it. Fortunately she was not relying upon this. She folded back the counterpane, sat down, and took the sleeping tablets one by one, helping them down with sips of water. Then she switched out the light and stretched herself upon the bed.

It was decided at the inquest that Mademoiselle Bérénice had committed suicide while the balance of her mind was disturbed. This did not protect her, entirely, from her neighbor's censure. Many of them thought, as did the concierge, that Mademoiselle Bérénice had behaved very ungratefully to her aunt, considering that the old lady had been a second mother to her. But since they were charitable people who knew that unmarried women are inclined to become odd — particularly at Mademoiselle Bérénice's age — they did not allow their disapproval to prevent them sending flowers. Tante Sophie even rose at dawn to go to market, so as to get as many flowers as possible for her money. She liked things done properly. The concierge often said of Tante Sophie: "If ever there was a saint it's that woman."



BALLADE ABOUT NISH

by R. P. LISTER

If it is true I do not know,
I heard it from a man called Jake
Who heard it from a man called Joe
Who found it graven on a plaque
Screwed to the handle of a rake,
In letters crabbed and heathenish.
These were the words, and no mistake: —
 There are no fish
 In Nish.

Across the marshes of the Po
Glide duck with their attendant drake;
In Indian jungles brightly glow
The tiger, tiger, burning Blake;
There are ten million kittiwake
And seven terns in Vaternish;
But in all Ireland not a snake
 And not a fish
 In Nish.

Search then for bears in Bendigo,
Seek ambergris in walrus steak,
Discover diamond dust in dough
And cadmium carbonate in cake,
Go hunting shark in Grasmere lake,
Drink whiskey from an empty dish
And cure a worm of stomach-ache;
 Then find a fish
 In Nish.

Prince, you may call for cod or hake
 Or what you wish.
There are no saints in Savernake
 Or fish
 In Nish.

Experiment

What did PM as edited by Ralph Ingersoll prove about independent journalism? The answer is to be found in this masterly analysis by

ROBERT LASCH, a leading editorial writer who served on Marshall Field's Chicago Sun and is today one of the dependables on the staff of the Chicago Sun-Times. A graduate of the University of Nebraska, a Rhodes Scholar, and a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, Mr. Lasch is the author of an authoritative book on housing, and of the prize-winning essay in the Freedom of the Press Contest conducted by the Atlantic in 1944.

"PM" POST-MORTEM

by ROBERT LASCH

1

WHEN Marshall Field decided to sell or liquidate *PM* last spring, newspapermen everywhere felt a sinking of the heart. *PM* never had a good press among the publishers of fat, established newspapers, and most of the employees of those publishers, watching *PM* from afar, had long ago become disillusioned with it. Nevertheless the prospect of its death depressed the craft with a feeling of loss. For this was a newspaperman's newspaper, in the sense that though it was necessarily owned by big money it was wholly controlled by the editors. Seldom had American journalism come so close to the idea of an endowed newspaper. Seldom had anybody had such a chance to publish a newspaper without interference from an ownership primarily interested in profits.

Field managed to save *PM* by selling a majority interest to Bartley Crum and Joseph Barnes. One must hope that its new career will be more successful than the old. Meanwhile the phase of its history which ended when Field stopped subsidizing it deserves examination. What happened? Was it really independent journalism that failed?

Field himself always regarded the essence of the experiment as the lodging of control in editorial hands. During the seven and one-half years of his angelhood — from October, 1940, to April, 1948 — he scrupulously kept his hands off the day-to-day operations. He wanted the paper to be "a kind of newspaperman's ideal," he wrote, in *Freedom Is More than a Word*. He thought of it as a "crusading, anti-authoritarian, staff-dominated paper . . . challenging many of the sacred cows of the status quo and of journalism."

As of this writing, the sacred cows still seem to be doing all right.

In his prospectus, Ralph Ingersoll declared that *PM* would be against people who pushed other people around. It would expose "fraud and deceit and cruelty and greed." It would pursue the truth with courage, imagination, new methods and talent.

Because it took no advertising, it would be independent of any outside influence whatever.

In practice, these high ideals meant simply that, during the crucial first two years of its life, *PM* was Ingersoll and Ingersoll was *PM*. As the editors stated when Ingersoll went into the Army in 1942, "*PM* is, was and always will be a personal organ." That, as it turned out, was just the trouble. In its flight from the evil influence of advertisers, in its admirable struggle to escape one-man domination by a publisher, *PM* delivered itself to the one-man domination of Ingersoll.

Had Ingersoll been the kind of editor who could submerge his personality in a corporate identity, this might have worked out. But *PM* never had a chance to be his lengthened shadow. It became, instead, the stage on which he conducted an intellectual strip-tease.

Ingersoll is said to believe now that the fatal error was inadequate initial capital. When he began raising money, he set his sights at five million dollars. After Field joined up for an initial stake of two hundred thousand dollars, Ingersoll decided to go ahead with a total capital of one and one-half million. Under the impact of costly printing and engraving, a huge staff, and other expenses, that sum melted away fast. Within six months Field had to buy out the other stockholders. From then on, the paper retreated from one retrenchment to another.

There may be some merit in this explanation, but it does not tell the whole story. After all, Field must have spent well over five million dollars on the enterprise. Not so much the amount of capital, but the way in which it was used, seems to have been the difficulty. Ingersoll laid out \$350,000 of the initial capital on promotion before the paper ever appeared. *PM* did not live up to its extravagant billing, and the disappointment probably alienated a great many potential readers.

It is difficult to discuss *PM* without appearing hypercritical. One is apt to forget its many ad-

mirable achievements — the sensitive and thoughtful editorials of Max Lerner, the uniquely brilliant coverage of medical and social subjects by Albert Deutsch, the penetrating if sometimes overeditorialized Washington reporting of Izzy Stone. *PM* covered the anti-monopoly struggles springing from the TNEC report (especially the insurance fight) as no other paper did. Nathan Robertson's handling of tax news made income taxes intelligible. Kenneth Stewart wrote memorable analyses of the nation's leading newspapers in the Sunday *PM*. Volta Torrey's distinctive studies of sample Congressmen and their districts were something new in journalism. *PM* crusaded against Jesse Jones and against the business-as-usual influence in the early war effort with effectiveness and skill.

Such enterprise brought the paper the undying devotion of about 125,000 readers all over the country, and undoubtedly spurred other newspapers to efforts they might have neglected. But Ingersoll's domination stamped *PM* with a peculiar personality which dogged it to the end. Reflecting his subjective approach, the early *PM* became so fascinated with the contemplation of its own navel that the vital problem of interesting readers in news was sometimes overlooked.

There was, for example, the fantastic department entitled "File and Forget," wherein the bewildered reader was handed half a dozen items under a paragraph which read: "The following news came in, but we did not consider it important enough to give much space." Most readers probably would have preferred to forget all about it. But *PM* insisted on being observed in the act of editorship.

PM tried bravely to establish a folksy relationship with the public. Once the labor editor published his exclusive inside dope that John L. Lewis was going to support Roosevelt. When Lewis didn't, the assistant labor editor ran a piece jovially chiding his boss for a poor guess, and a cartoon was published showing the labor expert in the doghouse. Again, readers would have preferred to forget it.

Louis Kronenberger, in the editorial column, took the readers into his confidence. He wrote: "It's fun, in a way, to work in a madhouse, so long as you don't have to think of it as a business serving the public and seeking a profit." He told about the staff discussions over allocation of editorial space, and confessed that nobody was sure the correct formula had been found. "Right now," he said, "we like things the way they are," but he warned that at any moment *PM* might emulate the housewife who starts moving the furniture around "like mad."

This was folksy, all right, but scarcely the kind of thing to inspire confidence that the editors of *PM* knew where they were going and why. Instead of simply publishing an editorial page, *PM* philosophized about it. Most editorials, the public was

told, are pompous and impersonal; they should be "as chummy as an English pub, as scrappy as a down-east town meeting, as informal as the men's bath houses at Coney Island. That's what this page is going to work for. That, and a little humor." Good enough. But a reader might justifiably feel cheated at being given the promise, rather than the fact, of something chummy, scrappy, informal, and humorous.

The notion that *PM*'s staff and its public were all engaged in a joyous lark somehow got in the way of doing what *PM* had promised to do. There is no question that the paper performed many honorable and eminently useful journalistic services. It has had on the staff in its time some of the best newspapermen in the country, and they have turned out first-rate work. But in the early days, which were probably decisive, the emphasis on *PM*'s own curious personality was absurd and childish.

Each department carried a masthead, listing all the staff members. The stories were initialed at the end. To satisfy the curiosity thus aroused, you had to run through the masthead and riddle out the names of the authors. There were occasions when a three-paragraph picture caption, the product of joint effort, carried four sets of initials.

2

SUCH excesses could have been forgiven. Most of them were, in fact, dropped after a few months. But *PM* seldom got away from the attitude that the reader was interested not in the news but in *PM*'s relationship to the news. Ingersoll believed that there was no such thing as objective reporting. Everybody, he said, had his bias. But in *PM*'s case, its bias too often turned into simple disregard of elemental accuracy and honest reporting. The thing was out of balance. When you looked for truth, you saw *PM* instead, standing in the light.

In the first issue, which came out as France was falling, Ingersoll wrote that the news was too big and too terrible to seem like a break for a new paper (though obviously the evil thought had occurred to him). The news meant, he said, that "we, who wanted time in which to grow up, shall have no youth — shall be gray-haired from birth." There must have been lots of people who thought the news from France didn't mean that at all.

The reader got a full dose of this invidious self-consciousness when it came to advertising. The fact that *PM* carried no ads was flung in his face day after day, as if this itself guaranteed some miraculous virtue. When *PM* crusaded against cut-rate poultry dealers, or installment credit houses which were said to be robbing the poor, the stories usually carried a box pointing out that "*PM* accepts no advertising and prints news other papers won't." Yet it was hard to sustain the position that what *PM* printed the other papers omitted for fear of

their advertisers. Some of the *PM* crusades looked remarkably like the same sort of thing other papers had been doing for years, and had got tired of.

PM failed to turn its lack of advertising into an asset, first because readers do like to read ads, and second because Ingersoll's underlying theory of advertiser influence was wrong. It is not advertiser influence as such that inhibits most newspapers, but the influence of owners who think like advertisers. Furthermore, *PM* itself confused the issue. While taking no money from advertising, it did not hesitate to publish two or three pages of "news" cribbed from the ads in other papers. What strange alchemy purified an ad once it appeared in *PM* free of charge was never explained. In the end, of course, the paper resolved the contradiction by accepting advertising, and nobody ever complained that in doing so it fell under malign influence.

There were those who felt, however, that the early *PM* had not succeeded, by sloughing the shackles of commercial support, in attaining genuine independence. If advertisers were not grinding axes, one suspected that somebody else was.

A newspaper which conscientiously supports the principles of collective bargaining is one thing; a newspaper which wages aggressive campaigns against particular employers in a way calculated to benefit particular labor unions is something else. In the course of one of these campaigns, *PM* lashed out repetitiously and at great length against an employer whose home was being stink-bombed and stoned by union bully-boys. Incidents like this must have sowed the suspicion that *PM* did not mind pushing some people around, after all.

Emphasis on labor, *PM* argued, was necessary to redress the balance against newspapers which had persistently ignored or distorted labor news. But what *PM* had set out to sell was a newspaper of general circulation, not a union house organ. Too often it seemed that *PM* was writing *for*, and not merely *about*, labor.

In general, *PM*'s well-advertised love for the common man, during these early years, did not quite come off. The passion had a synthetic quality; it was intellectual, formalized, stereotyped. Perhaps the masses sensed this. Their hearts belonged to Dick Tracy and Little Orphan Annie anyway; but their allegiance to Hearst and Patterson might conceivably have been weakened had *PM* achieved a more authentic common touch. One felt that in order to qualify for *PM*'s interest the plain people had to belong to the right unions and vote the right tickets. Its crusades appeared to follow a pattern more than a conviction. Its reactions to any given situation were uniform and predictable. *PM* bled for the people's wrongs, commendably enough; but one feared that it was induced to bleed by having taken a prior political position, and that it hoped to effect a political result.

With its basic independence thus subject to

question, *PM* failed to develop a broad popular appeal. Its friends were passionate and vociferous, but not numerous. Even many of the intellectuals who supplied the readiest market for journalistic experiment must have been simply bored by some of the paper's preoccupations. Of necessity it had to shoot at a middle-class readership; yet it often behaved like an exclusively proletarian organ, and never seemed to have a clear conception of its typical reader.

And there was a limit to the number of people who would read *PM* solely because it expressed Ralph Ingersoll's mind. Ingersoll did some magnificent reporting overseas, and he was a pulsing generator of editorial ideas, some of which were good. But his experience had been confined to magazines, and his knowledge of newspaper techniques was colored by a general contempt for them. After he turned to writing windy editorials (simultaneously moving the opinion page from page 20 to page 2), the identification of the paper with himself became complete.

The pay-off came when Ingersoll used *PM* to plead his long and tedious argument with Draft Board 44. Some staff members believe that the unfortunate draft case left a permanent scar.

Nobody can now contend that Ingersoll quarreled with his draft board because he was reluctant to enter military service. He was genuinely convinced that the board, out of mean prejudice, had undertaken to injure *PM* by depriving the paper of his leadership. Field must have shared his conviction, for it was his appeal — filed without Ingersoll's knowledge — that made the drafting of his editor a *cause célèbre*.

Even if Field and Ingersoll were right in estimating the motives of the draft board, however, they were attempting the impossible in trying to convince the public, at a time when thousands were being drafted, that the entire machinery of selective service was mobilized to ruin *PM*. This was the kind of case where the best argument couldn't win. And the worst of it was that Ingersoll conducted the argument, with wearisome repetition, in the columns of his newspaper. On three successive days he gave the story three to four pages of space and top play under the line "Ralph Ingersoll vs. Draft Board No. 44." By the time he became convinced that he couldn't win, and cheerfully enlisted, the damage had been done. Whatever the merits of his case, the public would only remember that *PM* for a week or so had strained itself trying to explain why its editor shouldn't be drafted.

3

WHILE Ingersoll was in the service, *PM* came under the control of an editorial board headed by John P. Lewis, a competent newspaperman trained in the Scripps-Howard school. Max Lerner left

Williams College to write editorials of exceptional quality, and the paper settled down to prove that it could get along without Ingersoll.

As losses continued, stringent economies came into play. The size of the page was trimmed, the number of pages reduced from thirty-two to twenty-four, color printing dropped, the elaborate photography and fine engraving cut down. Gradually the emphasis shifted from magazine-type stunts and experimentation to a more conventional, and sometimes brilliant, news coverage. The slogan "*PM* Carries No Advertising" gave way to "*PM* Tells You More News in Less Time."

For a while it looked as if the modified formula might take hold. A slow, unspectacular gain in circulation set in. From a 1943 average of 144,000 the readership grew to a peak of 164,000 in 1946. For a few months in 1946 the paper was breaking even, and hopes ran high. But then the cost of newsprint and of all other elements of production began shooting up, and the break-even point moved once more outside *PM*'s circulation range.

Despite the gains of 1944 and 1945, despite the adoration of its 125,000 reliable fans, reader resistance persisted. This was demonstrated in a heartbreaking way when a strike of circulation agents crippled the newsstand sales of all New York newspapers except *PM*. Because of this fortunate accident, *PM* had exclusive access to the stands for several weeks, and sold upwards of 600,000 papers a day. Here was a wonderful chance to change the reader habits of at least a few people who never bought *PM*. But when the strike ended, virtually every one of the windfall readers disappeared without a trace. The return of competition found *PM* exactly where it had been before.

This experience convinced Field that *PM* as an ad-less newspaper could not make the grade. In the fall of 1946 that phase of the experiment ended, and with it ended Ingersoll's tenure. Ingersoll had come back from the war to launch a circulation drive and a series of editorial reforms. *PM* carried more crime news now, overdoing that as it had overdone other things. The post-war Ingersoll frowned on the old flaming crusades. Probably his heart wasn't in it. When Field's decision to accept advertising crystallized, Ingersoll resigned.

Advertising revenue did something to improve the economic position, but not enough. In 1947 the ads yielded \$600,000. Without them, Field would have lost over a million that year. With them, he still lost half a million. Circulation had begun slipping again, thereby impairing the paper's appeal to advertisers. From 164,000 average in 1946 the readership fell to 140,000 average in 1947. By March, 1948, it had dwindled to the old-faithful minimum of about 125,000.

Why did the public silently slip away? Many factors must have been at work, among them the lingering flavor of *PM*'s early history. From the

standpoint of news enterprise and sound editing, it was a better paper during this period than it had been during the first two years. But it was not a *complete* newspaper. It was a specialty product which a few people might buy to supplement what they obtained from other papers, but on which few would rely for the full diet of news and entertainment demanded of modern newspapers.

For a time, *PM* seemed on the way to gaining a healthy national readership. It had a faithful following in Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities. Yet, whether for lack of money or lack of enterprise, it did not exploit this market fully. Out-of-town readers got the same edition as those in New York, and found much of its space wasted (for them) on local news or outdated radio programs. Finally, retrenchment compelled heavy cuts in its outstanding Washington bureau, thus undermining the base of what distinctive national coverage it could claim.

On the other hand, the paper was never quite at home in New York; its metropolitan coverage was spotty and inadequate. It was not a medium of entertainment. It could not offer a glut of columns and commentary. It had few special excellences not to be found elsewhere. In the end, it turned out to be just a pinched, thin little tabloid, trying manfully to do the best it could with limited resources.

As a crowning blow, the paper which had been unjustly smeared as the "uptown edition of the *Daily Worker*" (which, of course, it never was) now alienated the left wing by its increasingly outspoken opposition to the Communists. The fellow-traveler following may not have been worth keeping, but its departure left a hole in the circulation totals which no other group of readers stepped in to fill.

The economic stringencies of the times must not be overlooked. *PM*, like Field's lamented Chicago *Sun*, was a victim of the post-war inflation. After 1946 its costs mounted while its circulation fell, and every new notch in the deficit required a new tightening of the belt.

One is tempted to wonder how different the story might have been had *PM* been established, say, in 1934 instead of 1940. In the great depression its New Dealism would have fallen on more receptive ears, and its costs would not have risen so fast so soon. As it was, *PM* rode the trough of political liberalism and the crest of inflation.

4

THE times, however, had nothing to do with the organizational paralysis which appears to have gripped *PM* from the beginning. Staff factionalism raged there as in few other shops. There was an active Communist group. Probably as a result of the absence of strong ownership representation, the Newspaper Guild used *PM* as a guinea pig for its most advanced ideas, exacting contract conditions

which made it virtually impossible to fire anybody and even required the payment of a severance bonus to men who resigned. For all of these reasons the effort to pull *PM* out of the fire was a losing battle for Field.

Newspapermen will go on conducting the post-mortems for years. One point of view is expressed by a former *PM* staff member in these words:—

"*PM* failed for a lot of reasons. The most important of them were:—

"1. The mechanical facilities were so limited that the paper couldn't be delivered to its readers while the news was still fresh. This prevented it from competing with the other papers as a newspaper.

"2. The staff was overloaded with amateurs. The first labor editor could not even run a typewriter. Scads of other so-called experts didn't know the difference between news and peanuts.

"3. Marshall Field himself gave the paper a black eye when he protested the drafting of Ingersoll. That weakened faith in the paper's sincerity and integrity.

"4. The Communists foiled every intelligent effort to make the paper self-supporting. They milked it, blackmailed it, discredited it, and drove the very people whom it needed most out of the shop.

"Several hundred people went in and out during *PM*'s lifetime. Some of them lasted only a few days, others stuck it out for years. Nearly every one of them, I suspect, must have caught a little bit of the vision that had inspired the creation of the paper, and must have hoped, at least part of the time, that it would find a way to eliminate some of the faults of American journalism. In other words, for most of the staff, at least some of the time, a job on *PM* was emotionally satisfying, as well as a means of earning a living. It was pioneering. It was fun.

"The best newspapermen generally felt this way the most strongly. If they had stayed, the mechanical limitations might have been overcome eventually, the amateurs either would have become wall-flowers or would have learned a few rudiments of the business, and the ruckus about the drafting of Ingersoll might have been lived down.

"But, with few exceptions, the best newspapermen left *PM*. Very few of them were lured away by higher salaries, or fancier titles, or greater opportunities. Most of them simply put on their hats and left, without pausing either to tell the managing editor to go to hell, or to buy a round of drinks for their old pals.

"The conditions that made them feel this way were brought about, most of the time, by the Communists and their stooges. There were never very many Commies on *PM*'s staff, but there were always some, and they were always more powerful than their numbers or their positions would indicate.

"Their victories were won in the good old free-

enterprise game of office politics. In most newspaper offices, that game is played with one's left hand while concentrating one's attention on something else. It's about on a par with the Saturday night poker session. The rules are simple and fellows who break them soon wind up in the advertising business.

"The Commies threw the rule book out the window. They played office politics so hard and so constantly that it was sometimes almost impossible to get the paper out. Veteran office politicians from other newspapers and the press associations were so flabbergasted by the Communists' intensity and tactics that they were unable to defend themselves. They were as befuddled and helpless as a little boy who has learned to box in the YMCA but is suddenly attacked by a gang of ragamuffins in an alley back of a saloon. By the time an anti-Communist had recovered from his bewilderment and embarrassment, he was usually licked.

"The Communists directed and remorselessly fanned the flames of every little bit of strife that appeared within the office. They knew what they wanted, and they had no scruples about how they got it. Their objective, moreover, was so clear and simple that it was often hard for their naïve victims to believe it. That objective was: to rule and/or ruin the paper.

"Of course, they will deny this. They will say, no doubt, that *PM* failed because of poor management. But I've seen less competent men than John P. Lewis run successful newspapers, and I don't think he or any other executive of *PM* had a fair chance. Sure, Marshall Field put up plenty of money and refrained from interfering. But it takes more than money to run a newspaper successfully. It takes some freedom of action, and the Communists saw to it that the management never had enough freedom to make *PM* pay."

That's one point of view. Another, from a less ideological *PM* veteran, follows:—

"The picture is so complicated. *PM* carried the seeds of its own destruction from the start. It did all the things it said it wasn't going to do, and didn't do all the things it said it was going to do.

"By attracting opinionated people it got itself bogged down in factional fights. John P. Lewis was forever trying to find some group or person to serve as a buffer against another group or person, and in turn got frightened by his buffers.

"None of us ever really thought through a long-term program for the paper. It was a day-to-day trial-and-error business, all done in full view of the public.

"The parts were better than the whole. It had good people doing good jobs but the total effect rarely looked good.

"Of course there were outside factors, too — the war, for example, which killed the swell technical plans like color illustration, stapling, inking proc-

esses, and so forth, and cut into the staff just as it was getting started. And the general scorn with which *PM* was greeted by those who wouldn't have liked it even if it had been good."

When the journalistic history of the period comes to be written, it will be necessary to record not only the sad story of *PM*'s failure to live up to its promise, but the venomous fury with which it was greeted by most of the conventional press. The established newspapers reacted with defensive contumely, derision, and, at first, fear. Joe Patterson expressed the apprehension frankly when he told Ingersoll that he intended to fight *PM*'s newsstand deliveries. There was just a chance that *PM* might expose the inadequacies of American journalism and force adoption of new standards. When it became clear that the chance had been lost, the satisfaction among the publishers was unconcealed.

But few newspapermen will concede that *PM*'s failure vindicated other newspapers, or that what failed was the ideal of professional independence.

PM never realized the ideal. *PM* proved that poor journalism on the left doesn't compensate for poor journalism on the right; that money alone isn't enough to create a great newspaper; that bias and partiality are not the answers to bias and partiality; that a point of view is not a substitute for a conscientious job of public information. What *PM* set out to do remains to be done.

It should be added that *PM*, under new ownership, still has a chance to do it. Bartley Crum and Joseph Barnes took over, with Field retaining a minority interest, on an understanding with the Guild unit that for sixty days the management would have complete right to hire and fire, after which a new contract would be negotiated. In effect, all employees wound up their jobs with the closing out of Field's *PM*, and were then given jobs for a sixty-day probationary period on the Crum-Barnes *PM*. A fresh start thus is possible. It is a safe bet that Crum and Barnes have most of the country's working newspapermen with them in their effort to make *PM* what it set out to be.

INVOCATION

by CONRAD AIKEN

COMES towards me slowly the shadow's gift,
divine projection of human heart,
rainbow beyond the rainbow's dream
yet of my self and soul a part,

speaks from the cloud in words unknown
yet somehow known and understood,
shafts of the morning, shifts of light,
the word and words and Word of blood.

O love that in the fern unfolds
or in the snowflake ferns a shape,
stems a flower, stars a stream,
and in the dream brings home escape,

come lightly now, and in my arms
bring back the love I sent away,
but human made, and one I know,
and on my bed to stretch and stay.



When W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. In successive issues the Atlantic has published his appraisals of Flaubert, Fielding, Balzac, Emily Brontë, Dostoevsky, Stendhal, Jane Austen, and Herman Melville. The set of the Ten Best Novels, edited and cut by Mr. Maugham, will be published by the John C. Winston Company this year.

CHARLES DICKENS

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

1

CHARLES DICKENS, though small, was of a pleasing appearance. There is a portrait of him painted by Maclise when he was twenty-seven, which is in the National Portrait Gallery in London. He is seated in a very grand chair at a writing table, with a small, elegant hand just resting on a manuscript. He is smartly dressed and wears a vast satin neckcloth. His brown hair is curled and falls luxuriantly down each side of his face well below the ears. His face is long and pale, his eyes fine; and the thoughtful expression he wears is such as an admiring public might expect of a successful young author.

His grandfather, William Dickens, began life as a footman, married a housemaid and eventually became steward at Crewe Hall, the seat of John Crewe, Member of Parliament for Chester. He had two sons, William and John, but the only one that concerns us is John, first because he was the father of England's greatest novelist, and second, because he served as model for his son's greatest creation, Mr. Micawber. William the elder died when John was born, and his widow stayed on at Crewe Hall for thirty-five years as housekeeper. She was then pensioned. The Crewes educated the two sons and got John a post in the Navy Pay Office, where he made friends with a fellow clerk whose sister, Elizabeth Barrow, he presently married. From the very beginning of his married life he appears to have been in financial trouble and he was always ready to borrow money from anyone who was unwise enough to lend it to him.

Charles, the second child of John and Elizabeth Dickens, was born in 1812 at Portsea, but two years later his father was transferred to London and three years after that to Chatham. There the boy was put to school and there he began to read. His father had a small collection of books, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*,

Roderick Random and *Peregrine Pickle*; Charles read and reread them, and his own novels show how great an influence they had on him.

In 1822 John Dickens, who by this time had five children, was moved back to London, but Charles was left at Chatham to continue his schooling and did not rejoin his family for some months. They were then settled in Camden Town on the outskirts of the city in a house which he was later to describe as the home of the Micawbers. John Dickens, though earning a little more than three hundred pounds a year which would be equivalent today to something like five thousand dollars, was apparently in more than usually desperate straits and it would seem that there was not enough money to send little Charles to school again. To his disgust he was put to minding the children, cleaning the boots, brushing the clothes and doing the housework. But in the intervals he roamed about Camden Town, "a desolate place surrounded by fields and ditches" and the neighboring Somers Town and Kentish Town; and later, going further, he came to know Soho and Limehouse.

Debts were pressing, and Charles was sent to pawn everything on which a little cash could be raised; the books, the precious books which meant so much to him, were sold to a bookseller. Then James Lamert, a stepson of Mrs. Dickens's sister, offered Charles a job at six or seven shillings a week in a blacking factory of which he was part owner. His parents thankfully accepted the offer; it reduced Charles to despair. It cut him to the quick that they should be so manifestly relieved to get him off their hands. He was twelve years old, quick, eager and intelligent, and he felt "a deep sense of abandonment."

Shortly afterwards the long-awaited blow fell. John Dickens was arrested for debt and taken to the Marshalsea; and there his wife, after pawning

the little that was left to pawn, joined him with her children. The Marshalsea and the Fleet were the two London prisons for debt. They were filthy, insanitary and crowded, for not only were they occupied by the prisoners, but by the families they might, if they chose, bring with them. Mrs. Dickens brought a little maid with her, who lived out, but came in daily to help with the children and prepare the family meals. John Dickens still had his salary of six pounds a week, but made no attempt to pay his debt, and it may be supposed that, content to be out of reach of his other creditors, he did not particularly care to be released.

The biographers have been puzzled by the fact that he continued in these circumstances to receive his wage. The only explanation appears to be that as government clerks were appointed by influence, such an accident as being imprisoned for debt was not considered so grave a matter as to call for so drastic a step as cutting off a salary. It may be also that it was paid by some other department than that which enjoyed the services of John Dickens and this department never discovered that he was not doing the work for which he was being paid.

2

At the beginning of his father's imprisonment Charles lodged in Camden Town; but since this was a long way from the blacking factory, which was at Hungerford Stairs, Charing Cross, he moved to Southwark and was then able to breakfast and sup with his family in the Marshalsea. The work was not hard; it consisted in washing the bottles, labeling them and tying them up. In the evenings he wandered about London, finding his way to strange and mysterious places about Thames-side and thus insensibly absorbed a sense of the romance of the great city which he never afterwards lost.

In April, 1824, Mrs. William Dickens, the Crewes' old housekeeper, died and left her small savings to her two sons. John Dickens's debt was paid (by his brother) and he regained his freedom. He settled his family once more in Camden Town and went back to work at the Navy Pay Office. Charles continued to wash bottles at the factory for a while, but then owing to something John Dickens wrote to James Lamert, he was fired. He went home "with a relief so great that it was like oppression," he wrote many years later: his mother tried to smooth things down so that Charles should retain his job and the six shillings a week of his wages, which she doubtless needed; and for this he never forgave her. "I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget that my mother was warm for my being sent back," he added. John Dickens would not hear of it and sent his son to school.

It is difficult to make out how long the boy spent at the blacking factory: he went there early in

February, 1824, and was back with his family by June, so that at the outside he cannot have been at the factory more than four months. It made, however, a deep impression on him and he looked upon the experience as so humiliating that he could not bear to speak of it.

We are so used to hearing eminent politicians and captains of industry boast of having in their youth washed dishes or sold newspapers that it is hard for us to understand why Charles Dickens should have worked himself up into looking upon it as a great injury that his parents had done him when they sent him to the blacking factory and a secret so shameful that it must be concealed. At Camden Town he was put to sweep and scrub and mind the children; he was sent to pawn articles to buy food for dinner; and like any other boy he must have played in the streets with boys of the same sort as himself. It is hard to see why he should have found it such a degradation to consort with the other boys who were working in the blacking factory. My own surmise is that he did not suffer as much as in after years, when he was famous and respectable, a social as well as a public figure, he persuaded himself he had. He lived at a time when to be a gentleman was to be one of God's chosen creatures.

Charles remained at school till he was fifteen, when he went to work as an errand boy in a lawyer's office; he was there for a few weeks, after which his father managed to get him engaged as a clerk in another lawyer's office at fifteen shillings a week. In his spare time he learned shorthand, and in eighteen months was sufficiently competent to set up as a reporter in the Consistory Court of Doctors' Commons. By the time he was twenty he had qualified as a parliamentary reporter, and joined the staff of a paper to report the speeches made in the House of Commons. He gained the reputation of being "the fastest and most accurate man in the Gallery."

Meanwhile he had fallen in love with Maria Beadnell, the daughter of a bank manager; she was a flirtatious young person, and she seems to have given him a good deal of encouragement. She was flattered and amused to have a lover, but Charles was penniless and she never can have intended to marry him. When after two years the affair came to an end, and in true romantic fashion they returned one another's presents, Charles thought his heart would break. When, after he had written *David Copperfield*, in which she appeared as Dora, a woman friend asked him whether he had really loved her "so very, very, very much," he answered that there was "no woman in the world and few men who could realise how much." They did not meet again till many years later when Maria Beadnell, long a married woman, dined with the celebrated Mr. Dickens and his wife: she was fat, commonplace and stupid. She served

then as the model for Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit*.

At the age of twenty-two Charles Dickens was earning five guineas a week. In order to be near his newspaper office he took lodgings in one of the dingy streets off the Strand, but finding them unsatisfactory he rented unfurnished rooms in Furnival's Inn. But before he could furnish them his father was again arrested for debt, and he had to provide money for his keep at the sponging-house. Charles took cheap lodgings for the family, and camped out with his brother Frederick, whom he took charge of, in the "three-pair-back" at Furnival's Inn without curtains or crockery.

When he had been working for a year or so in the Gallery of the House of Commons, Dickens began to write a series of sketches of London life; the first were published in the *Monthly Magazine* and later ones in the *Morning Chronicle*; he was paid nothing for them, but they attracted wide attention. There was a vogue at the time for anecdotal novels of a humorous character, which were issued in monthly parts at a shilling with comic illustrations, and distinguished writers were engaged by the publishers to provide the letterpress. They were the remote ancestors of the funnies of our day, and had the same prodigious popularity.

One day a partner in the firm of Chapman and Hall called upon Dickens to ask him to write a narrative about a club of amateur sportsmen to serve as a vehicle for the illustrations of a well-known artist. He offered fourteen pounds a month and additional payment on sales. Dickens protested that he knew nothing about sport and did not think he could write to order, but "the emolument was too tempting to resist." I need hardly say that the result was *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*: never can a masterpiece have been written under such conditions. The first five numbers had no great success, but with the introduction of Sam Weller the circulation leapt up. By the time the book appeared Charles Dickens, being then twenty-five, was famous. Though the critics made their reservations, his reputation was made.

3

A COUPLE of days before the appearance of the first number of *The Pickwick Papers*, in 1836, Charles Dickens married Kate, the eldest daughter of George Hogarth, a colleague on the paper for which he was then working. George Hogarth was the father of six sons and eight daughters. The daughters were small, plump, fresh-colored and blue-eyed. Kate was the eldest and the only one of marriageable age. That seems to have been the reason why he married her rather than one of the others. After a short honeymoon they settled down in Furnival's Inn and invited Kate's pretty sister, Mary Hogarth, a girl of sixteen, to live with them.

Charles became attached to her and when Kate found herself with child and so could not go about with him, she was his constant companion.

He had accepted a contract to write another novel, *Oliver Twist*, and started it while he was still at work on *The Pickwick Papers*. This also was to appear in monthly numbers and he devoted a fortnight to one and a fortnight to the other. Most novelists are so absorbed in the characters which are at the moment engaging their attention that, by no effort of will, they thrust back into their unconscious what other literary ideas they have had in mind; and that Dickens should have been able to switch, apparently with ease, from one story to another is an extraordinary feat.

Kate's baby was born, and as she might be expected to have several more a move was made from Furnival's Inn to a house in Doughty Street. Mary grew every day more lovely and more delightful. One May evening Dickens took Kate and Mary to a play; they enjoyed themselves and came home in high spirits. Mary was suddenly taken ill. A doctor was sent for. In a few hours she was dead. Dickens took the ring from her finger and put it on his own. He wore it till his death. He was prostrated with grief. Not very long after he wrote in his diary: "If she were with us now, the same winning, happy, amiable companion, sympathising with all my thoughts and feelings more than anyone I know ever did or will, I think I should have nothing to wish for but a continuance of such happiness. But she is gone, and pray God I may one day, through His mercy, rejoin her." He arranged to be buried by her side. The shock resulted in Kate's having a miscarriage, and when she was well enough, Charles took her for a short trip abroad so that they might both recover their spirits.

The life of a literary man who has achieved success is not as a rule interesting. It follows a uniform pattern. His profession obliges him to devote a certain number of hours a day to his work, and he discovers a routine to suit him. He is brought in contact with the celebrated people of the day, literary, artistic and polite. He is taken up by great ladies. He goes to parties and gives parties. He travels. He makes public appearances. This, broadly, was the pattern of Dickens's life. He enjoyed a success such as has been the fortune of few authors to experience.

Oddly enough, though he had an immense power of observation and in course of time came to be on familiar terms with persons in the higher ranks of society, he never succeeded in his novels in making such characters as he created in those walks of life quite credible. Nor are his parsons and doctors ever so lifelike as the lawyers and lawyers' clerks whom he had known when he worked in an office and as a reporter at Doctors' Commons, or as the underprivileged among whom his boyhood was spent.

He was a hard worker and for several years started to write a new book long before he was finished with the old one. He wrote to please and kept his eye on the public reaction to the monthly numbers in which most of his novels appeared, and it is interesting to learn that he had no intention of sending Martin Chuzzlewit to America till the declining sales showed that the numbers were not as attractive as usual. He was not the sort of author who looks upon popularity as something to be ashamed of. The labor his great production entailed did not exhaust Dickens's energy. He edited and wrote for three weekly magazines. He thought nothing of walking twenty miles a day, he rode, he danced and played the fool with gusto, he did conjuring tricks to amuse his children, he acted in amateur theatricals; he attended banquets where his speeches were an event, he delivered lectures; he was lavishly entertained and entertained lavishly.

As soon as circumstances permitted, the Dickensses moved into a new house in a more fashionable neighborhood and ordered from firms of repute complete suites for the reception rooms and bedrooms. Thick pile carpets were laid on the floors, and festooned curtains were made for the windows. They engaged a good cook, three other maids and a manservant. They set up a carriage. They gave dinner parties to which noble and distinguished persons came.

All this cost money, but he had other expenses besides: his father continued to be a drain on him. Among things he did to embarrass his celebrated son was to borrow money on the strength of his success and sell his autographs and pages of his manuscripts. Dickens came to the conclusion that he would have no peace till he got the old man and the rest of the family, all of whom he supported, out of London; so, much to their disgust, he took a house for them at Alphington, near Exeter, and settled them there. It was partly to meet his heavy expenses that he founded the first of his magazines, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and to give it a good send-off he published *The Old Curiosity Shop* in it. Its success was immense. Crowds gathered on the quay at New York shouting to an incoming ship: "Is Little Nell dead?"

4

IN 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, leaving their four children in the care of Georgina Hogarth, Kate's sister, went to America. Charles Dickens was lionized as no author has ever been before or since. But the trip was not a complete success. A hundred years ago the people of the United States, though ready enough to disparage things European, were exceedingly sensitive of any criticism of themselves. A hundred years ago the press of the United States was ruthless in its invasion of the privacy of any

hapless person who was "news." A hundred years ago in the United States the publicity-minded looked upon the distinguished foreigner as a God-given opportunity and called him "up stage" when he showed a disinclination to be treated like a monkey in a zoo. A hundred years ago the United States was a land where speech was free so long as it did not offend the susceptibilities or affect the interests of other people, and where everyone was entitled to his own opinions so long as they agreed with those of everyone else. Of all this Charles Dickens was ignorant, and he made bad blunders.

The absence of an International Copyright not only deprived English authors of any profit in the United States from the sale of their books but also greatly hurt American authors, for the booksellers very naturally preferred to publish books by English authors which they could get for nothing rather than books by American authors for which they would have to pay. But it was certainly tactless of Charles Dickens to introduce the subject in the speeches he made at the banquets given for him on his arrival. The reaction was violent and the newspapers described him as "no gentleman, but a mercenary scoundrel." Though he was mobbed by admirers, and at Philadelphia shook hands for two hours with the crowd who wanted to meet the great man; though souvenir hunters tore bits of fur out of his new fur coat, his personal success was not complete: it is true that most people were charmed by his youth, good looks and gaiety, but a good many found his appearance effeminate, his dress, his rings and diamond pins vulgar, and his manner lacking in refinement.

The Dickensses returned to England after four eventful but exhausting months. The children had grown attached to their aunt Georgina and the tired travelers asked her to make her home with them. She was sixteen, the age of Mary when she went to live at Furnival's Inn, and so like her that from a distance she might have been taken for her.

Dickens had been poor too long not to like to live in style when he was able to, with the consequence that about this time he found himself very uncomfortably in debt. He decided to let his house and go to Italy to economize. He spent a year there, chiefly at Genoa, and did a good deal of sight-seeing in the peninsula; but he was too insular, too ill-read, for the experience to have any spiritual effect on him. He remained the typical tourist.

On the other hand he formed a friendship with a Mrs. de la Rue, the wife of a Swiss banker, who was living at Genoa. She suffered, it appeared, from delusions, and Dickens, who had taken an interest in hypnotism, was convinced that by means of this he could rid her of them. The pair met every day, sometimes twice a day, so that he could pursue the treatment. It caused Kate a great deal of unhappiness. On their excursions the de la Rues went everywhere with the Dickensses, and such was the

efficacy of Charles's ministrations that Mrs. de la Rue was restored to health; but Kate was thankful when they went back to England.

She was placid and of a melancholic disposition. She was not adaptable and liked neither the journeys Charles took her on, nor the parties she went to with him nor the parties in which she acted as hostess. She was colorless, and rather stupid it would appear, and it is likely enough that the great and important people who were eager to enjoy the celebrated author's company found it a nuisance to have to put up with his dull wife. Meanwhile Georgy was there to take the place that Mary once occupied. In course of time Dickens came to depend more and more on her. They took long walks together and he discussed his literary plans with her. She acted as his amanuensis. Kate, besides four miscarriages, had seven sons and three daughters. During her pregnancies Georgy accompanied Dickens on the jaunts he was fond of taking, went to parties with him and often presided at his table in Kate's place. One would have expected Kate to resent the situation; she does not seem to have done so.

5

THE years passed. In 1857 Charles Dickens, the most popular author in England, with a reputation besides as a social reformer, living, as very much appealed to his theatrical instincts, in the public eye, being then forty-five years of age, with children already grown up, fell in love with an actress. He was fond of acting and had on more than one occasion given amateur performances of one play or another for charitable purposes. He was asked at this time to give some performances in Manchester of a play, *The Frozen Deep*, which Wilkie Collins had written with his help, and which Dickens had performed with great success before the Queen, the Prince Consort and the King of the Belgians. He had grown a beard to play the part of a self-sacrificing arctic explorer, a part which he vastly enjoyed and played with such pathos that there was not a dry eye in the house. But when he agreed to repeat the play at Manchester, since he did not think his daughters, who had taken the girls' parts before, would be heard in a big theater he decided that their parts should be acted by professionals.

A young woman called Ellen Ternan was engaged for one of them. He had seen her some months before in a play called *Atalanta*, and going to her dressing room before she went on the stage, found her in tears because she had to show so much leg. He was charmed with her modesty. Ellen Ternan was eighteen. She was small, fair and blue-eyed. The rehearsals took place in Dickens's house and he directed. He was flattered by Ellen's adoring attitude and by her pathetic anxiety to please him. Before the rehearsals were over he was desperately

in love with her. He gave her a bracelet, which by mistake was delivered to his wife, and she naturally made him a scene; but Charles seems to have adopted the attitude of injured innocence which a husband in such an awkward junction finds it most convenient to adopt. The play was produced and his performance electrified the audience.

Kate had not given him all he had expected of her and now he grew more and more intolerant of her shortcomings: "she is amiable and complying," he wrote, "but nothing on earth would make her understand me." He began to think she had never suited him. He told John Forster, his biographer, that "the gist is that it is a mistake to marry too young and that the years are not making things easier." He had developed, but she had remained what she was at the beginning.

Dickens was quite convinced that he had nothing to reproach himself with. There is something of Pecksniff in the way he assured himself that he had been a good father and had done everything possible for his children. Though he was none too pleased at having to provide for so many, for which he seems to have thought Kate alone was to blame, he liked them well enough when they were small; but as they grew up he lost interest in them and at a suitable age packed most of the boys off to remote parts of the world. During this time he was moody, restless and out of temper with everyone but Georgy.

At last he came to the conclusion that he could not live with Kate any longer, but his position with the public was such that he was fearful of the scandal that an open break might cause. His anxiety is comprehensible. He had been for years the moving advocate of hearth and home, and had done more than anyone to make Christmas the symbolic festival to celebrate the domestic virtues and the beauty of a united and happy family life. Various suggestions were made. Finally a complete separation was decided on. Kate was installed in a little house on the edge of Camden Town with an income of six hundred pounds a year. A little later Dickens's eldest son, Charley, was sent to live with her.

The arrangement is surprising. One cannot but wonder why Kate allowed herself to be driven from her own house and why she consented to leave her children behind. The only explanation of her submissiveness is that suggested by Dickens's mysterious allusion to a mental disorder "which caused his wife to think that she would be better away." This has been thought, though I do not know on what grounds, to be a discreet reference to the fact that Kate drank.

Dickens was too celebrated for his private affairs not to give rise to gossip. Many of his friends thought he had behaved badly and so excited his bitter hostility. Scandalous rumors were spread abroad concerning Georgy. The gossip attained such proportions that Dickens felt himself called upon to give the public his own version of the separa-

tion. In a letter published in the *New York Tribune* and later in English papers he wrote of Georgy: "Upon my soul and honour there is not on earth a more virtuous and spotless creature."

By this, of course, he meant to deny that he had had sexual relations with her. It is very probably true. Perhaps Georgy loved him; she was jealous enough of Kate to cut out all sentences in praise of her when, after Charles's death, she edited a selection of his letters; but the attitude church and state had adopted towards marriage with a deceased wife's sister had given any connection of the sort an incestuous aspect, and it may never even have entered Georgy's head that there could be more between herself and the man in whose house she had lived for fifteen years than the fond affection a sister might legitimately feel for her brother by blood. Moreover, Charles was passionately enamored of Ellen Ternan. Perhaps it was enough for Georgy to be in the confidence of so celebrated a man and to have established a complete ascendancy over him. The strangest thing about the whole affair is that she welcomed Ellen Ternan to Gad's Hill, whose mistress she now became, and made a friend of her.

Under the name of Charles Tringham, Dickens took a house for Ellen at Peckham, and not so long ago visitors, going to see it, were shown the tree under which Mr. Tringham, an author, had liked to sit. Here she lived till his death and here she bore him a son. It was not difficult to get from Gad's Hill to Peckham, and Dickens would spend two, and sometimes three, nights with Ellen. On one occasion they went to Paris together.

At about the time of the separation Dickens began to give readings of his works. He traveled all over the British Isles and again went to America; with his histrionic gift he was able to make them very effective, and his success was spectacular. But the effort he put into them and the constant journeys entailed wore him out, and people began to notice that though still in the forties he looked an old man. But these readings were not his only activity: during the twelve years between his separation and his death he wrote three long novels and conducted an immensely successful magazine called *All the Year Round*. It is not surprising that his health failed. He was warned by his doctors that he must take care of himself, but, infatuated as he was by the applause he received from the public, he insisted on making a final tour. He was taken so ill in the middle of it that he had to abandon it. He went back to Gad's Hill and sat down to write *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. But to make up to his managers for the readings he had had to cut short, he arranged to give twelve more in London. This was in January, 1870. One day in June, Georgy, with whom he was living alone, noticed at dinner that he looked very ill. "Come and lie down," she said. "Yes, on the ground," he answered. They were the last words he spoke. He slid from her arm and fell upon the floor.

Georgy sent for his two daughters, who were in London, and next day one of them, Katey, was dispatched by the resourceful and competent woman to break the news to his wife. Katey returned to Gad's Hill with Ellen Ternan. He died next day, June 9, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

6

IN THIS sketch of Dickens's life I have said nothing of his persistent and efficacious interest in social reform and of his passionate championship of the poor and oppressed. I have confined myself, as far as I could, to his private life, since it seemed to me that to know something of this must give a greater interest to the book I am inviting the reader to read. *David Copperfield* is in great part autobiographical; but Dickens was writing a novel, not an autobiography, and though he drew much of his material from his own life he made such use of it as suited his purpose. For the rest he fell back on his fertile imagination. Mr. Micawber was drawn after his own father, Dora after his first love, Maria Beadnell, and Agnes partly from his idealized memories of Mary Hogarth and partly from her sister Georgy. David Copperfield at the age of ten was put to work by his wicked stepfather, as Charles Dickens was by his father, and suffered in the same way from the "degradation" of having to mix with boys of his own age whom he did not consider his social equals.

David Copperfield tells his story himself. This is a device that novelists have often used. It has its advantages and disadvantages. One advantage is that it forces the author to keep to the thread of his narrative; he can only tell you what he has himself seen, heard or done. It served Dickens well since his plots were apt to be complicated and confused, and the reader's interest was sometimes diverted to characters and incidents that had no bearing on the course of the narration. In *David Copperfield* there is only one major digression, and that is the account of Dr. Strong's relations with his wife, her mother and his wife's cousin: it does not concern David and is in itself tedious. The device has the other advantage of lending verisimilitude to the story and enlisting your sympathy with the narrator.

A disadvantage of the device is that the narrator, who is also the hero, cannot without immodesty tell you that he is handsome and attractive; he is apt to seem vainglorious when he relates his doughty deeds and stupid when he fails to see, what is obvious to the reader, that the heroine loves him. A greater disadvantage, and one that no authors of this sort of novel have been able entirely to surmount, is that the hero-narrator, the central character, is likely to appear pallid in comparison with the persons he comes in contact with. I have asked myself why this should be, and the only explanation I can suggest is that the author, since the hero is himself, sees him from the inside, subjectively, and telling

what he sees, gives him the confusions, the weaknesses, the indecisions he feels in himself; whereas he sees the other characters from the outside, objectively, through his imagination; and if he is an author with Dickens's peculiar gifts, he sees them with a dramatic intensity, with an unfailing sense of fun, with a keen eye for their oddity, and so makes them stand out with a vividness which overshadows his portrait of himself.

Dickens did all he could to excite the reader's sympathy for his hero, and indeed on the celebrated journey to Dover when he ran away to seek the protection of his aunt Betsey Trotwood, an admirable character, he loads his dice somewhat extravagantly. One cannot be but surprised that the little boy should have been such a ninny as to let everyone he came across rob and cheat him. After all, he had been in the factory for some months and had wandered about London early and late, he had lived with the Micawbers and pawned their bits and pieces for them, and had visited them at the Marshalsea; one would have thought that if he were the bright boy he is described to be, even at that tender age he would have acquired some knowledge of the world and enough sharpness to fend for himself.

But throughout, David Copperfield shows himself sadly incompetent. He continues to allow himself to be robbed and cheated. He never seems able to cope with a difficulty. His weakness with Dora, his lack of common sense in dealing with the ordinary problems of domestic life, are really almost more than one can bear; and he is so obtuse that he does not guess that Agnes is in love with him. I cannot persuade myself that in the end he became the successful novelist we are told he did. If he wrote novels, I suspect they were more like the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood than the novels of Charles Dickens. It is strange that his creator should have given him none of his own drive, vitality and exuberance. David was slim and good-looking; and he had charm, or he would not have attracted the affection of almost everyone he came across; he was honest, kindly and conscientious; but he was surely a bit of a fool. He remains the least interesting person in the book.

But that doesn't matter: it is filled with characters of the most astonishing variety, vividness and originality. They are not realistic and yet they abound with life. There never were such people as the Micawbers, Peggotty and Barkis, Traddles, Betsey Trotwood and Mr. Dick, Uriah Heap and his mother. They are fantastic inventions of Dickens's exultant imagination, but they have so much vigor, they are so consistent, they are presented with so much verisimilitude and with so much conviction, that you believe in them. They are extravagant, but not unreal, and when you have once come to know them you can never quite forget them.

The most remarkable of them is, of course,

Mr. Micawber. He never fails you. Dickens has been blamed, to my mind unjustly, for making him end up as a respectable magistrate in Australia, and some critics have thought that he should have remained reckless and improvident to the last page. Australia was a sparsely settled country; Mr. Micawber was a man of fine presence, of some education and of grandiloquent address. I do not see why in that environment and with those advantages he should not have attained an official position. I am less willing to believe that he would have been ingenious enough and secret enough to discover the villainy of Uriah Heap.

Dickens never hesitated to make use of coincidence when it suited his story, and was not bothered by the necessity the modern novelist is under to make events not only likely, but so far as possible, inevitable. Readers then accepted the grossest improbabilities without turning a hair, and such was Dickens's intensity, so great his narrative skill, one is prepared to accept them to this day. *David Copperfield* abounds in coincidences. Since I do not want to spoil the reader's enjoyment by divulging anything of the plot, I will only hint at the most outrageous of them all. When Steerforth returns to England and his ship is wrecked on the sands of Yarmouth, who should have gone there just then to see some friends but David? Dickens was quite skillful enough to have avoided this shocking improbability if he had wanted to. He didn't, because it gave him the opportunity for a striking scene.

Though *David Copperfield* has fewer of the melodramatic incidents that Dickens was in the habit of using in his novels, it must be admitted that certain of the characters smack of what used to be called transpontine melodrama. Uriah Heap, for instance; but for all that he is a powerful, horrifying figure admirably portrayed; a lesser creation, Steerforth's servant, has a mysterious, sinister quality which sends cold shivers down one's back. The most baffling character of this type is to my mind Rosa Dartle. She has generally been looked upon as a failure. I have a notion that Dickens meant to make greater use of her in his story than he did, and I suspect (without any evidence) that if he did not do so it was because he feared to offend his public. I have asked myself whether Steerforth had not been her lover and whether her hatred of him was not mingled with a hungry, jealous love. I cannot see what else could have caused her to treat Little Em'ly (a stagey figure who, to my mind, only got what she asked for) with such callous brutality.

Dickens wrote: "Of all my books I like this the best; like many fond parents I have my favourite child and his name is David Copperfield." An author is not always a good judge of his own work, but in this case Dickens's judgment was sound. Matthew Arnold and Ruskin considered it his best novel and I think we may agree with them. If we do, we shall be in pretty good company.

Land Grab

Born and bred in Iowa, ARTHUR H. CARHART graduated from Iowa State College in 1916. Three years later, as the first landscape architect on the regular staff of the U.S. Forest Service, he had the responsibility of planning the human use of wild lands in six states, a total of some 23 million acres. Those were the years in which he covered most of the Rockies between Montana and New Mexico on foot, on horseback, and by car. In 1938 the Governor of Colorado asked him to organize the Wildlife Restoration program under the Pittman-Robertson Act.

WHO GETS OUR PUBLIC LANDS?

by ARTHUR H. CARHART

I

POWERFUL beyond its actual numbers, a small clique of Western stockmen is today bent on getting possession or dominant control of millions of acres which belong to the American people. Our public lands fall into different categories, chief of which are our national parks and our national monuments, our national forests, and areas formerly unreserved but now in grazing districts. Such public holdings in the West stretch through eleven states and total nearly 300 million acres — about two and one-half times the size of California. With minor exceptions these wild lands of the West have always been the property of the people. Today they are the object of a land grab at bargain prices.

The lobby intent on this "purchase" has power out of all proportion. Consider these figures: Of the 38 million sheep in the United States less than half are found in the Western states. Ohio has more sheep in it than Idaho, or Arizona, or Nevada, or Washington, or Oregon. And of the total 78 million cattle in the United States only 15 million are in the "public lands" states of the Far West.

In the past, the primary objective of our policy was to transfer the unreserved lands to private ownership. Homestead laws were progressively liberalized: at first, patent could be secured to 160 acres, then to 320 acres, and finally to a whole section of 640 acres. But after these lands had been combed, millions of acres continued in Federal ownership. This was the public domain. Cattlemen and sheepmen grazed their animals on these lands at will. First come were first served, and those that followed grubbed at the leavings. This might be called trespass but Uncle Sam winked at it, and over the years the ranges were progressively beaten down toward worthlessness.

The livestock people themselves, faced with total destruction of what grazing values persisted on these lands, were largely instrumental in securing the passage of the Taylor Grazing Act of June 28, 1934, which for the first time brought some administra-

tion to the public domain. The U.S. Grazing Service was established to assume management of "grazing districts" as they were formed. Steps were taken to adjust the number of head of livestock permitted on any unit of the lands, in an effort to prevent the destructive overgrazing. Some rehabilitation of the soil and herbage was accomplished.

The system of national forests had been established long before this move to protect the remaining public properties, which are known as the Taylor Grazing lands. The act of March 3, 1891, gave the President power to establish, from the public domain, forest reserves that were "wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not." On March 30 of that year, President Harrison set aside 1,239,040 acres in Wyoming as the "Yellowstone Timberland Reserve." Before the end of his term, Harrison had proclaimed the reservation, in all, of some 13 million acres. The primary objectives of our system of national forests were basically defined, and the fundamental policy governing them became a part of the nation's law.

The specific reasons for establishing the forest reserves, as set forth in this first law, were the protection of watersheds and the perpetuation of timber supply. There was no recognition of grazing of domestic livestock on these reserves. In fact, the removal of herbage that would build up retentive values of soil on critical watershed slopes, the browsing of seedling trees, the packing of the earth by animal hoofs, were all recognized as inimical to the purposes for which the forests were established.

But there was forage on some of these lands. Stream bottoms between high ridges often were grassy stringers between flanking forests. Little open spaces within the bodies of timber grew grass that cows would eat. The shrubby growth, massed wild flowers, and other herbage were relished by sheep. Owners of livestock shoved their flocks and herds on these lands and helped themselves to the

"free" range. After the creation of the forest reserves, the operators continued to drive their stock on these public properties, actually in trespass, and little was done to stop them.

On June 4, 1897, Congress passed a law which gave the Secretary of the Interior, then responsible for administration of our forests, the power to "make such rules and regulations and establish such services as will insure the objects of such reservations, namely, to regulate their occupancy and use and to preserve the forests thereon from destruction." The act did not specify grazing of privately owned domestic stock as a designated forest use, but it opened the way for such use to be permitted under the fundamental law.

Regulations issued by the Secretary of the Interior on June 30, 1897, provided in Section 13 that the "pasturing of livestock on the public lands in forest reservations will not be interfered with, so long as it appears that injury is not being done to forest growth, and the rights of others are not thereby jeopardized."

From the passage of the 1897 law and the issuance of regulations within its scope, the grazing of privately owned domestic livestock has been a *permitted* use of these public lands. Grazing is allowed on 83 million of the 135 million acres in Western forests. The U.S. Forest Service is charged with administering "permitted grazing" so that no injury shall result to the watershed or to the timber, and so that the rights of others shall not be put in jeopardy.

2

THE attack on our public lands has been shaping for several years. The stockmen's clique has stirred up dissension and dissatisfaction among those who use grazing allotments on our public properties. Individuals who favored delivering public lands to private interests have received its support in elections for key offices in certain livestock associations. The chairmen of public lands committees in both the House of Representatives and the Senate and many members of those committees are allied with this land-grasping group.

By mid-1946 this cabal believed it was sufficiently entrenched and fortified to start the harvest from the establishment of their men in strategic locations. On August 17, representatives of the National Livestock and National Woolgrowers Associations met in Salt Lake City, Utah, formed a committee of four sheepmen, four cattlemen, and two operators owning both of these classes of livestock, and named it the Joint Live Stock Committee on Public Lands.

During the autumn of that year and into the winter, this committee met and planned; its members attended general livestock association meetings and discussed proposals. Little information of what brewed came before the public until February 2, 1947. On that date J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee,

Wyoming, vice-chairman of the Joint Committee, spilled the beans. An article by Mr. Brock, appearing in the Sunday edition of the *Denver Post*, had the air of telling the people that this group of stockmen was making certain demands and expected them to be complied with forthwith. The demands were clearly stated.

1. Individuals currently holding permits to run stock on Taylor Grazing allotments would be allowed to purchase those lands.

2. Only those stockmen would enjoy the monopoly privilege.

3. Purchase price would be based entirely on grazing values on the land. No other values would be considered. Investigation showed that the price would range from some 9 cents per acre to a top of \$2.80.

4. The privileged were to have fifteen years to make up their minds as to whether or not to make the purchases.

5. A down payment of only 10 per cent of total value would be required at the time of contracting the purchase. It would cost from one cent to little more than a quarter of a dollar to cinch control on the lands. And there would be a period of thirty years over which the balance due the government could be paid, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest on any unpaid balance.

With enlightening directness, Mr. Brock then stated that after this "first step" had been accomplished, the plan was to proceed toward transferring "other grazing lands in the West to private owners — the men who now utilize these properties." He modestly revealed that the ultimate objective of this group was to secure possession of all the present public lands in the West on which grazing might be found, when he said: "The total grazing lands include some tracts now in the national forests and even some tracts which never should have been included in national parks but have been placed there."

After public indignation flamed in the wake of this statement, various denials were made that there had been any intention to get possession of our properties except for some insignificant tracts of Taylor Grazing areas. These evasive denials scarcely stand up in the light of other assertions on record.

There is no retreat from intentions of invading national parks and monuments as well as getting control in national forests. A recent confirmation of that fact is found in the resolution adopted by the National Woolgrowers Association at Salt Lake City, January 28, 1948, which declares: —

"Embraced in many of our national parks and monuments are huge areas upon which the annual growth of forage is now being allowed to remain unused. Large portions of these areas are undeveloped for recreational purposes and can be used by livestock without any conflict with their present

special privileged use. We, therefore, request national parks and monuments to be opened for reasonable livestock grazing." By the stockman's definition, any plant growth, even in a park, that does not go into cow or sheep bellies is "unused," and any other use than grazing of private livestock apparently is a "special privileged use."

To grant such demands as this resolution puts forward would be to abandon basic principles on which our national park system is founded. If commercialization of this sort were allowed, there could be no valid adherence to a policy of excluding timber cutting, impoundings of water for irrigation, power plants at Yellowstone Falls, in Yosemite, and in the Grand Canyon, and the commercial exploitation of all other resources in our parks.

But this stockmen's clique believes that if they ask they should receive. They have not yet demanded that their stock shall graze across the graves of Gettysburg or on the Mall below the Washington Monument — but give them time. They'll see the green grass there — see it in terms of pounds of wool, mutton, or beef — and covet it.

3

THE Brock article bared the Joint Committee's plans. Opposition to this gigantic and preposterous transfer of our public estate to private holdings began with a few people in the West, with a few Western organizations, and with a few lone voices lifted in articles published in national magazines.

These were sparks of anger that lit a conflagration. A grocers' association in Rhode Island adopted resolutions opposing the scheme. A CIO union in Pittsburgh went on record demanding that the proposal be killed. The Sierra Club in California protested the grab. Garden clubs, women's clubs, conservation clubs, the D.A.R. — people — damned the scheme and insisted, as owners, on their right to be heard.

Most significant of all, within a few weeks twenty-six local livestock associations in the one state of Colorado repudiated this extremist leadership, its platform and plans. These and many other livestock organizations condemned the proposals by resolutions. Many individual ranchers who are in thorough accord with the conservation practices and policies now applying on our public lands protested the Joint Committee's schemes outspokenly.

This was clear evidence that the Joint Committee, which has repeatedly claimed it represented the livestock industry, does no such thing. It does not represent the industry as a whole, nor in the Western states. It does not represent even that small segment of the industry which utilizes forage on public lands under the present permit system.

The cataract of damnation poured down on this land-grab scheme. It reached such volume that the bills which were being prepared were not even in-

troduced in the first session of the Eightieth Congress. The issue had become so "hot" no member of Congress would touch it.

The proponents of the scheme were dazed. For years they had been entrenched in Western legislatures and even in Congress, and never had met such opposition. But if they were dazed they were undaunted. Within a short time they started their next move. One of their intimates is the Honorable Frank A. Barrett of Lusk, Wyoming, his state's lone Congressman. A stockman, he is chairman of the Public Lands Subcommittee of the Public Lands Committee of the House. Over in the Senate the Honorable E. V. Robertson of Cody, Wyoming, is chairman of the Senate Public Lands Committee. Senator Robertson owns many sheep, thousands of which graze on the Shoshone National Forest under Federal permits. Senator Robertson had introduced a drastic measure in the Seventy-eighth Congress, S. 1945, which would have delivered all types of public lands to the Westerners. It never passed. Senator Robertson had muffed the play. It was Mr. Barrett's turn to carry the ball. So Mr. Barrett heard a "public demand" and agreed to hold hearings throughout the West before his subcommittee.

The April, 1947, issue of the *American Cattle Producer*, official organ of the National Livestock Association, and sounding board for those now in control of offices in that body, printed an urgent appeal to stockmen to write letters to national headquarters. They were to express dissatisfaction with grazing practices on our public lands, particularly in national forests. The appeal was reprinted in many other journals of the state associations. Under the general heading, in a helpful and guiding spirit, were listed seven specific suggestions as to what writers should gripe about and how to do a good job of griping.

By July of last year, it was possible to have sifted out the most virulent of the communications received, and by their incidence to spot communities where it would be possible to gather in a considerable number of disgruntled range users and hear their "testimony."

The scheduled hearings began in late August at Glasgow, Montana, went on to Billings, thence to Rawlins, Wyoming, in the heart of the sheep country, on to Grand Junction, Colorado, which has been a point of ferment among forest range users, and then on into other Western states from Washington to Arizona. At least four members of that subcommittee hold permits to graze their stock on Federal lands, and have a financial interest in matters involved.

The purpose for which these hearings were rigged was plainly evident. They were designed to throw fear into the U.S. Forest Service men present, and would provide a bulky volume of "testimony" from the selected stockmen who appeared. This would be presented to the Congress as the voice of the West.

The transparent manipulation of the meetings, the bias displayed by the chairman and evident in other members of the committee, the very odor of these meetings, merely accentuated the conflict and focused more public attention on the land-grab gang. Public anger and opposition mounted.

4

CURRENTLY leaders of the land-acquisitive segment are working through various associations to raise a great "war chest" — that is what they have dubbed the fund within their own circles — which will finance a publicity campaign. In addition to the Joint Live Stock Committee on Public Lands, there now is another "joint committee" — a publicity committee. It has met, organized, and appointed a livestock man by the name of Sinclair, of Sheridan, Wyoming, as "Public Relations Director." Money for the fund will be raised by a device that resembles a "head tax" on livestock owned by members of the associations. No figure has been set but leaders speak of raising millions to "inform" the public.

In a report of one meeting, statements indicate concern on the part of proponents of this money-raising plan over whether they will be able to collect from sheep and cattle owners in Iowa or Ohio or other Eastern states. The war-chesters are afraid that Midwesterners who own fifty or a hundred head of sheep, or a carload or two of cattle, may sense the undercover purpose of this fund and refuse to donate.

In fact, if the livestock industry were fully aware how this radical, grasping group, which is such a small part of the whole, is leading all to disrepute and condemnation, the industry might make certain it has leadership that really represents it. At the moment, the "war chest" is set up, and the program of "informing the public" is being launched.

This small, selfish clique has triumphantly pointed to a policy adopted two years ago by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce which declared that "in order to attain the highest use and fullest conservation of grazing resources of public lands, private ownership should be re-established as the ultimate objective in government land policy." But a new referendum is being submitted, decidedly modified from the original declaration, which slipped through most chambers because their members voted on it without knowing the issues involved. In the present referendum there is no such sweeping statement to support the land-grabbers as appeared in the first declaration. Undoubtedly leaders of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce have studied the matters involved and are forthrightly disentangling the organization from upholding those few who covet our public estate in the West.

The battle roars at other points. A vicious recent aspect is the demand that the U.S. Forest Service be emasculated. The following resolution, adopted

at Albuquerque this year by the New Mexico Wool-growers Association, is merely one statement; there are other pronouncements of similar nature. This particular one reads: —

WHEREAS, the Secretary of Agriculture has failed to accept the major recommendations made by the House of Representatives Public Lands Committee Report relative to management and policy regarding the administration of the National Forests, and

WHEREAS, it is evident that the Forest Service is too well entrenched in management of its own affairs and affairs of those using forest lands to accept recommendations from Congress, which might be helpful both to the production of livestock and the general welfare of the nation, Therefore be it

RESOLVED, we petition the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States to so severely cut that part of the Agricultural Department's appropriations for the Forest Service *as to cause the removal of all officials connected therewith who defy the will and dictates of Congress.* (My italics.)

The Public Lands Committee referred to is the discredited "Barrett Committee." At the conclusion of its series of "hearings," it submitted a letter to the Secretary of Agriculture. This was not a report; merely a letter containing recommendations. The Secretary reasonably accepted five of the six recommendations. The sixth was unacceptable. It demanded that the Forest Service should make no reductions in stock permitted on the range for a fixed period, regardless of the urgency for doing so to protect other values.

This subcommittee letter was not submitted to Congress. So far as is known, it never was submitted for consideration by the House Public Lands Committee as a whole. It wasn't a "dictate" of Congress. Nor did anyone defy Congress. The fact is that the U.S. Forest Service is merely attempting to manage the properties in its care as law provides, so that the optimum values may be realized for all the people. That conflicts with the demands of certain stockmen. So those stockmen would like to cut down the Forest Service.

Some two years ago the stockman clique used this appropriation-cutting method on the U.S. Grazing Service. It was merged with a new Bureau of Lands Management. Personnel of this service was so drastically cut that field staffs were reduced to a mere token organization. Stockmen themselves paid the salaries, in whole or in part, of many field men. That is a very unhealthy situation, in one respect at least. A man who gets his living from stockmen users of the public lands which he is supposed to administer would hardly stand up to denying demands of those from whom he received his income. In all fairness, it should be said that many of the stockmen who put up the money to keep these men on the job did so for the good of the land-use program and did not avail themselves of the leverage they possessed.

At the present time, as a part of the Land Management Bureau, the administration of our Taylor Grazing lands is making some recovery. It needs the tonic of adequate funds and the encouragement of public support and understanding to do the task for which it is responsible.

5

In the attack on the Forest Service an entire bureau is the target. In the case of the New Mexico resolution, the official lives of all forest officers who will not bow to the will of the clique are demanded. But all over the West our public servants, striving to manage our properties in the interest of all citizens, have felt the threat of attack. In the administration of their districts to secure highest values and returns to the whole community, forest rangers have made reductions in stockman allotments where too many animals have been grazing for the continued well-being of the forage, the forest, the watershed, and other resources. As they have carried out their obligations as our managers, they have had to face such situations as the following.

On February 28, 1947, Ranger Raymond Bennett, of the Rio Grande National Forest in Colorado, was meeting with the Conejos River Stock Association. As reductions in the number of head to be grazed on the forest came into the discussion, a stockman named Fred Haynie demanded the floor.

Mr. Haynie declared he would fight reductions with all resources at his command. He appealed to his fellow stockmen to back him in this. He said he would carry the matter to the courts, and would resort to the use of a gun if "necessary."

At Salida, Colorado, Ranger M. R. Hickle, a veteran in the service, deemed it his responsibility to make some reductions in the numbers of livestock on certain range allotments in the San Isabel National Forest. A resolution was adopted quickly by the Poncha Springs Livestock and Range Improvement Association. It said that Ranger Hickle's administration had been damaging to the welfare of permittees and to the social and financial structures of the community. To allow Hickle to remain in his capacity as ranger would be a serious detriment to the Forest Service and to the inhabitants and permittees of that section. It called him a dictator. It accused him of claiming that in reducing the domestic stock load on the ranges, he was guarding the interests of wildlife, irrigation, and domestic water systems — and that, apparently, was reprehensible. It called him a one-track thinker. It demanded Hickle's removal and carried a threat that if the forest supervisor did not accede to the demands in the resolution, the stockmen would take the case to "State or National officials and boards."

A civic group, the Lions Club of Salida, forthwith wrote the forest supervisor that it wished "to express confidence in Mr. Hickle. In view of the criti-

cism by the cattle raisers we wish to commend Mr. Hickle upon his fine judgment concerning the use of grazing land."

In January, 1945, a committee of five Arizona stockmen approached Forest Service officials with demands that Forest Supervisor F. L. Kirby of the Tonto National Forest be transferred outside the state and that Supervisor J. C. Nave of the Prescott National Forest be "retired." Nave was accused of not keeping his word. This was the sort of accusation that appeared repeatedly in "testimony" of the "Barrett Committee" — that forest officers lacked not only ability but integrity. A year later, the heckling of Nave was continued by a resolution from a local cattle growers' association that declared he had "been guilty of discrimination — and that it would be to the best interests of the [forest] permittees and the Service if he were removed."

A request by superior officers of the U.S. Forest Service for a bill of particulars in this case brought no reply. It is characteristic of these attacks that the officials are criticized in extreme, general terms, but no specific charges are made.

On September 9, 1946, one of thirty Arizona stockmen telephoned J. A. Lillevig, then supervisor of the Tonto National Forest, and requested immediate attendance at a conclave this group was holding in a hotel. When Lillevig faced the thirty stockmen, they demanded the removal of the assistant supervisor, R. I. Stewart, and said they had a petition all signed embodying their demands. A subsequent comment by the supervisor on this encounter stated that this was "the type of a meeting where you immediately drew yourself into the corner so that when they do cut your throat it will be from the front."

These are merely examples of the direct-threat action which has occurred at many places in the West. This is administration by intimidation.

The essential situation in the controversy over the destiny of the public lands we own in the West lies in the progression of uses of those lands. The aggressive and acquisitive type of stockman looks back on the era in which he was king of the range. His grazing then was the dominant use. He had only the competition of his own kind and the homesteader. Repeatedly this stockman clique has asserted its conviction that the use of the public lands for the grazing of its small part of the country's livestock is the paramount use.

But now the public lands are recognized as areas containing other values and uses. These are: watershed values above all others; then timber production, recreation for millions — hunting and fishing open to all citizens — and the many private enterprises that rest on the multiple use of these lands.

It is unthinkable that the public interest should be scrapped and that these lands should be delivered, on demand, to satisfy the desires and wishes of a small segment of one class of public land users.



An Atlantic Story



Artist and teacher, PATRICK MORGAN has had one-man shows in New York and Boston, and over the past eight years has found that the teaching of art to the students at Phillips Academy, Andover, is a stimulation that works both ways. A graduate of Harvard, Class of 1926, where he took honors in Fine Arts, Mr. Morgan studied at the Beaux-Arts in 1927-1928 and under Hans Hofmann in Munich in 1931. He now has pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, in the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, and in private collections.

THE HEIFER

by PATRICK MORGAN

EDWARD and Martia sat with me in front; Lex and 'Toria, who had brought her windmill, sat behind, with the basket and the tools.

"Where're we going, Daddy?"

"To get plants in the woods," I said over my shoulder.

"Jeepers, can't we go to the dock?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because we are going to the woods, — where you can earn some money."

"How?" Lex felt better about the woods.

"I'll tell you when we get there."

"Ouch, 'Toria. Be careful with that windmill."

"Sorry, Lex."

Edward and Martia were discussing the lunch party we had just left. It was Edward's first trip to Canada, and his impressions were heightened. He characterized the guests in slowly chosen phrases, using words with care, as a craftsman. These were, after all, his tools of trade, for he was a poet. His conversation was perplexing to the children, who caught neither his references nor his humor. They had asked especially if they might sit alone in the back seat.

The countryside was good to see and, since I had Edward's bad ear, I felt no need to converse. I drove along the shore road, then turned up toward the mountains. The road was dusty and full of bumps. As we climbed we could see the farm lands stretching over the hillsides, up and up to the forest. We turned sharp left and passed a few houses.

Some children waved to us. They had on shoes because it was Sunday. Then, as we approached the forest, the road petered out. It became tracks made by lumber trucks, and the ruts were worn deep.

Inside the forest, the afternoon seemed dark. I parked the car in a little clearing, and we piled out.

"How will you turn, Daddy?"

"We'll see later. I can always back out."

"How silent and stately," said Edward, looking at the huge trees. "That one has the formidable silhouette of the lady who sat to my left at lunch. The one with the large hat. But she was scarcely silent."

"Edward, will you take my windmill?" 'Toria was a great one for pressing people into service. It was her way of including them in her orbit. "I might lose it," she said. "Here."

Edward took it unthinkingly. Suddenly he seemed conscious that he was a man holding a child's toy. "I do not feel it is entirely appropriate," he said looking at the thing, "for me to have this responsibility. Shall I leave it in the car, 'Toria?" He started to put his plan into effect while 'Toria was still considering its merits. She saw she was not really going to be consulted in the matter and her face set itself in a pout.

Martia, conscious of the error in timing, came to the rescue. "Let's leave the windmill, 'Toria, because now we are going to walk. Why don't you ask Daddy about earning money?"

"Yes, tell us about the money, Daddy," said Lex.

"All right. 'Toria, you listen too. If you and

Lexy can find me a white lady's-slipper, — and it's not easy, — I'll give you a dime."

"You will? Let's go! C'm on, 'Toria."

"What's a dime? Is that a silver?"

"Yes, it's a silver. It's ten pennies. It's two cokes. Daddy, what do lady — what do they look like?"

"Take the basket and I'll show you when we get to the place."

We walked along a lumber road, then turned onto another. I found a wild clematis vine and Edward wanted to know its "identifying characteristics." I showed him how the leaf stems curled around and clung to twigs; and the last half-faded china-blue blossom. The forest floor was a mass of pyrola, and smelled deeply of pine and spruce.

Martia and the children had found a lady's-slipper. And another, and another. But they were all pink ones ("Jeepers," said Lexy). Then as we walked on and the spruce gave way to the *pin gris*, suddenly lady's-slippers were everywhere.

"Now, Lex," I said, "just find a white one. The best way is to look for pale pink ones. Then if you're lucky you'll find a white one somewhere near."

The woods were open, so we turned off the lumber road and began to look here and there. The children crashed happily and excitedly through the forest. Martia was the first to find a white one, and we gathered where she was, to see it. The slipper was as white as buckskin and the sepals were translucent yellow green. It had strangeness rather than purity in its white, and it made the pink ones seem as overcolored as a bad painting. 'Toria wanted to smell it. She nearly broke it in her effort. Lexy examined it critically and found the hole where the bumblebees crawl out after they have bumbled around inside the slipper getting nectar. Suddenly we were aware that Edward was not with us. "I saw him walk on when we turned off," said Lex. "He always seems to do things like that."

"He's funny," said 'Toria.

"I hope he doesn't get lost," Martia said.

'Toria was in her dreamworld, squatting before the white lady's-slipper. "C'm on, 'Toria, we can find one," said Lexy. "Hurry," and they were off.

They did find one. It was a noisy discovery too. They entreated us to rush to the scene as though it might dissolve. In all, they found eight, with their mother's help, and each time it was as exciting. The whiteness had a quality that made each discovery a true discovery. It was eerie and a little frightening in the dappled woods, exciting to a child regardless of the silver reward. It was always startling to see another.

I dug up three while the children picked a bunch of pink ones for their grandmother. I took as much earth as I could with each, but the sandy soil below the leaf mold fell away from their fleshy roots, so I wrapped each one in moss. Martia, apprehensive, went off to look for Edward.

Then Lex and 'Toria got a good scare. As they wandered picking the pink ones, they suddenly flushed a partridge. It flew up with a great whirring noise right close to them. I heard it from where I was gathering moss, and called to them. They came to me rather out of breath, squeezing their bouquets in a strangle hold. We packed the plants in the basket and went back to the lumber road. 'Toria stayed very close to me. We could hear Martia calling Edward.

"Mummy's calling him and he's deaf. Why is he deaf, Daddy?"

"He got hurt in the war."

"That's too bad."

"Daddy," said 'Toria, "do partridges make you deaf sometimes?"

"No, silly. Guns and bombs do." Lexy had regained his courage. Besides, the car was in sight.

We packed the shovel and the basket in the car. Martia had taken the trowel. We put the basket on the back seat where Lex could hold it, so that the white lady's-slippers would not get broken.

"Do you think Mummy will find Edward?" asked Lex.

"Of course," I said, but I began to wonder how long it might take.

2

EVENTUALLY Martia and Edward returned. They had met by chance; he was thoroughly lost.

"Why, I had no idea how confusing a forest can be!" Edward said. "It is much more so than the New York subways." Lexy giggled because he liked subways, and also maybe because it was nice that Edward wasn't lost where partridges might blow up in front of you without warning. "Still," he added, "I truly enjoyed my solitude."

I thought I could turn the car. Everyone, even 'Toria, helped with advice. In the end I had to back out to the open fields and turn there.

In a way, it was good to leave the woods. The open was reassuring and familiar. As we passed the little houses, the same children waved to us, and as we turned downhill, the light on the farm land was magnificent. It was late and the shadows accentuated the slopes.

"What did you think of when you were lost, Edward?" asked Lexy. "Of subways?" he added hopefully.

"I'm afraid I didn't, Lex. I thought of my solitude and of how I might phrase its pleasurable aimlessness."

"Didn't you think of subways too?" I asked, detecting a disappointment in Lexy. Why couldn't Edward give an inch? No wonder he failed with children.

The road cascaded down between fields and pastures. Ahead of us, a small boy urged a herd of cows on its way to keep a milking appointment. I was

in second gear, for the road was steep, but as we came to the herd I put on the brakes and passed each cow with caution. They are unpredictable beasts, and a motorist must pay for damage done a cow on the road. I passed them all but one. This remaining one, a young heifer, now isolated from the herd, looked at our car in sudden fear, and skittishly jumped the fence.

Where it was level, I parked the car by the roadside and went back to help the herdboy. The older cows were ambling down the road alone; he was already in pursuit of his heifer. I crossed the fence into the pasture.

We drove her back toward the fence. But suddenly she turned and raced past me, down the narrow pasture. On the hillside she struck a bog, and her legs went floundering. It gave me time to get below her, and when she freed herself I drove her up to the crest of the hill again. Martia and Lex were now in the chase too. Edward and 'Toria were climbing the fence to join us.

The heifer could not get by Martia, Lex, and the boy above, nor could she come past me unless she again braved the bog. But she saw 'Toria and Edward by the roadside fence; so, turning, she charged straight across the pasture and jumped into a further field.

It was disheartening. Doubly so when we approached and saw that she had now joined a neighbor's herd of cows grazing in the company of a bull.

The bull was dark red, huge, and wore a wooden shutter over his eyes. This was the local emblem of viciousness in bulls. The shutter was loosely hitched to his horns so that when he tossed his head he could see under it before it fell back and blocked his vision.

The arrival of a heifer into his territory, he accepted as a windfall. He immediately deserted his harem in excited pursuit, tossing his head to catch an occasional glimpse of her. The heifer in virginal terror ran about the field, the ardent bull close after her. I waited by the fence to caution 'Toria and catch my breath as I stared at this oddly reminiscent sight. It was Daphne and Apollo, acted by a Rosa Bonheur cast, with sound-effects and animation all in technicolor; a parody of Hollywood.

"On no account cross over," I said to 'Toria, "and stay right with Edward." Then I jumped into the pasture of the preoccupied bull, leaving them on the safe side, watching. The boy crossed over too, but the situation was clearly beyond control. The bull, bellowing, made a dismal racket. The heifer, wild-eyed, was losing ground. Then, spurred by panic, she raced once more toward the fence and jumped back into the comparative safety of the field from which she had come.

The bull in hot, blind pursuit crashed through the fence, splintering the rails. Around and around he continued his chase of that frightened heifer, but this time in the pasture where the children were.

Martia and Lex, like myself, were now left above the scene of action; Edward and 'Toria, below and closer. I hoped Edward would put 'Toria across the fence. I was too far to make him hear, what with the bull's bellowing and the hoofbeats.

The herdboy was closest, and with a fence rail, broken by the bull, he smote the beast's flank. The bull wheeled back toward the fence, the heifer fled on alone uphill. As he neared the fence, the bull veered downhill and charged along it blindly, down on 'Toria and Edward.

Martia and I stood helpless, too far away even to see exactly what happened. The figures were all blurred together for a moment, and in the next the bull had again splintered the fence and crashed through to his own pasture. Tossing his head, he retreated toward his ruminating wives.

Meanwhile Lexy chased the tired heifer to the roadside. With what spirit she had left she jumped the fence to rejoin her own herd, now well down the road.

'Toria and Edward were apparently all right, for they began to walk back toward the car, hand in hand. Lexy ran down the road to join them. Martia and I stood silent and bewildered.

"What happened?" she said.

"Apparently nothing — I wonder why."

"'Toria isn't hurt, but she must be frightened."

"It doesn't seem so," I said. Edward and 'Toria had joined Lexy at the car. Both children were talking at once, giggling, screaming, laughing. We walked down field toward them. The herdboy waved from down the road. Except for the broken fence rails, there was no evidence of drama in the late afternoon serenity.

As we neared them, Lexy was saying, "Did you hit him on the wood-thing? Was it a big stone?"

"It seemed definitely small as I threw it, Lexy. But I was thankful to have found even that one, since your sister and I were rather pressed for time." He had his arm around 'Toria and she was watching him talk.

"Jeepers, it's lucky you hit him."

"It was a miracle, really, for my marksmanship is notoriously poor. At least, the Army found it so. But at close range my chances were greater, even with a small stone."

"It was big, big, big," chanted 'Toria. "And I saw him real close, Lexy."

"Did you touch him?"

"Yes, and he smelled funny."

"Well, I got the cow. Mummy an' Daddy didn't do anything. I got the cow and you got the bull."

"We got the bull and you got the cow," said 'Toria. "Edward, will you sit in back with us going home?"

"Yes, Edward. Come on. Pile in quick. Here's Mummy an' Daddy."

They all three piled into the back seat — quick.



As Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, War Department General Staff, from April, 1940, to February, 1942, SHERMAN MILES saw from a close vantage point the building up of our war Army and the simultaneous rise of the Far Eastern crisis that culminated at Pearl Harbor. He had previously served several times with naval or joint military-naval staffs, and also as operations officer in Hawaii. He graduated at West Point in 1905, and served in the Cavalry, Artillery, and General Staff through the various grades until promoted to brigadier general in 1939 and major general in 1942. He is at present a Representative in the Massachusetts legislature.

PEARL HARBOR IN RETROSPECT

by SHERMAN MILES

I

PEARL HARBOR struck a country satiated with war's alarms. True, we had put through the draft and had actually reached the shooting stage with German submarines. But as a people we were still talking of war, without really accepting its imminence. Then, into our national complacency, came a surprise blow at our strongest point!

We underestimated Japanese military power. So far as military and naval estimates were concerned, Japan had to be judged largely on her past record. Power cannot be gauged solely on strength reports, even if actual strength be known. Japan's war record was not impressive. She had fought but one great power (if the Russia of 1904-1905 can be so rated), plus a push-over against an isolated German colony. Most indicative of all were the four years before Pearl Harbor in which she had waged active warfare in China. We knew pretty accurately China's deficiencies in modern equipment, resources, and training. Our maps and time scales, as we followed the war, clearly indicated a low rating for Japanese military prowess when judged by modern standards.

We had a yardstick. No better measure exists of what a power plant can do, if you cannot put your own gauges on it, than what it has done. We had no reason to doubt our yardstick's approximate accuracy. Yet it was wholly false.

I remember an incident that happened a short time before Pearl Harbor. We feared that the Japanese forces in Indo-China might advance on the northern end of the Burma Road, at Kunming. Secretary Stimson asked me how long such a movement would take. Military Intelligence had considered the terrain and the opposing forces, and applied its yardstick. I accordingly replied, "Three months," and stuck to it when the Secretary tried

to shake me. Compared to what the Japanese later did in Malaya, Burma, and the Philippines, my estimate for a Kunming advance was rather like assigning to a race horse the speed of a Percheron. The efficiency of Japanese military power, measured in space and time, in the six months between Pearl Harbor and Midway surprised the world.

Japanese ability to attack Hawaii, or alternately Panama or the West Coast, was primarily a naval problem. Unfortunately, our Navy underestimated Japanese sea and sea-air power even more than we in the Army underestimated the efficiency of their land and air forces. The Japanese Navy had seen even less of modern warfare than had the Japanese Army. No yardstick, true or false, could be applied. Whether because or in spite of that, the Japanese Navy was held in low esteem by our naval authorities. I remember Admiral Kelly Turner expressing in a British-American staff conference, six months before Pearl Harbor, his confidence in our ability to hold the Japanese Navy in home waters simply by having our fleet cruise in the mid-Pacific. I suggested that that would simply be "shadowboxing" — to the Admiral's annoyance, I fear. There was also the flat statement of Admiral Kimmel's war plans officer that there would "never" be an attack on Pearl Harbor by air. More specifically, the temporary detachments of carriers and cruisers from the main body of the Pacific fleet, at least tacitly approved by the Navy Department, almost coincidentally with their November war warnings, were practical reflections of the Navy's thinking on the possibility of Japanese major operations at sea.

Another important factor entered, almost to the last, into our estimates. It was the question of whether or not Japan would, on her own initiative, immediately involve us in war on the termination

of her diplomatic conference in Washington. It became evident in the fall of 1941 that that conference would probably end without agreement. Our increasing economic pressure on Japan, plus the militaristic cast of the government that then came into power there and their partial loss of face in China, spelled a probable resumption of their policy of conquest. In what direction would the Japanese strike, and against whom?

There were many reasons, political and economic, to suppose that they would strike to the south. They already occupied Indo-China, under a thin veneer of legality. Beyond lay the riches of Malaya and the East Indies. Oil and rubber they particularly needed. There were also possibilities in the direction of Australia, Burma, and India.

That was, indeed, the line they took. It meant unprovoked war with the British and the Dutch, but not necessarily with us. We assumed that they knew the strong feeling in this country against involvement in war. "America First" was still abroad in the land, and very vocal. Crippling strikes threatened. Even in our new Army, bewilderment and discontent had coined the slogan "Over the hill [desertion] in October." We had lately saved that Army from complete disintegration by only a single vote in the House of Representatives!

Had Japan not attacked us when the Washington conference failed, there were but two courses of action that could have resulted in our interference with her policy of conquest. The President might have persuaded Congress to declare war, or he might have interposed U.S. forces in the path of the Japanese advance. The Administration's difficulties would have been great and its success problematical in either case. And how the isolationist elements in the country — the "Hearst-McCormick-Patterson Axis," "America First," and others — would have howled! American lives to be sacrificed in defense of British and Dutch colonies, and Siam! All this the Japanese must have known. They certainly missed a bet, once they realized that their negotiations in Washington would fail, in not going about their southern business and leaving us out on a limb.

Through "magic," our code-breaking device, we read a strong hint along this line to Tokyo from Ambassador Nomura in Washington. And he was right; for, whatever we did, the Japanese stood to gain time for the seizure and consolidation of their southern conquests, and the still greater advantage, in the long run, of fighting an America torn by dissension. They chose, instead, to bring us in at once, and by so treacherous an attack that complete unity in our war effort was instantly assured. We underestimated their war power, yes; but their fundamental failure to understand America and our potential in a long war (also pointed out to them by their Ambassador) was colossal.

It has been argued that the Japanese were bound to attack our fleet on resuming their policy of con-

quest because it constituted an intolerable strategic threat on their flank. The fleet was certainly an important element in Pacific strategy, and its damage or elimination was highly desirable from the Japanese point of view. But as a matter of fact, it was not an immediate menace to Japan, nor could it have seriously deterred her in the early months of whatever campaign she might decide to initiate behind the shield of her mandate islands. For our fleet, in any operations in the Far East, would have been distinctly inferior to the Japanese in air and sea power and particularly in logistic support.

We had no bases beyond Hawaii capable of handling the fleet. We lacked the "train," the great force of supply and repair ships, that would be necessary for such distance operations. This also the Japanese must have known. Not even the most extreme misconception as to the relative efficiency of the opposing forces would have led our fleet so far from its base for a considerable period of time. Or if it had, Admiral Yamamoto could have solved his problem still more tragically for us.

2

NEITHER factor discussed above — our underestimate of Japan's war power or our evaluation of the advantages that would accrue to her if she put on us the onus of making war — neither consideration caused us to ignore the possibility of an immediate Japanese attack on us when the Washington conference terminated, or the probability that we should eventually be involved in her war. The war warnings of November 24 and 27, together with the many discussions which culminated in the unprecedented appeal of President Roosevelt to the Japanese Emperor, clearly show this. It was also abundantly clear that the decision to bring us in initially or to put the onus on us rested solely with Japan.

The high command of our Army and Navy thought they had prepared for either eventual or immediate war, so far as it was humanly possible to do so. But still it was difficult to predict, and indeed we did not predict that the Japanese would commit so great a blunder as Pearl Harbor, gratuitously unifying the war spirit and potential of America. We overestimated their intelligence.

That blunder in the realm of high policy eventually cost Japan her empire. But that was not all. On the lower plane of tactics the Japanese decision to attack Pearl Harbor by surprise involved enormous risks. As General Marshall later testified: "A surprise is either a triumph or a catastrophe. If it proved to be a catastrophe, the entire Japanese campaign was ruined."

Our fleet and fortress together constituted what probably was, at that time, the most formidable strong point in the world. The fortress, with its garrison reinforced, had great firepower and a not inconsiderable air force. "The presence of the

fleet," General Marshall had told the President, "reduces the threat of a major attack." Had the fleet been held together and deployed in adjacent waters, it could have retained sea supremacy. Six months later, at Midway, weaker forces, supported by far fewer land-based planes, decisively defeated a Japanese fleet much superior to the hit-and-runners that bombed Pearl Harbor.

It is true that most of our air strength was not on the alert or otherwise available when the attack came; but the Japanese had to assume it would be, as of course it might have been. Our radar detection stations closed down after 7.00 A.M., but that again the Japanese could hardly have known. Though we could not have matched the Japanese carrier-borne air force, plane for plane, we had the great potential advantage of near-by land bases for much of our force. Hostile planes had also to count on facing well-equipped and presumably well-prepared anti-aircraft batteries, both afloat and ashore. Consideration of high policy aside, a Japanese attack on such a place-of-arms, *under alert commands*, was, on the face of it, improbable.

Our reasoning was correct. The flaw lay in that phrase "under alert commands."

3

THE Hawaiian fortress and naval base were built with but one potential enemy in view, Japan. Studies concerning the Japanese bore on their military characteristics. It was well known that they were given to treachery and surprise. The President himself, less than a fortnight before Pearl Harbor, remarked that "the Japs are notorious for making an attack without warning."

The strategic importance of Hawaii, coupled with the possibility of surprise on the part of its sole potential enemy, was with us always, whatever might be the probabilities of other Japanese action in any given situation and at any given time. The answer could only lie in Hawaiian readiness to meet an attack, whenever and however made. That had been Army teaching for many years — coupled with the devout hope that we might get some warning of war.

The type of attack actually made — the how of it — had by no means been overlooked by the military. Many years before 1941 our fleet had made, in maneuvers, an attack on Pearl Harbor very similar to the actual one. In the early and middle 1930's the possibility of such an attack had been seriously discussed. General Drum, when in command in Hawaii, had had a long correspondence with the War Department on the subject. Even the "vacant sea," that area between the great Pacific traffic lanes through which an attacking force could approach Hawaii undetected, had been marked down in our defense studies.

In January, 1941, the Secretary of the Navy listed

the first three Hawaiian dangers "in order of importance and probability . . . (1) air bombing attack, (2) air torpedo plane attack, (3) sabotage." The Secretary of War concurred. Generals Marshall and Short corresponded on the subject that spring, and the former pointed out that the first six hours of hostilities would probably be decisive in Hawaii. In March the two senior air officers there, General Martin and Admiral Bellinger, made a defense study in which they practically called the turn on what later happened. And in May General Short wrote the Chief of Staff describing joint maneuvers he had held with the fleet, the theme of which was the defense of Hawaii from a carrier-borne air attack.

The situation that existed in Hawaii in November and early December, 1941, presented a much less difficult problem to the commands there than had many of the countless studies and maneuvers by which the Army and Navy had for years been indoctrinated. Often our assumed situations envisaged a Japanese attack following a very short period of strained relations, or none at all — "out of the blue." Frequently our naval force, assumed to be in Hawaiian waters, consisted only of locally based submarines and air squadrons, supported by an unreinforced garrison. And rarely, if ever, did the problems offer the lead of specific warnings or directives from the War and Navy Departments.

The Pearl Harbor attack, on the contrary, followed a long period of strained relations. We had progressively imposed economic pressure on Japan. They had sent one of their leading diplomats (through Hawaii, incidentally) as the crisis approached in the long-drawn-out conference in Washington. The major part of our battle fleet was in Hawaiian waters. Our Hawaiian garrison had been materially reinforced. And lastly, well before the situation broke, the Army and Navy commanders there had received from their chiefs directives which contained clear warnings of the possible outbreak of hostilities at any time. Had such a situation been suggested as the basis of a theoretical war game or maneuver, it would probably have been rejected out of hand. For it would have been held to present no problem for solution: the answer would have been too obvious — full alert and the activation of approved plans.

I have said that the War and Navy Departments' dispatches contained clear warnings of possible hostilities. I think the record will bear me out. Let's look at it.

As early as July 25, when we froze Japanese assets, the Pacific commands, including Hawaii, were informed of it by the War and Navy Departments "in order that you may take appropriate precautionary measures against any possible eventualities." On November 24, a joint Army and Navy dispatch pointed out the possibility of Japanese "surprise aggressive movements in any direc-

tion." On November 27 the Navy Department sent another dispatch beginning: "This is to be considered a war warning" — not much doubt about that. On the same day the War Department sent another one, over General Marshall's signature, and Military Intelligence followed it up with a message to G-2's.

The Marshall dispatch read in part: "Japanese future action unpredictable but hostile action possible at any moment. If hostilities cannot, repeat cannot, be avoided the United States desires that Japan commit the first overt act. This policy should not, repeat not, be construed as restricting you to a course of action that might jeopardize your defense. Prior to hostile Japanese action you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance and other measures as you deem necessary but these measures should be carried out so as not, repeat not, to alarm civil population or disclose intent. Report measures taken."

This dispatch has since been criticized as a "do-don't" order. In its drafting, Military Intelligence had no part, and I have no personal concern with the "do-don't" controversy. But aside from a certain obscurity about not disclosing intent, the "don'ts" were nothing to get excited about — don't start a war; don't alarm civilians. Those were old Army policies. The importance of the message lies in what it was meant to convey and what it did convey — to others.

It was drafted under the personal supervision of the Secretary of War, who had in mind that "defense against an attack by Japan was the first consideration." General Marshall later defined the dispatch tersely as "a command directive for alert against a state of war." It is indeed difficult to miss a clear war warning in the phrases of the message itself. The Philippines, Panama, and the West Coast received the same or a very similar dispatch, had no doubts about its intent, and acted accordingly. Only Hawaii, the vital pivot in a Japanese war, thought that such a warning had but slight local application.

Wherever or whenever Washington may have thought the Japanese cat would probably jump, Hawaii's primary mission was to meet it there if it came. Yet both the Army and Navy commands there acted as if there were *no chance* of a Japanese overseas attack on them. What they actually did and did not do, simply spelled "It can't happen here."

4

IT HAS since been implied that the reason Hawaii was not on the alert was that Washington thought the Japanese would not attack there. That suggestion points up very neatly the crucial issue. For the opposite was true — Washington thought the Japanese would not attack Hawaii largely because it believed Hawaii *was* alerted and prepared.

That was, admittedly, an assumption, but it was so fundamental an assumption, based on so many years of indoctrination, as well as on issued orders, that it was not questioned by anyone in Washington, from the President down. For guns don't shoot or planes fly by themselves.

General Marshall, testifying before the Congressional Committee, was asked: "Did the President of the United States, in your opinion, have a right to assume that the commands in Hawaii were properly alerted on the morning of December 7?" The General replied: "I think he had every right to assume that." Washington was surprised by the Pearl Harbor attack, but not nearly so much as it was by what the enemy encountered there.

For the War Department had actually cut into the seed corn of air power to strengthen Hawaiian defense. What could be spared only at great detriment to other commands, in planes, in antiaircraft artillery, and in radar equipment, went to Hawaii. The Philippines were left, for that period, practically helpless, and even the vital artery through Panama was neglected — until Hawaii was given what could be had. Then, and only then, about August, did Washington begin to build up Panama and the Philippines. Even so, when Pearl Harbor came, Hawaii was much better equipped for defense than either of the other two great outposts or our own West Coast itself.

But Hawaii had lowered its guard to "alert against sabotage" on land and "condition 3" afloat. On this point, General Marshall testified: "I never could grasp what had happened between the period when so much was said [in Hawaii] about air attack, the necessity for antiaircraft, the necessity for planes for reconnaissance, the necessity for attack planes for defense and the other requirements which anticipated very definitely and affirmatively an air attack — I could never understand why suddenly it became a side issue."

It has been suggested that the high command in Washington neglected an essential of Hawaiian security, unity of command. That was not neglect: unity was a practical impossibility in those pre-war days. For years Hawaii had been the Exhibit A of both the proponents and the opponents of unified command. Three weeks before Pearl Harbor the last effort to attain unity failed. Only an executive order or war could have imposed it. After the war, with all of its lessons behind us, it still took two years to make possible unity of command (and of other functions) through merger of the Army and the Navy — if indeed they have merged!

Admiral Halsey, in his book, lays the blame for Pearl Harbor on Congress, for its failure to appropriate funds necessary for adequate protection. That is rather farfetched, since the issue clearly turned, not on what the Hawaiian commands had, but on what they did and did not do with it. They were not even planning to use it —

then. And Admiral Halsey's description of the radical measures he himself took to forestall an air surprise, on his cruise to Midway, just before the attack — his famous "shoot first and argue afterwards" — comports strangely with the almost total unpreparedness in Hawaii to shoot at all.

It has also been pointed out that Military and Naval Intelligence estimates on the future course of the World War, made in the months preceding Pearl Harbor, fail to mention a possible Japanese attack there. That is quite true. But suppose we had told Hawaii that the Japanese might attack — would that have been news? Why — for what primary purpose was the garrison there, and against what single potential enemy? Why was the fleet there? What did our long-strained relations with Japan mean to the key of the Pacific? And what of our years of emphasis on Hawaiian security in the strategy of a Japanese war? Does a guard, as the opposing team goes into a huddle, have to be told: "This play may come through you"? I willingly assume my share of responsibility for the omission of the obvious.

Emphasis on the danger of sabotage has also been advanced to explain why Hawaii was not alerted against an overseas attack. But actually how strong was that emphasis? True, subversive activities had been mentioned in the message to G-2's of November 27, which read: "Japanese negotiations have come to practical stalemate. Hostilities may ensue. Subversive activities may be expected. Inform commanding general and chief of staff only. Miles." Heaven knows subversion was an issue in Hawaii, with its large Japanese population; but the crucial sentence in the message was certainly "Hostilities may ensue." So far as Hawaii was concerned, warning of Japanese hostilities meant the possibility of attack; and that danger, however problematical, exceeded all else in importance.

There was also a dispatch sent in duplicate by the Chief of the Air Corps and the Adjutant General as a precaution against sabotage of planes. But none of these dispatches superseded or modified the War Department's warning order, nor were they so interpreted by any command that received them. Even Hawaii regarded them only as supporting the decision it had already made to go on alert against sabotage only.

The War Department has been pilloried for failure to tell Hawaii that its alert did not meet either the situation or the intent of General Marshall's order. That order had required a report of action taken. The Hawaiian command reported: "Alerted to prevent sabotage. Liaison with Navy" — nothing more. The War Department did not reply. Admittedly, this was a serious oversight, for which senior officers have assumed responsibility. But to what extent does the War Department's failure to reply justify the retention of Hawaii's inadequate

alert up to the time of the attack? On that matter I must again speak as an outsider, since it was not a function of Military Intelligence to check the readiness or any other disposition of United States forces, nor did I, or anyone else in Military Intelligence, see General Short's cryptic report.

Secretary Stimson says: "My initials show that the report crossed my desk, and in spite of my keen interest in the situation, it certainly gave me no intimation that the alert order against an enemy attack was not being carried out." For General Short did not say that he was alerted against sabotage *only*. He did not say that he considered the possibility of immediate war as solely an internal and not an external threat to his command, and give his reasons. Least of all did he imply any request for confirmation of so extraordinary a decision as an alert which ignored the possibility of attack by Japanese armed forces.

But Washington's failure to grasp the situation in Hawaii and correct it goes beyond the incident of General Short's report. Nine days elapsed before the attack. Why was Washington unaware, during those critical days, that Hawaii was out of line?

The answer lies in the system of decentralization of command which had for years prevailed in the Army and the Navy. General Marshall used to say that the War Department was a very poor command post. It was hardly one at all, save on the highest plane of general directives. So far as Hawaii, Panama, and the Philippines were concerned, the War Department was the office which assigned their personnel, provided their material, and gave them the general directives under which they operated. Within that scope those outposts were independent commands.

The message to G-2's of November 27, quoted above, was not an order. Rarely did the Chief of Staff issue orders to the Pacific outposts. The fact that the "command directive" of November 27 went out over his name added emphasis, if such were needed, to that crucial dispatch.

5

WHEN war came, our "magic" — the breaking of Japanese codes — paid enormous dividends. It materially aided us in concentrating those slender means by which we won the Battle of Midway, the turning point in the Pacific war. It has always seemed to me that we were extremely lucky in keeping the vital secret of "magic" within an already fairly large group in Washington, and wise in rigidly limiting it to that group and the Philippine commands until we were actually at war. I well remember a day when a copy of one of the "magic" messages was missing. The Secretary himself got into that fracas, and I finally ran down the message in the possession of a person unauthorized to have it — in the White House!

After the war, "magic" supplied what appeared to many as definite indications of what the Japanese had been planning at Pearl Harbor. We had those indications before the attack. Why, then, didn't we foresee it? The question hinges on selection, guided by hindsight. If one reads first the end of a good detective story, and then starts in at the beginning and reads through, it is easy to pick out the real clues from those which would have led to other deductions. It is not so easy if one takes the clues, true and false, as they come. The "magic" intercepted and translated by us in the six months before Pearl Harbor, if printed in book form and type, would make several normal volumes. There was no lack of clues — a broad field from which to select, after the event, those which seem to point to that event and to that only.

There were many "magic" messages showing Japanese interest in conditions existing in Hawaii, largely requests for information of military value. Some concerned the location of anchorages of our warships in Pearl Harbor, by limited sections of that area, their arrival and departure, and so forth. These messages were primarily of naval interest, and the Navy apparently took them to mean two things: first, that Japanese spies there were looking down our throats — a deplorable condition which the Army and Navy had known for thirty years or more; and second, that the Japanese were planning an attack on our fleet, by air or submarines or both.

But since the fleet might eventually be a deterrent to them, it would have been strange indeed had they not made plans to attack it if they could. We ourselves had plans for contingencies far less obvious than that. It is difficult to believe that any senior Army or Navy officer in Hawaii would have found it news had he been told by Washington that the fleet was under close Japanese espionage and the subject of aggressive planning. Indeed, a naval officer would have replied that the fleet had no intention of meeting a major attack at their moorings in Pearl Harbor!

The Hawaiian commands later complained that this "magic" information was not transmitted to them — this in spite of their failure to react to the authoritative warning orders sent them when the situation was commonly known to be far more critical. By comparison, it may be noted that General MacArthur, who had access to "magic," could not later identify the more important "magic" messages; he apparently took no action on them, but alerted his command for war on Washington's warning orders.

There were two "magic" messages of a different type which have subsequently been held to have been signposts, had we so read them, to Pearl Harbor. The first was a message of November 22 from Tokyo to their ambassadors in Washington, saying:

"After that [November 29] things are automatically going to happen." The other message, of November 30, was from Tokyo to the Germans, informing them of the danger of sudden war "through some clash of arms."

The statement that "things are automatically going to happen" after November 29 simply meant that certain preliminary movements of forces and supplies, without which operations in modern war are impossible, would, on that date, be irrevocably committed. Such commitments would, for instance, be essential to the Japanese southern advance, then apparently (and actually) in preparation. The point is that Japan had a wide choice of victims; and considered as a clue to the Pearl Harbor attack, the statement that something would happen automatically somewhere after the 29th is pretty thin.

As for the sudden "clash of arms," that was exactly what we ourselves had feared. We had cautioned the Pacific commands against committing the first overt act in the warning orders sent out four days before the "clash of arms" message was intercepted.

That message is also an interesting example of the selection of a clue to prove a point, without regard to the background of "magic" as a whole. What had actually happened was this: On November 26 the Japanese ambassadors in Washington, in a radio to Tokyo, spoke, in passing, of the possibility of a British and American military occupation of the Netherlands East Indies. Tokyo promptly picked up that "very important matter" and radioed back on the 27th to find out "more about it." (It had, in fact, been discussed in Washington, but not approved.) On the 27th, and again on the 28th, the Japanese ambassadors radioed their belief that it might come about.

Now, with that background, read (as we did) *all* of what Tokyo, on November 30, told its Ambassador in Berlin to say to Hitler and Ribbentrop: "Say to them that lately England and the United States have taken a provocative attitude, both of them. Say that they are planning to move military forces into various places in East Asia and that we will inevitably have to counter by also moving troops. Say very secretly to them that there is extreme danger that war may suddenly break out between the Anglo-Saxon nations and Japan through some clash of arms, and add that the time of the breaking out of this war may come quicker than anyone dreams."

Projected on the background of the idea of American occupation of the Dutch islands, which apparently Tokyo had accepted, this famous clue takes on quite a different complexion. It is certainly hard to read into it a warning of so premeditated an attack, on Japanese initiative, as that which had, in fact, already been launched on the high seas. "Magic" has since been read, in the light of what subsequently happened, as a clear indication that

Japan intended to involve us in her war from the outset. But that reading also requires a high degree of selectivity in "Operation Hindsight." "Magic" said the Japanese would push us out of China — of course they would if and when they were at war with us. They had already made a good start on it, without war. "Magic" warned the Japanese ambassadors not to break off the negotiations or arouse our suspicions; all of which tied in with whatever "automatic" military preparations they wished to complete, whoever their chosen victim might be, before they showed their hand in Washington.

"Magic" spoke often of the "brink of chaos," "chaotic conditions," and the "tremendous crisis" that would follow the rupture of the Washington conference. It frequently coupled us, at least eventually, with Great Britain in the war they foresaw. Tokyo told Berlin that we classed Japan with Germany and Italy (with which we were not at war) as enemies. All this, however, was nothing more than we ourselves well knew — that we could not long maintain neutrality if the war spread to the Far East.

As late as November 15 Nomura was suggesting to Tokyo that, if the conference broke down and Japan pursued an unrestricted course, the most probable immediate results would be the rupture of diplomatic relations with us, or at least a partial rupture such as we then had with Germany. And Tokyo did not say him nay. Only just before Pearl Harbor did "magic," that prolific source of information and misinformation, indicate with any clarity Japanese intention of involving us in war from the outset.

The plain fact is that the war warnings sent out by the highest military authorities nine days and more before Pearl Harbor were far more authoritative and more definitive of what the Hawaiian commands might expect, and what was expected of them, than any information or interpretations from "magic" that Military or Naval Intelligence could possibly have sent. Complete reliance was placed on the effect those warnings should have had — and did have everywhere except in Hawaii. But Tokyo apparently believed that the incredible might happen and Hawaii be surprised: Washington did not.

6

OF the last few days before the Pearl Harbor attack much has been said and written, but to little profit. The die had been cast. The Muse of Tragedy then had the plot well in hand. She saw to it that no circumstance occurred to ruffle the complacency in Hawaii, or to shatter the confidence of Washington in Hawaii's full alert. The Japanese fleet sailed silently through that "vacant sea" which Hawaiian defense studies had marked down as a likely line of approach. The movement was covered by effective smoke screens — Japanese activities in the South

China Sea and shilly-shally business at the Washington conference.

There was a flurry about the famous "East Wind" broadcast, meaning war with us, or at least rupture of diplomatic relations. We arranged for Hawaii to get and understand that broadcast if it came. But no one there or in the War Department ever got it. It was, in all probability, never sent. Instead the Japanese ordered the burning of certain codes. So did we.

But first came "magic" messages about merely being prepared to burn their codes. We were, I think, a bit slow to take them at face value because they seemed so queer and unnecessary. We intercepted one on November 15 in the midst of negotiations still far from deadlocked. Why should the Japanese be worried about their codes on November 15, and not only in Washington but also in Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina? It was very odd. A later message of the same sort we assessed merely as a confirmation of our warnings already dispatched. Later, on December 3, "magic" told us that their embassy in Washington was to destroy most of their codes — not simply be prepared to do it. We then broke our rules and Navy radioed it to the Pacific commands, including Hawaii. We relied on routine liaison with Navy, not wishing further to jeopardize "magic" by sending two messages. Liaison did not work in that case in Hawaii. But, as a matter of fact, the Japanese were burning their codes out there; Hawaii knew it and we soon knew that they knew it.

The last twenty-four hours in Washington before the bombs fell have come in for much scrutiny. Why did the President, with most of the Japanese final answer before him, conclude that it meant war and then, after a fitful attempt to reach Admiral Stark by telephone, quietly go to bed? Why was he in seclusion the following morning? Why was no action taken on the Japanese reply by the Secretaries of State, War, and Navy when they met on that Sunday morning? Why did they not consult the President, or he send for them? Where was everybody, including my humble self? Why, in short, didn't someone stage a last-minute rescue, in good Western style?

The picture undoubtedly is one of men still working under the psychology of peace. They were, to quote Secretary Stimson again, "under a terrific pressure in the face of a global war which they felt was probably imminent. Yet they were surrounded, outside of their offices and almost throughout the country, by a spirit of isolationism and disbelief in danger which now seems incredible." They were men who thought they had done their possible to prepare for impending war, and who had no idea that there was an innocent maiden in need of rescue.

There has been a great deal of discussion on who saw the "pilot" messages and the final fourteen-

part Japanese answer; when they saw them and what they did about them. A more important point is what those "magic" messages told us.

The "pilot" messages from Tokyo informed the Japanese ambassadors in Washington, on December 6, that the final fourteen-part answer would probably, though not surely, be received by them the next day, December 7; that it was very long; that instructions would follow as to the exact time it was to be presented; and that before presenting it, the ambassadors were to "put it in a neatly drafted form," being "most careful to preserve secrecy," and "absolutely sure not to use a typist or any other person"!

Japanese methods were often curious — witness the business about code burning and the "East Wind." But so far as any logical deductions could be drawn from the "pilot" messages, they seemed to indicate Monday, December 8, as the earliest date for the presentation of the Japanese answer. The funny business about secrecy and exact timing seemed to be extravagant preparations for that presentation in Washington coincidently with an official announcement in Tokyo of the rupture of negotiations. The Japanese ambassadors had recommended just that to Tokyo ten days before.

It has sometimes been argued that a military decision should have been reached, or action taken, on the Japanese fourteen-part reply when "magic" gave it to us five or six hours before the attack. But though couched in aggressive language, the reply was only what we had been expecting for a week or more — the rupture of negotiations — and had so warned Hawaii and the other outposts. It is difficult to see what the military could have done about it. It was a matter of foreign relations, not of armed forces already warned of "hostile action at any moment."

It is significant that the authorities responsible for our foreign relations, the President and the Secretary of State, perceived no useful action that could be taken on it at that time. The President, with the full reply before him, remarked only on the rupture of negotiations and gave no sign that he foresaw immediate hostilities. The Secretaries of State, War, and Navy apparently discussed, almost up to the time the Japanese carriers were launching their planes, how best to bring the United States into the war!

It was not until "magic" told us, on that Sunday morning, that the Japanese ambassadors were to burn their remaining codes and present Tokyo's reply to the Secretary of State at 1.00 P.M. that the timing became suspiciously significant. For it was a most unusual and extraordinary hour, on a Sunday afternoon, for foreign ambassadors to deliver a long-delayed reply to an elderly Secretary of State. We then suspected that Japanese military action of some sort, and at some still unknown place, might coincide with that hour. Even then the Chief of

Naval Operations demurred to a further warning, so sure was he that all forces were on the alert, and consented only that it be transmitted to naval commands at second hand through General Marshall's message.

That message was written for alerted commands. The Chief of Staff had no idea he was communicating with any other. So complete was our confidence in all Pacific alerts, so far were we from doubting Hawaiian preparedness, that, as the message was leaving the Chief of Staff's office, his operations officer, in his presence, said that if there was any question of priority, it should go first to the Philippines!

In all probability the receipt of the message could have made no material difference in Hawaii. There would not have been sufficient time to bridge the gap, mental and material, between the status of the Hawaiian commands on that quiet Sunday morning and one of effective alert.

In any event, the Muse who had so consistently worked up the tragedy saw to it that the message was delivered to all addressees, except Hawaii. She was taking no chances; but it was a busy morning for her. She had to see to it that operations against a Japanese submarine just off Pearl Harbor, beginning almost four hours before the attack, caused no general alert. She was almost caught out by a couple of gadget-happy soldiers who stayed overtime on their radar and actually saw and reported the approaching Japanese planes. But she promptly trumped that trick by producing a lieutenant who said, "Forget it." How the Greeks would have appreciated that final touch of inexorable fate!

Over two thousand men died at Pearl Harbor. They did not die in vain. Their sacrifice counted heavily in the great score that brought us final victory. But it did not count on the day the Japanese caught them unprepared and got away almost unscathed. For that the Hawaiian commands were directly responsible. Beyond that lay the system under which our armed forces were organized and operated — complete separation of the Army and the Navy, no unity of command, and decentralization within each service. That system may be criticized after the event, since in Hawaii it failed in its essential function: it did not produce, afloat or ashore, the reaction expected by higher authority or required by the crisis. Perhaps too much stress was put upon it in a country loath to admit the danger it faced, and in military establishments not taut on the starting line, not yet geared to war.

It remains to be seen whether the recent merger of the forces — land, sea, and air — guided by the lessons of a global war, can be made effective, or whether pre-Pearl Harbor conditions are inherent in a democracy before the shooting starts. They had better not be, for the next surprise attack will be quite another story.



The Atlantic Serial



LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

The victory in 1918 brought to the three young Sitwells, Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell, and to their English contemporaries, a sudden sense of release and the opportunity to pursue activities that the war had suppressed. Within two years Osbert Sitwell stood for Parliament as a Liberal candidate, produced a long book of poems, edited a quarterly devoted to modern art and literature, interviewed D'Annunzio, wrote innumerable newspaper articles, and organized the first large exhibition of French painting that London had seen since 1914.

His friends and acquaintances included Shaw, Mary Webb, Bertrand Russell, T. S. Eliot, the Huxleys, Roger

*Fry, Maynard Keynes, Virginia Woolf, Siegfried Sassoon, Isadora Duncan — the seething artistic and literary and fashionable world of a London newly awakened from the long night of the First World War. Osbert Sitwell gives us charming, unconventional portraits of these people, and resumes the account of his intense, almost medieval father, his delightful but impractical mother, and the life at Renishaw, the ancient family residence in Derbyshire. This is the first of four installments to be drawn from the new volume of his autobiography, begun in *Left Hand, Right Hand!* (1944) and carried on in *The Scarlet Tree* (1946) and *Great Morning!* (1947).*

1

IN the past two decades, I have been mistaken, several times in each of the capacities, for an actor — an actor by trade, I mean, and not for any particular star — and for a Russian Grand Duke. Thus, in instance of the first, I remember, when I was traveling up by train from Folkestone to London, a lady suddenly leaned forward and earnestly asked, "Excuse me, but *oughtn't* I to know your face? . . . Are you on the boards?" As for the second, one incident was rather strange: I was sitting in a cubicle, at Trumper's in London, having my hair cut, when a stranger approached me, bowed, and began to talk very rapidly in Russian. When, having listened for a moment, I said, "I don't understand Russian, I'm afraid," he regarded me with a look of mingled anger and amusement, and after saying, in broken English, "It may suit you at present, sir, to pretend that," bowed again and walked away.

Never once, I think, has my trade — in spite of a permanent stain of blue or purple ink on the left inner side of the middle finger of my right hand, surely an occupational symptom, if one were needed — been correctly divined. But then, when I regard my own image, I can see for myself how difficult it must be.

Similarly, it is hard to see oneself as one was, to see oneself from outside, looking back through the

dust of a lifetime. Yet we must, my brother, sister, and myself, although we were young, have been already well-known enough for people to turn round and look at us in the street. Indeed, it was hardly a year later, when I first met Ada Leverson, that she had looked up the entry devoted to my family in *Burke's Peerage*, and, upon reading at the end of it the technical description of the Sitwell coat-of-arms, "Barry of eight, or and vert, three lions rampant . . . crest, a demi-lion, erased . . .," had been struck, she told me afterwards, by its prophetic nature, because, she averred, Edith, Sacheverell, and myself were clearly the three lions rampant, and my father must be the demi-lion, erased. . . .

And yet if one is to conclude that we were already famous, one of the lions was a boy of only twenty-one at the time. Certainly he — Sacheverell — was the most precocious of us three, for the poems in his first book, *The People's Palace*, were written when he was eighteen, and published when he was twenty. And *Southern Baroque Art*, which revealed a whole new world in a new way, and is, in prose as in aesthetic criticism, a work of the first order, appeared when he was twenty-five. Incidentally, it was written when he was twenty-two, and I may add, for the comfort of young writers, that I hawked about in person this magnificent and now cele-

brated book, and saw it refused by several eminent publishers; although when finally published, it obtained an immediate and immense success, and set a whole generation chattering for twenty years.

My sister had already published two remarkable books of verse, *The Mother and Clown's Houses*, and a third volume, *Twentieth Century Harlequinade*, in conjunction with me. She was also editing an annual collection of modern verse, *Wheels*. This yearly anthology, which ran for six years, attracted considerable attention from the critics. One notice, I recall, described the first series as "conceived in morbid eccentricity, and executed in fierce, fictitious gloom"; a sentence I have always liked.

2

AS FOR myself, though, as will emerge, my father was determined to prevent it, as far as lay within his power, I was resolved to devote my future, my whole life, to writing: that was the urging of my left hand — and of my right: for the years stretching ahead now that the war was over seemed so infinite a time, albeit I always greatly worried in a neurasthenic way about my health — an unpleasant trait which in part I may have inherited — that it seemed there would be time to accomplish everything one could wish. Besides, at that age, one felt oneself to possess enough energy to furnish the whole of the seven careers that Arnold Bennett later declared were mine. And so, I allowed my left hand to encourage me to attempt to effect a compromise with politics and with my father; the claims of political careers, in so many directions, in the past, asserted themselves, and gave me enthusiasm: while, in addition, the brutality and stupidity of a long war, and the muzzle that, during its course, it always clamps on the mouth, had left me and many of my contemporaries as eager now to speak our minds as those older than ourselves were determined not to heed us.

In consequence, I fought an election at Scarborough, where my father had contested seven elections as in the Conservative interest: but I stood, in the service of that most unpopular of political faiths at that time, and ever since; as a Liberal, of the old kind, and without being furnished with the approval of Mr. Lloyd George. At first, I had obtained the promise of Labor support, but later a strong Labor candidate of local origin — a member of the influential Quaker clan, the Rowntrees — came out against me. H. W. Massingham, the editor of the *Nation*, with his usual courageous directness, urged him, in a telegram — though Rowntree was a member of the family that owned the *Nation* — to stand down: for Rowntree was then a man of about seventy, I suppose, I was twenty-five, and Massingham considered that younger men were needed in Parliament, and had a belief in my ability: indeed, in his telegram, he

went so far as to say that he would regard my return for the constituency as a guarantee of peace. The Conservative candidate was Sir Gervase Beckett, the sitting member for the division, and brother to my godfather. The old borough of Scarborough had now been merged in an electoral district which included Whitby, Pickering, and the country between.

The Orderly Room, instructed by the War Office, allowed me three weeks' leave, in which to conduct my campaign (but it was difficult to avoid a feeling that Liberals were not popular in high regimental circles; were, indeed, classed with dangerous revolutionaries). Accordingly, I went to live at Wood End, taking with me Richmond Temple, a dynamic and resourceful friend, of most modern outlook, who had just left the Air Force, and who was capable of acting with great speed and decision as well as being endowed with the gift of infusing energy into those round him.

Immensely I enjoyed being brought into personal contact with the great variety of types to be met with in this area; solicitors and trawler-owners, Wesleyans and Methodists, Quakers and Catholics, tradesmen and fishermen, dry schoolmasters and sly insurance agents. Some of the farmers, living in isolated communities on the moors, spoke so broad a tongue that only occasionally one recognized a word such as "bloody" (pronounced "bludy") and clung to it as a raft of sense in an unchartable sea of sounds. The old houses of Robin Hood's Bay, again, were manned by whole crews of sea captains, retired. These old men, at that time, owing to the war boom in shipping, each worth some twenty to fifty thousand pounds, were bulky, bearded, and still spent the day up ladders, which they dwarfed, painting their own houses, and making them shipshape. In Scarborough, in the old town, there were the colonies of fishermen and their wives whom I already knew and on the South Cliff a memorable population of curates.

The life that opened for me, though it lasted in this intense form only for so few weeks, forced me to be adaptable; to be at home at high tea with members of the Low Church and the Sects, at supper with the fishermen, or when reading a play by Bernard Shaw in the appropriate setting of a circle organized in a drawing room by a curate. (I have always remembered the little cough he gave, when, while he was reading, he came suddenly in one scene upon the word "damn!" and substituted for it, in such a jolly voice, the more innocuous word "drat!") Accompanying me everywhere, on all occasions, was my mastiff, a huge animal, like a lioness of palest gold, and I have always thought that her appearance, steadfastness, and devotion on the platform won me more votes than any speeches that were delivered: for, if the English love — or loved — a lord, how much more do they love a dog.

The meetings varied in interest; but there would always be present, at the back of the hall, wherever it might be, a thin, old gentleman with a bald head, secured by a few thick strands of hair, as though it were a runaway football or melon caught in a thin net. Directly I had finished speaking, he would rise to ask whether I agreed with him in his view that the Pope had been solely and in person responsible for the outbreak of war in 1914, and of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. Then, also, there would be sitting in the third or fourth row a lady with white hair, and an expression of sickening kindness, who thought it was cruel to clip or cut trees, and wanted me to promise, if I were returned, to protest to the French Government concerning the gardens, with their pleached alleys, at Versailles, and the pollarded avenues that enclose many French roads. And at every meeting, wherever it might be, I was asked to make sure that the Kaiser was hanged.

3

DURING the progress of the campaign, indeed after the first two days had gone, my father decided to come over from Renishaw and stay at Wood End, so as to give me the benefit of his experience and advice. It was the same with everything. If he saw a poem of mine, he would rewrite it, or, if he had found out that I was working on one, he would rush in to "help" me, always saying, in explanation, and in the most affable manner possible, "Two brains, dear boy, are better than one!" As for the election, if only I would listen to him! It was quite simple to get in, he said (though he himself had been rejected five times out of seven) if only one knew the *right way* to set about it!

He was continually spinning into my room like a tornado when I was preparing a speech, with a few new hints. My last had been, to his mind, he said, a mistake, a great mistake. I was quite wrong to talk about what I believed in. Don't on any account mention the war or the League of Nations. People weren't interested. The voters did not want to be troubled with problems: but they liked facts. Give them tables of interesting figures, and a little comparison between comparative costs in the reign of Edward III — or Edward the Confessor, only that might be rather too early for them: as a rule he'd found they weren't very much "up" in anything before the Conqueror — and those of today. (He had been studying the matter, and it was most interesting: Wilhelmus de Killamarshe paid a farthing for two sheep in 1286.) A few more figures after that, and then, just as they weren't expecting it, swing sonorously into a peroration, culminating in a passage if possible from Byron. For instance, that quatrain from his "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte." It would apply to the Kaiser, and the audience would love it.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!

Nobody, I could be sure, would vote for a candidate whose speech did not end with a quotation, and the longer, the better. He was afraid the one he had given me was a bit short. Horace was, however, out of date. . . . My father would, too, waylay supporters, or possible supporters, and point out where I went wrong, and worse, would instruct the agent in his business, and the Committee and Chairman in their duties. In short, it soon became impossible to get anything done at all while he was in the house. . . .

My mother came to my rescue. "Leave it to me, darling!" she said lightly. "I'll see to it." She watched the situation closely and when, about ten days before the election, he discovered — as he was often wont to do — a new pain, this time in his back, just at the waist, she allowed it to be seen that, although as a rule she declined to take his illnesses seriously, she regarded this as of the utmost gravity. She advised him to go to bed at once. He allowed himself without much difficulty to be persuaded, for he was frightened by her alarmed expression, and as soon as he was safely ensconced, she sent the footman out to buy a strong mustard plaster, and had it applied to the place. The plaster naturally produced a feeling of heat and a discoloration of the skin.

My mother came in, just after, looked at it, and asked: "Does it burn, George?"

When he admitted that it did, she said, "Then it can only be shingles! It's a dangerous complaint. You ought to be very careful."

She told him further, that it was very lucky for him that she had found it out and that it was better not to call in doctors, for they never understood that kind of thing; the only cure was prolonged rest and to keep warm, and never leave his room. It would be madness to get up. He seemed much flattered at her concern, and followed her advice. Thus though there was absolutely nothing the matter with him, he was kept in bed until the very day of the election, when she hired a bath-chair for him and sent him to the booth to vote for me. He had by now really begun to look pale and worn, and his air of pathos, together with his vehicle, and his obvious bravery in coming out, straight from his bed, to record a vote for his son, made a most favorable impression and must have gained many waverers to my cause. . . . However, I did not win. When the result of the poll was declared, Sir Gervase Beckett had obtained some twelve thousand votes to my eight thousand, while the Labor candidate had won a few hundred and had forfeited his deposit.

I nursed the constituency for two or three years afterwards. At first, I had not wanted to do so, be-

cause I longed to devote myself entirely to my proper work. Realizing in what direction my inclinations lay, my father at once wrote to me in an opposite sense. (Never be good at *one* thing. Learn to make up your weak points.) On July 17, 1919, he sent me a letter which included the sentence, "Whether you do or do not intend to take up political life, you should fight the next election." Four days later, he was writing, more emphatically, "I think you ought to make good your position as a poet, and am all for your having leisure to bring out a volume. But I don't think your life should be sacrificed in this. You have mentioned to me [I had never done so] that an ordinary balance sheet is Greek to you, and it is obvious that at present you have no capacity for dealing with business matters. You would do well to try and fit yourself for that and for public-life."

On September 5, he repeated some of the various pieces of advice he had given me at the election. "As to politics, remember that at the moment people are not interested in them, and (if you are) avoid speaking on directly political subjects. Give them good facts. . . . Be careful of your humor, which is dangerous." When, however, it became clear that, fortune favoring me, I might win the seat for the Liberals at the next election, he at once became gravely concerned, and advised me to give up politics and turn to farming.

I had grown to like the life I had been obliged to lead, and to love the district, and I relinquished my candidature with a sore heart, forced thereto by an attack of poverty from which my father suddenly perceived himself to be suffering. I had made one discovery, however, which helped to ease the wrench; that though it might have been possible for me to win the friendship and confidence of the electors, and though they possessed their full share of northern idealism, yet nobody else in the neighborhood or elsewhere was in the least curious about the particular new world that I wanted to help build, and which I had thought to be a chief and abiding interest for English people.

In general, the voters contented themselves with repeating either that no new war would come, or else that war was so firmly planted in human nature that it would be wrong to try to uproot it though they were eager, too, that each child should have a better start in life than his father, and thus, through education, be able more easily to assimilate the moral and ethical truths contained in those Sunday papers they patronized. ("At his age, I couldn't read *The News of the World*!" a father remarked proudly to me, as he pointed at his son of thirteen.) For the rest, the Germans must pay; the Kaiser must be hanged, and we mustn't be soft with the French, or truckle to the Americans either.

Only those who were of my generation understood the nature of the recent war, or what it meant. It took me a full lustrum to recover from the state

of spiritual and mental fury, misery, and despair into which experience of the war in France and observation of the civilians in England had thrown me. I was still thinking about the last war — and the next, which would inevitably come within a generation unless men made a real effort for earth-wide peace, at a time when most people had entirely forgotten it, except for a compulsory two minutes on recurrent November days.

As I had walked home to Swan Walk, however, on that night of November 11, 1918, though my life, as I then saw it, was to be divided between the creation of beauty and giving shape to ideas, and in an effort to improve conditions of life for the workers, and to prevent the recurrence of the slaughter, which, though it temporarily raised the wages of the fathers, massacred half their sons, it was, nevertheless, and though the election was so imminent, not politics that occupied my mind, but writing; how one was to crystallize, refine, condense to the ultimate point, and yet retain nimbleness, wit, above all, energy. It was impossible, it seemed to me: for very often I doubted with a haunting, mingled rage and despair: though it never occurred to me, oddly, to doubt my political abilities. That was my left hand, giving support, I presume, and dispelling incertitudes. . . .

And now I must trace my steps back further, and try to explain the course of my personal life, the things that had happened to me and those round me — or, if not explain, at least record them; what had happened, and why, quite apart from the impact of the war, in itself violent as an earthquake, the world to which I was now returning as a civilian was so greatly altered; why the people reassembled round me, by the force of my left hand, were, though in some respects so much intensified in their character as previously outlined, in others, so greatly changed, why those I collected about me, by the force of my right hand, were so different in kind, and how, in the space of four brief years, the claims of my right hand had asserted themselves, and I had been able to substitute new friends, chosen by myself, for many inherited and tedious associations.

4

IN *Great Morning!* I took leave of the reader at the palmist's, in November, 1914. . . . Even when my father and I were on the worst of terms, he would favor me with his views on the war in talk or by letter. Though, if it were in conversation, the discourse must not be allowed to go on for too long, since he possessed in the highest degree the art of squeezing the life out of an hour and of making it drag its weary length along, nevertheless a short ten minutes on a subject impersonal, and not entirely confined to the errors of his children, was always a delight. The nonconformity of the opinions

he aired was exhilarating, though, of course, he was so far carried away by the consciousness of frustration and futility that must haunt all individuals, as opposed to units, caught in an age of democratic wars, that often plainly he trespassed across the borders of common sense in an opposite direction.

Moreover, he was a little prejudiced, by his love of German medieval art, and because the Kaiser, on account of his family pride, his similar interests, and, perhaps, because, too, he claimed to be an authority on nearly every subject, had always been a hero to him. Indeed, the two men bore some resemblance to each other, physically as well as in mind (they had been born on the same day of the same month, though a year divided them in age, the Kaiser having been born on the twenty-seventh of January, 1859, my father on the twenty-seventh of January, 1860), and as they grew older and adopted beards, this likeness emphasized itself: but I do not know if my father was aware of it. . . . Ever since the war broke out, then, he had pursued his own line about its origin and conduct, and had remained firm in his attitude until the end, often falling a victim, as he was wont to do, of his own propaganda (a habit which finally made him liable to the propaganda of others, too; so that, after the war, he changed, and adopted a new bellicose, contemporary-newspaper attitude towards Germany). Thus, as early as the day after war was declared, he wrote to me from Renishaw:—

I don't blame the Germans. I think the Czar's want of judgement has brought this upon Europe — unless, indeed, it was Russian statecraft to force Germany into war. . . . I fancy the Kaiser spoke truly when he said the sword was being forced into his hand. . . . However, this reading of the situation will be very unpopular at the present moment.

And, as late as August 8, 1918, before the sudden swelling of the Allied fortunes, he was writing:—

. . . We are told we are fighting for the triumph of democracy, which has so managed the affair that we could hardly expect to get at this moment the *status quo ante* terms we could have obtained after the first battle of the Marne. But what we have really been fighting for, of course, during these last three years is the triumph of Bolshevik principles in England — bound to come if war continues much longer. Everyone of sound military judgement knew at the beginning of the war that we could not hope to break completely the military strength of Germany: we could, however, without ruining civilization, as we have already done, have made Germany accept peace without spoils, which would have meant popular reforms in Germany, and have kept Russia alive as a counterpoise. Now we have got to the gambler's last stake, and must go on for a time on the chance that Germany may go Bolshevik first.

"Everyone of sound military judgement" meant, of course, himself, the former Adjutant of the Volunteer Regiment he had commanded, and the

omniscient Major Viburne, who was staying at Renishaw, when the war broke out, supposedly to keep an eye on the household expenses. At any rate, from the first moment my father had begun resolutely, and almost with unctiousness, to prepare for the worst. He threw his gothic imagination into this, as formerly into the more decorative aspects of life, with real abandon. But his frame of mind varied. In some moods he would make notes on the various projects he had not yet had time to undertake — life, he noticed, was beginning to sweep him past at a great pace, though I doubt if he or any victim really can estimate fully the speed of his transit — and meant, directly the war was over, to embark upon: in other moods he would allow his forebodings an equally full play.

Personal, no less than national, ruin loomed (that was true, but he did not comprehend the kind or direction). By August 10, 1914, not a week after war had broken out, he had already made certain plans for preserving his family and belongings:—

If the Germans come over, I think of sending your mother and Sachie to the Peak, and shall stay to dismantle Renishaw of tapestry, pictures and china. . . . If the Germans don't come over, we may let Wood End for several months, and go into lodgings at Scarborough.

5

THE pattern, however, did not work out quite as he designed it. And the family — that is to say my father and mother, for family and household were both much dispersed — settled itself once more at Wood End in November, 1914. Edith had now established herself in a small top-floor flat in Bayswater (in spite of its size, for many years it became a center in London for painters, musicians, writers, and especially for young poets), Sacheverell was at Eton.

Henry Moat, our butler for many years, had left my father's service in April, 1913, this constituting the longest of his absences. On leaving he had applied at the agencies for a job, stating, as one of his qualifications, that he spoke "five languages including Yorkshire." Eventually he had found a very well-paid situation, which he thought would suit him, as butler to a rich, retired fur merchant in Hampstead. His employer, however, proved to have a temper of the most violent Oriental kind, and in reply to furious verbal assaults, accusing him of breaches of the decorum of major-domo, and sprinkled with inopportune foreign turns of phrase, Henry would remain calm, and then with his immense butler's dignity, which he could assume like a robe of office, would observe: "You must remember, sir; I'm accustomed to the gentry." He did not, in truth, ever grow used to the ways of the house, and in consequence, as soon as the war broke out, had joined the Army Service Corps.

Poor Robins, who had replaced him as our butler, had been recalled to his regiment early in August, and had gone abroad with the First Expeditionary Force. At the moment, he was in France, under peculiar circumstances: for, having evaded capture for a month, he was living behind the German lines, with other survivors of the same troop. Eventually, early in December, they were obliged to give themselves up, in order not to compromise those persons who had provided them with food and shelter, chief of whom was the heroic Princess de Croy. Next, they were taken to Germany, court-martialed, and the majority of them, including Robins, were sentenced to be shot. It was only at the very last moment, when they were lined up for execution in the yard, that a reprieve came, suddenly and without reason.

In the house, then, the old pantryman Pare alone remained, of all my former friends; Pare to whom day and night were the same and brought nothing but work and sadness. He still was not allowed to visit his mad wife, whose condition seemed to worsen every year. The servants who had replaced those who had left were foreign; a Swiss footman, a French maid. But Scarborough itself, the town and the people, were unchanged in most respects, though the town was full, and busy with a military activity new to it. I had a good many letters from my mother and father, Miss Lloyd and Major Viburne, and could, as a result, piece together what was happening there.

Miss Lloyd, a friend of the family, was now growing into a very old lady. She had taken upon herself innumerable labors on behalf of the local young men who had volunteered for service. In addition to these tasks, occupying most of the day — cooking, knitting, sending parcels — she had fallen a little under the spell of the then epidemic spy-mania, which always intoxicates and renders its victims happy by allowing them to exaggerate their own importance in the contemporary scene. And this, in turn, threw more work upon her, for it necessitated her remaining, for at least half an hour at a time, in the bow window of her drawing room, with the brass and shagreen telescope she had inherited from her uncle (to me, though never seen, a figure familiar from my earliest infancy, and legendary in scale albeit slightly misty) — with her telescope, then, clapped to her eye, searching the wide seascape for the periscopes of German submarines, and the convergence of streets below her house for disguised “Huns.”

And she would, indeed, make amazing discoveries; since half-coconuts and bits of fat were still suspended in the window box for hungry beaks to peck at, and in consequence she would sometimes, with the aid of the lens, misinterpret the distance of the scurry of wings immediately below, and read, instead of it, a distant naval engagement, which would leave her in a temporary vain agony of dis-

quiet. . . . What could they be, a new form of boat, or aircraft, perhaps; real devils, those Huns! But no, it was only the dear little blue tits again! Nor did her duties terminate with the day, for often at two or three in the morning, she would creep to the window to look for Germans (and one never knew now who were or were not Germans), signaling out to sea, giving their chiefs news of the latest Rectory Sale of Work or Scout Jamboree. (They were so methodical and devoted to detail, that nothing, she held, was too trivial for them to notice.)

6

To Major Viburne, too, now well over eighty years of age, the war had brought new interests, new life. While it was true that he had, together with all the other old gentlemen in clubs, long foreseen the struggle coming, it was equally not to be denied that his own military experience had been limited. Long ago, I had been present in the pantry in Renishaw, when a footman who had been startled during dinner by Major Viburne’s tales of his own martial prowess, had asked Henry: —

“Excuse me, Mr. Moat, sir, but in what war did the Major see service?”

Henry had replied, to the young man’s complete satisfaction, “My lad, the old boy served right through the Canteen Campaign from start to finish!”

And so it was that now, ancient memories stirred in him; memories of other wars — of which he had read in other newspapers. It can be imagined how frequent and how free were the advice and exhortations he lavished upon the somnolent forms of fellow elders in the Gentleman’s Club; sometimes, again, one of them would rouse himself and similarly address the Major, when he, too, was asleep in his armchair, dreaming of the days when he had been Captain Commandant of Scarborough Castle. When awake, or not talking, he was reading *Caesar’s Commentaries* again, which somehow made the present war seem so much more vivid.

My mother’s troubles with money, brought on by her total ignorance of arithmetic and law, appeared at this moment to have taken a turn for the better, even to have dispersed. First of all my cousin, Irene Denison, had, on her own initiative, and without the advice of her parents or mine, made a most gallant effort, and at a sacrifice of part of her own fortune, to save my mother before it should prove too late: and in November my mother went up to London for a few days, for a lawsuit that Messrs. Lewis & Lewis were conducting on her behalf against the moneylender Julian Field. She won it, was triumphantly vindicated, and exposed his dealings. Yet she was still unhappy and agitated — though perhaps agitated is not the correct word, for in the daytime she averted her mind from her troubles, which returned to haunt her at night.

My father was immersed in his usual interests, and on December 8 wrote to me from Scarborough: —

I don't think I told you I am turning the Ladies Room at the Renishaw Park Golf Club into a locker-room. It will be so much better for them to have as a sitting-room the cottage beyond — which will open into the passage. This will make a splendid room, two storeys of windows, a coved plaster roof and a south aspect. I think I shall put up in it the 16th century chimneypiece, as it may as well be there till it is wanted elsewhere, as lying about. . . . I have been busy getting copies of wills for the family history. Mary Revell, who was a Sitwell, in 1670, John Milward, who was Francis Sitwell's brother-in-law in 1679, Hercules Clay, who was Ann Sitwell's grandfather in 1685; and Mrs Kent, who was her step-mother, in 1687. . . . Mrs Revell had a table-carpet in her bedroom, but no floor-carpet. John Milward leaves his hawks and spaniels to one friend, except his setter-dog, Lusty, whom he leaves to another. . . . I have been working, too, at old costume. The modern coat was only invented about 1670-5: before that it was doublet, waistcoat and breeches. In this way, I think I have been able to date the picture of old Derby. . . .

So things were going, until the morning of my last day in England before I left for the front — the same morning that Germans came over the North Sea and chose to bombard Scarborough!

The noise of the great naval guns thumping and crashing through the mist, which magnified the sound, was enormous. It was about 8.15 A.M.; my father was just dressing, and lost no time in finishing the process, and getting downstairs. A piece of shell went through the front door, pierced a wooden pillar (part of the elaborate Edwardian decoration he had installed) and then buried itself in the smaller hall, while many fragments penetrated the house. The Swiss footman went upstairs, and watched the attack from the roof. My mother, who was in bed when the bombardment took place, refused to move: but half an hour later, after it had just stopped, she rose, dressed, and, in order to see me before I left England the next morning, caught a train, unusually crowded, to London. Her maid supervised the luggage: but my mother personally took charge of a rather heavy piece of shell, which she was anxious to give me as a mascot. She entered my sister's flat, where I was having tea, and pressed her offering into my hands, saying: —

"Here you are, darling! I've brought it with me specially, for you to take to France. I'm sure it'll bring you luck!"

7

My father had taken refuge, with the rest of the household, except my mother and the footman, in the cellar; though, as will appear in a moment, he had found a more dignified name for it. In those

days he still possessed no motor, and so when, as soon as the German ships had sheered back into the gray vapor that separated our two countries, he emerged into daylight again — but cautiously, since he feared that the retreat might be a ruse; the object of a new raid, if it occurred, being, in his opinion, the determination of the enemy fleet to secure himself as a hostage — he sent immediately for his medical attendant of many years' standing. As the doctor entered the room, my father said to him, without preface: —

"Dr. Mallard, if the Germans come back, I shall need your motor to drive me to York."

"But what will happen if Mrs. Mallard wants it, Sir George?" the poor man asked despairingly.

"I'm afraid I really can't help that!" my father snapped at him, and allowed a look to show plainly his disgust at other people's selfishness.

Meanwhile his power of fantasy had set itself to work on another plan for the moment when the emergency he foresaw should arise: an alternative of which he often told me in later years in example of the heroic lengths to which he would have gone and could go. . . . A little way beneath the western, tall, brown-brick wall of our garden, in the depths of The Valley, as it was called, a wooded public pleasance, with a road running through it, lay a small but rather elongated shallow pool, carrying in its center a diminutive island where elegiac trees drooped over the water. In the middle of this rose a rustic thatched hut of the sixties, fashioned of wood that still retained in places its bark as a shelter for earwigs, while the outside — and inside — of the cabin was much discolored by bird-droppings: for it was the home and haunt of many water birds. Hither my father proposed to wade or swim, should he be surprised in Scarborough by the returning Germans and unable to make a getaway in Dr. Mallard's motor: in this idyllic refuge, he would hide, residing there, a Wild Man of the Weeping Willows, living among — and I suppose upon — the ducks and other decorative fowl to which in more peaceful times it was abandoned.

"I should have been quite happy there, too," he would comment at the end of a disclosure of his plans in after years, "with a few books down from time to time from the London Library." And then, he would add the familiar reproof, "*I never allow myself to feel bored!*"

Of this Red Indian's dream of his, he did not inform me at once by letter — it might be dangerous to me as well; the Germans were sure to steam open his letters, and by that means would find out that I had gone abroad — but he told Sacheverell of it, during the Christmas holidays. Nor did he allow his fears to prevent him from writing me of other things: for when I reported to the Adjutant in the front-line trenches, only two days after the bombardment of Scarborough, I was at once handed a letter from my father! I read it later, by myself, and was startled

out of the dull melancholy that had settled on me when I arrived — at the first sight of the flying fountains of dead earth, the broken trees and mud, and at the first sounds, growing ever more ominous as one drew nearer to the bumping and metallic roaring which resembled a clash of comets — by the sheer fun of its contents.

MY DEAREST OSBERT

As I fear a line sent to Chelsea Barracks may not reach you before you leave tomorrow, I write to you, care of your regiment, B.E.F. so that you may find a letter from me waiting for you when you arrive in the trenches. But I had wanted if possible to give you a word of advice before you left. Though you will not, of course, have to encounter anywhere abroad the same weight of gunfire that your mother and I had to face here — it has been my contention for many years that there were no guns in the world to compare for weight and range with the great German naval guns, and that our own do not come anywhere near them — yet my experience may be useful to you. Directly you hear the first shell, retire, as I did, to the Undercroft, and remain there quietly until all firing has ceased. Even then, a bombardment, especially as one grows older, is a strain upon the nervous system — but the best remedy for that, as always, is to keep warm and have plenty of plain, nourishing food at frequent but regular intervals. And, of course, plenty of rest. I find a nap in the afternoon most helpful, if not unduly prolonged, and I advise you to try it whenever possible.

Ever your loving father

GEORGE R. SITWELL

Undercroft was a word new to me, and it was some time before I discovered with what trisyllabic majesty the simple word cellar had clothed itself.

8

SO BORED was I with life in France and Flanders and, as I have before had reason to stress, so incompetent in many ways as an officer, that I seldom or never knew where I was, in relation, not to the precise locality, but to the whole map. One or two places, like Ypres, possessed their own fame and history whether in war or peace; the rest was "the front," a monochromatic geographical entity of its own, floating, cloudlike, across a continent. I felt utterly lost in a world in which all my old friends, with whom I associated regimental life, were dead, and already remembered here by but few: while my new friends, of a few months' standing, had not yet been passed out from Chelsea Barracks. The very excess of bleak boredom and gray discomfort — albeit that seems an inadequate description for so entire and black a universe of physical sensation, of wet and cold and stench and mud — afforded me a sort of careless courage. Yet it was ever with dismay that I would hear, as alas I often did, a brother officer remark, no doubt with a kindred sentiment in his heart: —

"The Boches won't get me now! I've been out here too long!"

Whether with them it was that many dangers survived had induced a feeling of false security, I do not know, or what the chief cause responsible for it may have been, yet always I noticed that the man who said it would be dead within a space of a few days, or more often of hours. . . . The chance, when one reasoned, of continued existence in this world after the war, seemed as remote as that of life after death to an unbeliever. (My father, however, wrote to me on this matter, and treated it on a basis of computation or assessment. It would be a serious matter, losing an elder son, even if he were not altogether the success he ought to be; and so, it appeared, he had been making inquiries. "According to the Insurance Companies it is eleven to one against an officer being killed in a *year's* fighting with the Germans, so I hope we may get you back safe and sound.")

Even in the depths of spirit, however, to which the monotony of the life reduced me, I did not hate the routine here as I hated it in my private school. At least Bloodsworth had done that for me. I had known worse. At least there were no masters, matrons, nor compulsory games. The discomfort was, at times, perhaps a little greater, the food, though tinned, perhaps a little more palatable. (Indeed, I have been inclined to wonder whether the education of myself and my contemporaries at private and public schools had not been conducted with the idea in view of affording us the ability to make this comparison. . . . Through the long course of Samurai-like discipline to which they were, with few exceptions, obliged to submit in their most impressionable years, the children of the former British governing classes had been taught to bear with composure a high degree of physical hardship and spiritual misery, while enclosed in an atmosphere of utmost frustration: might not this apparent abandoning of children by their parents have been deliberate, in order to prepare them to cut their way out of the catastrophic booby traps which at that very time the politicians were so steadily, and with such elaboration, getting ready for us? But if this were so — and certainly the young of this class could bear bodily suffering and exhaustion, and a sense of the cruelest isolation, with a stoical equanimity unknown among those who came from good working-class homes and had been brought up, right from their earliest years to manhood, in an unaltered atmosphere of domestic affection — would it not have been wiser to have elucidated the position for us at the time?)

No, the front was certainly preferable to "the happiest time of one's life." Though my friends were dead, and the sadness of this lay over me — though the abruptness of it still rendered it difficult to grasp — yet, since I was young, new relationships established themselves. And in the Regiment,

I found the old tolerance, which had always greatly surprised me, still flourished oddly in this harsh soil.

I must again emphasize — for it cannot be exaggerated — the degree to which, voluntarily and involuntarily, I continually showed myself to be of an unmilitary and even anti-militarist disposition. Not only, as I have said, did I hardly know *where*, precisely, I was, but so deeply bored was I at this period that, although in some directions my memory is very retentive, an inner censor — perhaps the same who censors nightmares after waking — stepped in to delete certain facts from the record. Thus I am quite unable to recall with what battalions I saw service in France and Flanders, though I can still, on the other hand, quite well recall with what battalions I served in England a year or two earlier. Again, at moments driven desperate by the placid acceptances of conventional minds, I quite often said, in my own way, what I thought. I remember, for example, one very wet day, when out for a route march during a week's break from the routine of trenches and billets in farms, covering my uniform with copies of *The Times*. These were soon turned by the weather into a very sodden, dirty gray mess, and in consequence I arrived at the end of the day looking very disreputable. When the Commanding Officer inquired what it meant, I replied: —

“You seem to forget, sir, that it's very wet and I've had a long walk.”

This unmilitary reply would have infuriated many commanders, less sure of themselves, and of the discipline of their officers and men: here, it raised no flicker of rage. So that, in the sense of companionship, I was happy enough, and it was only when all the officers of the Battalion or Battalions were gathered together for a dinner that I found myself ill at ease, disliking then, as now, and as always, the manner in which the coalescent group-soul, released from a herd, manifests itself. . . . At some of these occasions, I would see the very young, slight figure of the Prince of Wales, then an officer in the Grenadiers, with his extreme charm, his melancholy smile, and angry eyes, trying, I suspect like myself, to pretend he was enjoying himself.

9

For the rest, in the trenches, one day was sad, cold, and hopeless as the next. Sleep was the greatest prop and happiness known to any of us, I believe. To me, assuredly, whether dreamless or the reverse, it was, during this period, peculiarly happy. (Perhaps the sleep of condemned, but innocent, political prisoners, for example, resembles it in this respect.) Though often in ordinary life of a melancholy or terrifying nature, my dreams were now peaceful, and even radiant, in feeling, imbued with the happiest imagining, and this certainly affords an inner psychical strength.

Sometimes I have thought my subconscious mind to be lazy in the background it presents. Seldom, indeed, does it carry me to interesting places, such as when once it transported me for the night to the immense halls and galleries of the palace of King Nebuchadnezzar, and allowed me to look at the flat domes and colonnades, and towers, stepped like Aztec pyramids, to examine at my leisure the detail of the great bas-reliefs in porphyry and basalt which adorned its walls, so sheer and lofty, and to watch the procession of men, with blue-black beards, hook noses, and yellow skins, hurrying through corridors to attend their royal but graminivorous master. For that hour's entertainment, a whole system of architecture had been improvised, a lost civilization revived.

But this was very rare: as a rule I am rationed in this other life, and usually given distorted variations of the scenes most familiar to me, three in number like the crow's-foot alleys in perspective of the Renaissance and seventeenth-century stage; Renishaw awry in a vast, flawless summer day or night, with its enormous rooms in the wrong order, or on occasion a new wing, suddenly revealed to me by my father — something he had been keeping secret — but always beautiful and with an atmosphere of curious suspense and beauty, or the rolling winter seas of Scarborough, dashing gigantic wings to batter falling cliffs, under the pounce and glitter of bitter-beaked sea gulls materializing out of a misty nothingness of white foam, and yellow sky, while a voice cries slyly in the hollows under the hull, “Rags and Bones, Rags and Bones!”; or London, with a prim brown-brick street, very neat and orderly, with its shops and railings. . . .

But now, in the trenches, I was granted compensatory dreams, being allowed in them to see the people I wanted to see, and with whom I wanted — or thought I wanted — to spend my life. The background was of no importance: and though one of the chief deprivations I felt in these years was my enforced absence from Renishaw — which I hardly saw during the years of war, never in the summer, and for more than a day or two only when ill or at a moment of very severe personal distress — I seldom dreamed of it, or of Italy, which again would have saddened me when I awoke by the comparison the present offered with the past. The dreams of which I tell, left, on the contrary, no aftertaste. They were, as I have said, concerned with people more than places, and the degree of psychological observation latent, I suppose, in every novelist, whether practicing or still in chrysalis, gave a peculiar sharpness to their doings and sayings: they behaved in this sharp, swift world reflected from their own behavior, in a fashion that was more essentially typical of themselves than themselves were, in everyday life! . . . Or, very often, sleep was dreamless, came on with the force and suddenness of a knockout, and in one instance, after a

particularly long and trying period in the trenches, though by nature a reluctant and nervous sleeper, I slumbered for eighteen hours, only waking at six in the evening.

10

NEXT to sleep, but certainly inferior to it as a pleasure, came reading. . . . As a pessimist, and in an effort to make this existence seem more tolerable, in general I avoided works of a cheerful tendency, and once more abandoned myself to the genius of Dostoevsky. To have been Raskolnikov or Mitya Karamazov would constitute a worse destiny than to lead this life until you were killed — lead this life, so dull in spite of its risk, and with the prospect of the humiliation and sadness that threatened us at home, continually under the mind. (It was only, as I have told in *Great Morning!*, a few days before I left for the front, that my father had written to tell me that the crop of lawsuits, claims and counter-claims, arising out of my mother's financial entanglements, as the result of Field's machinations, was beginning all over again, and now with a yet more somber tinge to it. In this way, heroic tragedy proved a comfort.

When after reading *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *The Idiot*, *King Lear* or *Othello*, I needed a change of feeling, I turned to the novels of Dickens again: for they were connected with the life of a great city, and I felt a craving for metropolitan interests. For so long as I read, the white winter vapors of Flanders and of France — mists so dull and lifeless, except to our eyes when we were on duty, for then every shape stirred stealthily, and the whole static world assumed movement at a sound — were exchanged for the glorious golden fogs (or such they now seemed to me) of my native city, and I exulted accordingly in the creative force of this great novelist, so dear to me and so familiar from boyhood.

With what certainty he would have comprehended and rendered a night of duty: rats and mud, and the particular horror they hold for human beings; he already understood (think of the opening of *Our Mutual Friend* on the waters of the Pool of London!), and he would at once have captured, the feeling of these coffin-like ditches, where death brooded in the air after the same manner that some fatal disease, such as malaria, hangs suspended, but ever present, over the deserted marshlands of Italy and Greece. I had always, in so far as I had considered the question, regarded myself as being of both an imaginative and an apprehensive turn of mind: but here the suddenness of death and its sadness, the sense, above all, of waste, transcended any preconceived idea.

The second night after my arrival, I was sent out on duty just behind the line, lightly held at this point, though the enemy was within a hundred

yards. Before me, in the white, misty evening, pervaded by vague moonlight, could be seen, just across our trenches, the narrow territory of No Man's Land, to which the futures of all of us were restricted. Among plantations of barbed wire, whole corpses, waiting to be felled one day, to be twisted into crowns of thorns, lay mounds of rags, broken trees, rusty helmets, and the skeletons of animals. This must be, I thought, under my mind, the promised land — promised by that figure, with bearded face and battered top hat, from whose discolored lips I had, in earliest infancy, learned my first words, "Rags and Bones! Rags and Bones!" as he slunk along beneath the nursery window, jerkily trundling his barrow, and insinuating his hoarse cry, full of an ineffable, wheedling guile, upon the frozen air of the northern dawn, so that it was caught up, and carried far and wide by the rage of the wind that swooped down from skies torn at this hour into shreds of light and darkness, but which would soon shed an implacable light, dull as the wings of sea gulls. The town had seemed alone under the sky, abandoned to this one grotesque figure and his chant, "Rags and Bones! Rags and Bones!"

As now, twenty years later, I looked, for the first time clearly, though by night, at No Man's Land, the cry sounded in my ears again. (Looking back, it seems to me as though sometimes I have been able to catch for an instant, passing before one seizes it, a clue, thus introduced, to life's rhythm, a glimpse so terrifying in the vast span of the design it discloses, that though it can be intuitively grasped for a moment on a few occasions in a lifetime, it can never, even then, be comprehended; so with an eye applied to a microscope, observing the movement of an ant upon a blade of grass, might we, for a fraction of a second, perceive, revealed to us, the Day of Judgment, and the world-wide dead arising, with arms upstretched, imploring mercy, yet testifying to Heaven, from their tombs of every aeon: but then common sense envelops us again, and we behold the purposeful gesture of the ant within its emerald grove.)

"Rags and Bones!" Here the land was white, too, but with a different, skeletal whiteness: here everything was silent and still, and white but without light. Everything stirred, but was motionless. . . . Suddenly the fabric of the whole wide night was ripped by a shot, and I had time to see, before he fell, a black flower or star expand upon the temple of a boy of twenty, who was within touching distance of me. There was a gush of blood, black in the grayness, from his mouth; he groaned, stirred, shuddered, and was dead.

I do not think I felt frightened, for the blow was intangible, an act of God, but I *was* sick with sorrow, with a sense of pathos: he had been in my platoon at Chelsea Barracks. I do not recall to what profession he had formerly belonged — by his ap-

pearance he might well have been a garden boy until lately: but I still recall his rustic grace, honest and young, and the burr in his voice when he spoke, like a young, gentle animal that has learned to express simple thoughts. (Who else living remembers him today, I wonder?) . . . It was upon this night that a hatred of moonlight took possession of my mind, and it required a whole subsequent decade of peaceful years to free me of it: for several thousands of nights, every tree or bush that showed in the whiteness, concealed the shape of a sniper, of the death which was everyman's future, all our future.

11

EVEN here, in Flanders, cut off though we were by distance and by war, and albeit I was leading an existence the precise opposite of any that a young man could wish and, as a result, my mind was occupied with my own worries and troubles, nevertheless I still could not fail to distinguish the continuance of the two main threads woven into the web of my life at home by the Fates. For those who lived there now the shadow had grown to such dimensions that it stretched across the whole day as well as night. It filled the horizon for all these months. And just as pathos and ominousness had now hardened into something deeper, and more actual, so the humor of the situations had cheapened day by day into less and less realistic farce. To give a little the atmosphere of my home at this time, I will quote a letter from my brother, written from Renishaw at the beginning of the war, when he was aged sixteen.

This letter may bore you, but remember I am writing from the wilds of Derbyshire, surrounded by lunatics and octogenarians. Mother is at present carrying on a quarrel with almost every one of her acquaintance. And Father has been telling me about his system of taking soap out of the eyes when washing. "It really took me twenty years to discover it!" And it seemed like twenty to tell it! I have to pay for my own postage stamps, as he is too poor owing to the war. However, he is still going on with Barber's Garden, getting further plans from Malloes and altering the Golf Club. He now makes me walk about and carry a book on my head for twenty minutes a day. It's too infuriating, but exactly like him, isn't it? . . . That old ninny Aunt Florence has just been in to say how dreadful it is to curse one's parents. Even Turks and Mohammedans don't do that! . . .

Only one good thing for me, I believe, had come out of the interplaying forces at work in my home life; they had developed to the highest degree a sense of mutual confidence and interdependence among my brother, my sister, and myself, from earliest years devoted to one another. We formed a closed corporation; whose other members wrote to me while I was at the war with the greatest regularity, so that I knew from them exactly what was happening, and how it was happening. I think no

brother could have two more sensitive and percipient correspondents.

My mother also wrote at frequent intervals: as did my father, and for the most part kindly. Yet though primogeniture luckily afforded me, as I have before indicated, my own ex-officio position in the universe, and though undoubtedly he worried about me, yet in a letter written to me at this time, he announced that, finding himself compelled to reduce expenditure, and because, as he said, I was in the trenches and therefore could have no need for money, he had decided as a measure of economy to cut off my allowance. And this despite the fact that he was under the impression — created, I must confess, by myself — that I was receiving no Army pay: for, after he had told me that, when it reached me, he would deduct an equivalent sum from the amount he gave me, and continually snatched from me, I decided to lie, knowing that no lie was too absurd for him to believe — indeed, it had to be ridiculous for him to be taken in by it.

Accordingly I declared that no credits were ever paid in to my account by the authorities, and maintained this deception stoutly to the end of my military career. When he from time to time asked about it, and if all my other brother officers were in the same unfortunate predicament, I said, yes, that it was a current scandal, widely commented on. (I am not trying to justify my attitude or conduct, no doubt both to my discredit, but before passing to the result, which was so disconcerting that I must record it, let me urge on my own behalf that I had been given some provocation, and that to a certain degree a sense of fun inspired me.) I was, however, most acutely embarrassed when, while standing for Parliament in 1918, I learned from my father that he had consulted a cousin, in strict confidence, on what should be done to remedy the shocking state of public affairs I had so innocently revealed, and that, on this man's advice, he had gone to a firm of private detectives, and employed them to set on sleuths to watch the Army Pay Department and to make inquiries in general of the clerks. The detectives, however, had obtained no satisfaction, and had been received, when in the end they had to become more direct in their questions, with, at first, bewilderment, and then with anger. . . .

I thought it best now to admit the whole of my iniquity; that is, that I had kept the money I had earned, and which, if I had admitted to receiving it, I had realized, would have been taken away from me. And not the least singular part of the story is that my father seemed in no way put out by my confession; if anything, on the contrary, rather pleased. . . . I felt some shame at what I had done, but at times, when I thought of those long months in 1918 during which detectives had been watching the Army Pay Department, laughter would sweep away all other thoughts.

However, we are only in 1914; I am at the front, and though my father sent me, as well as letters, hampers, wading boots, and various necessities of life there, yet he had been as good as his word, and had proceeded to retrench in his favorite and familiar style. I did not know where to turn for money, but at the same time a certain ludicrous side to it, and perhaps a love of adventure, forbade me to take the matter too seriously — although I was resolved to give my father a fright and regain my allowance. Moreover, I had already learned a lesson: always, in any disagreement with my father to be inventive, to view the question in dispute from an altogether novel angle, and whenever possible, to indulge in a high degree of fantasy. (This was a rule by which, more and more, in the coming years I guided my dealings with him, and it proved invaluable by its results.)

12

Now a year or two before the war my father had started to farm in a small way, and had latterly expanded the scope of his operations, into which he had thrown himself with a kind of fury. Before long the area had amounted to no less than two thousand acres, and he had founded a company, of which, since some of the land it worked belonged to me, I had been made a director. He started, of course, with no knowledge of agriculture, but I was away, he was keen on fault-finding, and this new occupation afforded him the fullest outlet for it. He drove about, balanced on his British Museum air cushion in a pony cart — a tub, smartly painted in green and yellow, and drawn by a skewbald pony — criticizing to the top of his bent.

Fortunately, his agent at Renishaw, Maynard Hollingworth, who made the plans and carried them out, was an expert in farming; and on his advice my father had particularly specialized in pigs and potatoes. Recently, where certain ideas, not political or aesthetic, were concerned, he had, rather unexpectedly, shown himself liable to be very easily influenced by the press. Thus, in the years immediately preceding 1914, he had shown himself an enthusiastic advocate of Standard Bread and paper-bag cookery, when these two objects, or ideals, were written up in rival daily papers.

It happened that lately a correspondence had been published in the *Times*, concerning the possible benefits to be derived from reviving the medieval habit of payment in kind. My father had thoroughly enjoyed, and pondered on, these letters, and had determined that his approval of ancient ways should find a practical application. He had returned to Renishaw in January, 1915, and late

that month or early in February, had sent a letter to my brother's housemaster at Eton, to intimate that having been particularly hard hit by the war, he could not afford to pay the usual fees at the end of the term in money, but instead would deliver to their value pigs and potatoes. The housemaster was, it can be imagined, perturbed by the novelty of the suggestion and when the story transpired it created much interest. Sacheverell, whose life had been made by no whit easier as a result, showed himself far from enthusiastic about the scheme when he wrote to tell me of it. His letter reached me at the front, at about the same time as that from my father in which he had cut off my allowance, and from this conjunction an idea came to me. I was shortly due to proceed on leave and, after all, I remembered, I was a director of the Sitwell Farming Company!

I wrote to my father, in the following terms, and without showing any sign of resentment: —

MY DEAREST FATHER

Thank you for your letter. I well understand that your present position forces you to make economies, because I am obliged to do the same. I come home on leave in about a fortnight, and, as I have no allowance now, I have been able to arrange with the guard on the leave-train, I am glad to say, to take potatoes instead of my fare.

Ever your loving son

OSBERT

In his reply to me, my father did not even permit himself to allude to the subject of my letter, and for a while I feared it had fallen flat: but not many more days had passed, before, without a word of explanation, my allowance was restored in full.

On my return, I learned more, and that my ruse had been successful: for Maynard Hollingworth described to me the following scene.

"One day Sir George rushed up to the office, waving a letter in his hand, and shouting, 'What does the boy mean? They're not *his* potatoes: they're *my* potatoes!'

"I said to him, 'If you'd let me see the letter, Sir George, perhaps I might be able to help.' . . . He gave it me and after reading it, I said, 'It's nothing, Sir George; it's Mr. Osbert's chaff!' But he tore it out of my hand, and dashed out of the room again, crying, 'Oh no, it's not. *He* would do it!'

In the end it had only been by stressing the improbability of there being guards on trains near the fighting, and the difficulties I should undoubtedly encounter in securing the transport requisite for moving the crop from Renishaw to the front, that Hollingworth had been able to allay, though not to dispel, my father's fears.

(To be continued)

Accident on Living

THIS MONTH

We are still awaiting from W. A. R. Wood a fill-in about the ghost which he *did* see. We asked him to send along the story and we hope that Mr. Wood's ghost goes west without too much delay. Meanwhile, we make shift with the spooks which he did not see, but which he laid so effectively in the Mysterious East. ("Ghosts," page 86.)

The credibility of ghosts seems to be in direct proportion to their distance and antiquity. Compared to Siam or Cornwall, the United States is only sparsely haunted nowadays. Unlike Mr. Wood, I have never met a ghost, but I did see a very queer automobile in Colorado some years ago, on the road from Idaho Springs to Evergreen at bright noon on a summer day.

There were three of us on the front seat in my own car. The graveled road, comfortably wide enough for two cars, was on a standardized grade cut into the mountainside. There was a steep cliff above us on our right and a heavy three-cable guard fence on our left. The road was a series of straightaways, with a sharp loop every half mile or so where a jutting of the mountainside was too great to cut through or too steep for the easy grade to be maintained. At these points the road curved sharply around the obstacle and resumed its general direction eastward.

As we approached these bights, we could see any oncoming traffic as it turned into them. The turns were sharp and the outer loop of the bight was usually an abrupt hairpin.

We were pulling up the grade at about twenty miles an hour, perhaps fifty yards from one of these loops, when I saw a car coming towards us, downhill, and about to enter the loop. It was moving slowly — a dark blue touring car with the top up. I judged that we would pass each other midway around the loop, at the hairpin.

We made the first turn, covered the fifty yards or so to the hairpin and started around it. That was exactly what the other car should have been doing,

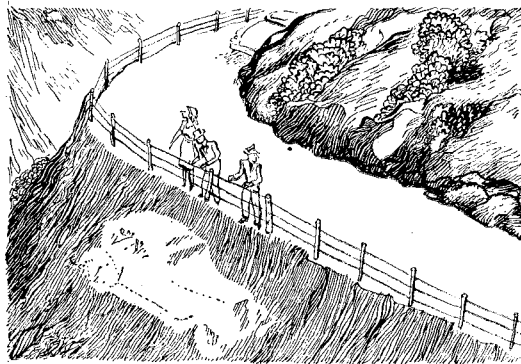
above us and momentarily out of sight. But there was no car on the road as we came around the hairpin and straightened out on the upper side of the loop. We all spoke up about it. Where could it have gone? It took us only a few seconds to reach the upper end of the loop, to turn and look up the long straight stretch beyond. No car. We stopped and got out.

There was no exit of any kind from the road — on one side the rocky slope above us, on the other the stout cable fence. We agreed that there had been a second or so when the car could have gone through the fence without our seeing it. This was certainly improbable, but we walked back to the hairpin to look. No sign of any accident and no means whatever of leaving the road except by ripping through the guard cables. But they were intact and that was that.

We had all three, on the front seat, seen the same thing, a blue touring car with the top up, at a distance of less than seventy-five yards. There was not time for the car to turn around and get out of sight before we completed the loop. There was no other way of concealing the car or getting it off the road. We never did see it again.

I believe this is what the professionals call a mass hallucination. It has nothing to do with a mirage, which is usually seen at a much longer distance. From Isle Royale, in Lake Superior, one can always see a string of bogus islands on a clear summer afternoon. These islands will not show up in a photograph and neither, I suppose, would the blue touring car with the top up.

Comic-book artists should read "Kids' Movie" (page 89) and weigh the possibilities it opens up about an entirely new kind of heroine — the women who wrangle the small fry on an all-comers basis at a YMCA. The panther girls and snake women of the comic strips go up against some fairly tough customers, adventuring as they do on Mars or in the jungles or far-off Tibet. But most of them have to



fall back on their death rays and disintegrator pistols, and there is always some belated comic-strip hero in the offing to whisk the female character away from the unspeakable tortures which the other comic characters — humorists that they are — are about to inflict on her. The legend of feminine helplessness is thus falsely furthered, even while the ladies are filling their Saturday mornings with feats of derring-do, unassisted. It may be that the comic artists have already sized up the kids' movie per-

formances and found the whole thing too rough for general circulation. We can only guess, for instance, what kind of situation would cause a veteran supervisor of kids' movies actually to ring the emergency bell.

If at any time the juvenile population seems to need thinning out, the aquatic pastimes described by David Graham (page 93) might be substituted for the films, and the Saturday morning gatherings transferred to the swimming pool.

Author of *A History of Siam*, W. A. R. WOOD was formerly British Consul General at Chiangmai, Siam.

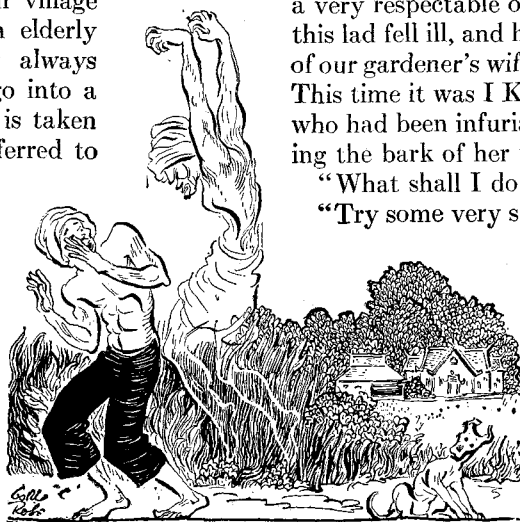
GHOSTS

by W. A. R. WOOD

PEOPLE sometimes ask me whether I believe in ghosts. In Northern Siam, where I live, it does not much matter whether one believes in them; there they are! Every house, every field, every tree, is haunted, and the denizens of the invisible world intrude at every turn into the lives of the people, worrying them in a thousand ways.

When my wife and I bought the land on which we are still living, we knew there was a ghost there, but that did not disturb us much; every site has a ghost or two. Our ghost was the spirit of a man who many years before had been accidentally drowned by falling down a well. In Siam, as elsewhere, the spirits of persons who die by accident or violence are supposed to be of a vengeful and malicious nature. Our ghost was no exception.

A few months after we had settled in, one of our gardeners was taken ill. He developed low fever, pains in the stomach, and other disquieting symptoms. Medical treatment had no effect, so his wife went along to consult our village medium. This medium is an elderly lady living near-by, who is always ready, for a suitable fee, to go into a trance. When entranced, she is taken possession of by a control, referred to as "The Prince"; she then warbles in a rather squeaky voice a series of improvised verses, which may be designed to meet any case — lost property to be recovered, matrimonial disputes to be settled, evil spirits to be exorcised or propitiated. When our gardener's wife sought her aid, "The Prince" said:—



"I have beside me here the spirit of Noi Pan, the man who was drowned in the well, and he says he is very angry with your husband."

"What has he done?" asked the gardener's wife.

"What has he done?" sang "The Prince." "I will soon tell you that! The other day he was working in Mr. Wood's garden. He saw a pariah dog. He threw half a brick at it. He missed it. But that half brick passed bang through the middle of Noi Pan's stomach when he was taking his evening stroll, and if there is one thing more than another which Noi Pan dislikes, it is having bricks thrown through his stomach. Unless Noi Pan is propitiated with some generous offerings, you may as well order your husband's coffin."

The gardener's wife came weeping to us, and we of course provided a suitable meal of rice, pork, and fruit for Noi Pan's spirit, and a few candles and joss sticks to burn in his honor. The gardener recovered at once; but he was always very careful, after that, not to throw bricks about.

But there was an even more malicious spirit in the neighborhood. It haunted the garden of a man named Hopkinson. It was the ghost of a woman who many years before had hanged herself on the branch of a mango tree. Hopkinson had a young fellow of about eighteen working for him, the son of a very respectable old man of our village. One day this lad fell ill, and his father, following the example of our gardener's wife, sought the aid of the medium. This time it was I Kam, the lady of the mango tree, who had been infuriated by the old man's son slashing the bark of her tree with a knife.

"What shall I do?" asked the old man.

"Try some very superior offerings," replied "The Prince." "But judging from the way I Kam talked to me, and the ugly face she made, I think she means to have your son's life."

And she did. The poor lad died a few days later.

Hopkinson and I thought it was time to seek a permanent remedy. In a neigh-

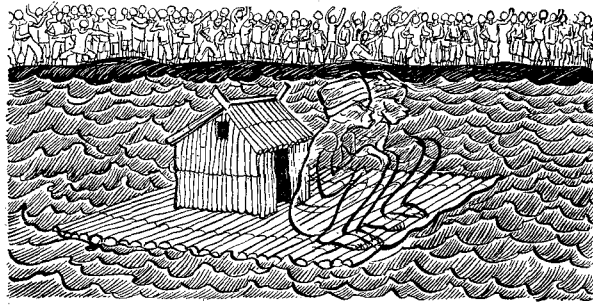
boring village dwelt a highly skilled sorcerer, reputed to be even more competent to grapple with spirits than our local medium. We sent for him and laid our case before him. He was extremely sympathetic and, after considering the matter, agreed that for a sum of twenty-four ticals (\$6) he would prepare a bamboo raft and would induce the two troublesome spirits to embark on it; they could then be made to float away down the river.

On the day appointed, the sorcerer duly made his appearance. He was carrying a neat little bamboo raft about three feet long. On it was a tiny bamboo house with a grass roof. He carefully put the little raft into the river at Hopkinson's landing, and then proceeded to stock it with some rice, two slices of pork, a few bananas, some flowers, and a number of lighted joss sticks. He had brought along three young fellows to assist him. One of them had a flute, the second a small drum, and the third a two-stringed fiddle made from a coconut shell.

Quite a big crowd had assembled to watch the proceedings. When all was ready, the sorcerer read out an incantation, explaining to the ghosts the attractions of the little house, while his three young assistants played lightly on their musical instruments. Then he raised his hands in supplication, and singing in a loud voice, invited the spirits to embark on the raft. At this point, the flutist blew his flute till he was purple in the face, the violinist fiddled for all he was worth, and the drummer banged his drum till I thought the parchment would burst. Amidst all this din, the two malicious ghosts embarked unseen — or so we were told — on the little raft, the sorcerer gave it a push, and away it floated downstream. The two vengeful spirits have never been heard of since.

In the foreign cemetery at Chiangmai there is the grave of an Englishman named Dickson, who was murdered by robbers. When I took charge of the British Consulate at Chiangmai in the year 1913, I found that one of the duties of the Consul was to manage the cemetery. My predecessor warned me on no account to meddle with the evergreen tree near Dickson's grave. He himself had once engaged a man to lop some of the branches, but the intruder had fallen from the tree and broken his leg. This mishap was generally attributed to the anger of Dickson's ghost.

Many years later, the tree had grown so big, and was so much in the way, that I rashly determined to get rid of it. A young man of my acquaintance, named Tan, told me that his father was not at all afraid of spirits, and would undertake to fell the tree if I made it worth his while. I agreed to his terms, and the next day the old man went along with his axe to start work on the tree; but hardly had he wielded his axe for more than a few seconds when he began to feel faint. He went home and retired to bed, and soon developed very alarming



symptoms — fever, pains in the limbs, and peculiar swellings all over him; his face, in particular, was very much swollen and inflamed. The native doctor failed to cure him, and I asked a well-known American physician to have a look at him. Dr. McCall tried various treatments, but in vain. So young Tan, feeling sure that Dickson's spirit was the cause of his father's sickness, sought out a spirit doctor. No use at all! The spirit doctor told him that Dickson's ghost was certainly the cause of the trouble, but regretted that he (the doctor) was powerless to intervene, as the ghost was that of a foreigner, and therefore not susceptible to the influence of such spells and incantations as he could provide. In despair, Tan came to me.

"Listen carefully," said I. "You must know that English people have a prejudice against magic and sorcery, and for this reason I have hitherto concealed the fact that I am an expert in that line of science. Do not breathe a word to anyone, but come all alone to meet me in the cemetery at midnight tonight. You must bring a spade, a little rosebush, and four candles. I will bring a box containing a magic talisman and a bottle of spirit medicine. Keep silent when in the cemetery, and trust in me. Then you need fear nothing."

When he had gone, I prepared my little box. It was neatly wrapped up in white paper, tied with red tape, and sealed. Inside it was the talisman, consisting of a lump of sugar. At first I thought of putting in a pebble, but this seemed rather like sharp practice, so I used a lump of sugar. I also got ready the bottle of magic medicine. This was composed of water, with a little alum to taste nasty and a little washing blue to look pretty. As is the case in more orthodox medical practice, spirit medicine ought to look nice but taste beastly.

At midnight Tan and I met in the cemetery. There was no moon that night, but a good deal of thunder and lightning about — just the weather to create a suitable atmosphere. Tan had duly brought the spade and the rosebush, together with the four candles, and we crept in silence to Dickson's grave. Here I made Tan put a lighted candle at each corner. Then he had to dig a small hole at the foot of the grave, and put into it the rosebush. Before the earth was filled in, I laid on the grave the bottle of medicine. Then I raised my hand, holding the box, which I rattled well to let Tan

know that the magic talisman was really inside, and recited in sepulchral and awe-inspiring tones: —

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead."

At this point in the proceedings, there was a violent clap of thunder, and poor Tan clung to me, trembling in every limb and with his teeth chattering. I calmed him down and made him fill in the earth round the rosebush, after first putting the box with the magic talisman into the hole. I then took up the bottle of medicine and we left the cemetery and proceeded to the near-by home of Tan's father. Tan related in awesome tones the frightful experience he had just been through. Then I laid my hand on the sick man's head and solemnly assured him that he would recover. His son had given the spirit a rosebush to compensate for the outrage against the evergreen tree. I had pronounced a most powerful incantation and had buried a magic talisman at the foot of the grave. I had moreover prepared a bottle of extra-strong spirit medicine, which had been laid on the grave. Let him take two doses of this daily for a week, and a perfect cure would result.

I was right. The very next morning the swellings started to subside, and in three days the patient was plowing his field, in perfect health.

A religious friend accused me of having bowed down in the House of Rimmon. Perhaps I did, but Rimmon or no Rimmon, I am quite sure that I saved the old man's life. On the whole, I am inclined to think that it was the lump of sugar which did the trick. A pebble would have been fatal.

On another occasion, I camped, accompanied by my wife, in a small village not far from the town of Chiengrai. In the evening the village Headman, a very unsophisticated old rustic, came along to see us. "Sir," he said, "I am a most miserable man. There is an evil spirit living in my rice bin. It makes horrible moaning noises, and has terrified my wife into a fever, and made my small son break out in pimples all over. I even saw it once. It looks frightful, with hair all over its face, and eyes like fire. I have had three sorcerers in to deal with it and have paid them a lot of money, but all for nothing. The demon is still there. Last week the English Forest Officer was here, and I begged him to help me, but he said he was unable to do so. Unless you can do something for me, I shall have to leave my home and go to live in another village."

"Cheer up," said I. "Maybe I can do something. Of course the Forest Officer could not help you. He is a very learned man in all matters pertaining to forestry, but you cannot expect him to know everything. If you want a man who knows everything, you must look for a British Consul. Come along after dark, and I will see what I can do."

The old Headman went home much relieved. I made the necessary preparations and was ready for him when he returned after dinner. I assured him that all would be well, and then showed him a box containing twenty-one cartridges.

"Now, then," said I. "How many cartridges do you see in that box, and what color are they?"

"I see twenty-one cartridges," he replied. "Twenty of them are red, and one is black."

"Exactly so," said I. "One is black! The red ones are for shooting birds, and the black one, specially prepared by me according to the directions in my magic book, is for shooting evil spirits. Now show me your rice bin."

So off we went, I taking my gun. When we reached his house, he showed me the rice bin, a small wooden building standing a few yards from the house. I then put the magic black cartridge into the gun, and in solemn and bloodcurdling tones recited these lines: —

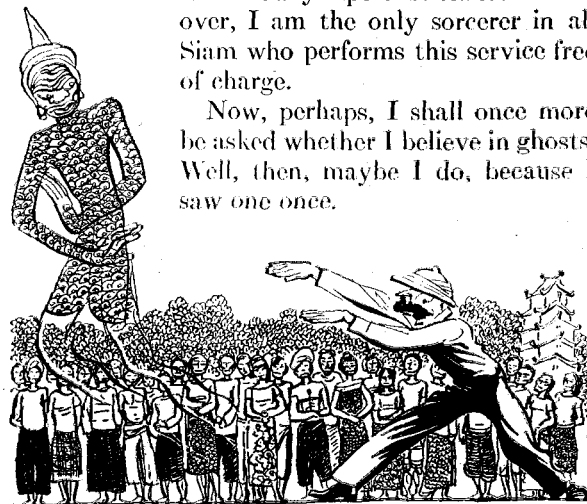
"The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand."

Then I let off my gun, filling the rice bin with magic No. 8 shot. This done, I once again assured the old man that there would be no more haunting, and went back to our tent. Early next morning we proceeded on our journey.

Three weeks later, we were returning along the same road. When we reached the village where I had shot the evil spirit, the old Headman and his wife — now cured — and most of the villagers turned out to meet us. They brought rice, eggs, fruit, and other gifts. This was because the magic cartridge had been 100 per cent successful. The demon had vanished, and so far as I know — for I was there again a few years later — it never came back to trouble them any more.

So, as all must agree, I can justly claim that I am fully competent to quell troublesome ghosts without any expert assistance. Moreover, I am the only sorcerer in all Siam who performs this service free of charge.

Now, perhaps, I shall once more be asked whether I believe in ghosts. Well, then, maybe I do, because I saw one once.



LORNA SLOCOMBE runs her own business, a typing agency, in Harvard Square, Cambridge. The deluge of manuscripts in this academic center hasn't discouraged her from turning out some of her own.

KIDS' MOVIE

by LORNA SLOCOMBE



WHEN I told Miss Lizzie Wheelwright that I'd help her out with the kids' movie at the YMCA, I simply didn't know what I was in for. I'd taken a niece to a puppet show once. The children sat in enchanted rows, their faces shining. But this was a community recreation project, put on Saturday morning in the poorest part of the city. The kids paid twelve cents to get in.

There was a terrific mob outside the building waiting for the doors to open. The kids spotted Miss Wheelwright at once and surged around her.

"Miss, how many funnies?"

"Hey, Miss, how many more minutes?"

Miss Wheelwright didn't stop to answer, but plowed on through, with me in her wake trying to smile graciously at the children. We went into the large, shabby building and she closed the door quickly behind us. There was a small lobby with a drinking fountain and a ticket booth. Beyond was the auditorium. I peered in—it was dim and peaceful. Old green window shades kept out the daylight except for a few spectacular cracks.

"Ought to be a sellout today," Miss Wheelwright said with relish. "They worship Roy Rogers. Now, your job is to take tickets at the door of the auditorium. Everybody wants to sit in the balcony, so that fills up first. See that they don't bring sling-shots or guns. Lollipops and cones are all right. And no lead pipe, of course."

"No lead pipe," I repeated automatically.

"They spit from the balcony," she said, "but there's nothing you can do about *that*. Now, one final thing. There's an emergency bell that rings for the janitor. It's behind the radiator over there. We've never had to use it, and I pride myself we never will. We can manage 'em."

"What kind of emergency —" I began, but Miss Wheelwright had hustled off, the green feather on her hat bobbing, to let in the kids. She unbolted the door and jumped for the ticket booth.

The kids rolled in in a great wave. The sharp smell of them filled the building. They converged

on the ticket booth in a mob, all ages and sizes, big ones with littler ones attached, girls lugging babies. I heard one small boy yell to a smaller, "Put yer hand in my back pocket and hang on!"

They were all in a terrific hurry to establish themselves in the balcony. They surged up the stairs so fast that the smallest ones being yanked by the hand dangled their feet in mid-air.

With a start I realized a girl was shouting at me. "Miss, gimme a ticket back, I wanna go out for some candy."

"Can they go out again?" I asked Miss Wheelwright desperately.

"Why, certainly," she said. "Give her a ticket."

Soon there was a steady stream of children going both ways, tickets flying in and out of grimy hands.

Suddenly Miss Wheelwright lunged past me in a sort of flying tackle and nabbed a small boy. "Hey, whoa!" she shouted. "What have you got there?"

He shyly got out three eggs.

"Are they rotten?"

"Yes," he said proudly.

Miss Wheelwright handed them over to me. "All that sort of stuff goes in the office."

"All that sort of stuff," I found myself babbling vaguely.

As Miss Wheelwright walked off, her steps made a strange crunching sound. I beheld a carpet of popcorn, everywhere. The smell of it mingled with the corduroy and the sneakers and the children.

Suddenly I was horrified to see a screaming, struggling mob in one corner of the lobby. Children were diving in and being forcibly catapulted out. A dark, sinister stream trickled from the crowd along the floor. Then I remembered with relief that this was the location of the drinking fountain. The children put their hands in it, they spit gum and cough drops into it, they pushed their friends' faces in it, they even got their feet in it. It was never turned off for a second.

The line of ticket holders now seemed to be mostly ingoing, and I realized thankfully it was almost time for the picture to begin.

One lone little boy was rushing out. "Miss, will you fix my belt?" As he held up two pieces, his pants fell to the floor. He had no underwear.

"It's my father's," he said anxiously. "Can you fix it?"

"If I had a safety pin —"

The screaming in the auditorium suddenly became a roar. I looked around nervously, but it was just the lights beginning to dim.

"Never mind, Miss," the little boy said, and scrambled away, holding up his pants.

The picture began. Miss Wheelwright came over and hissed, "Keep an eye on 'em every minute. One time one of 'em took all the bolts out of a row of seats. Whole thing collapsed."

SPORT

DAVID L. GRAHAM survived water polo at Yale, taught English at the University of Georgia, and served in the Navy during the war. A former Philadelphian, he now divides his time between Freeport, Maine, and New York.

DROWNINGS UNLIMITED

by DAVID L. GRAHAM

UNTIL about ten years ago some of the Eastern colleges used to play a game called Water Polo, American Water Polo. This was as different from International (Olympic) Water Polo as football from soccer or maybe ping-pong. But college boys are not allowed to indulge nowadays — too rough, the authorities claim, too dangerous. Well, in a way it was rough — roughest game in the world probably, because no referee could enforce the rules, few as they were; but for that very reason it was a sweet straightforward game too, and there was no wrangling about what was fair and what wasn't, because you could get by with anything.

The players suffered no bruises in water polo, no black eyes or bloody noses, no twisted knees and concussions. The only hazard was drowning. Of course it never came to that quite. If a fellow went limp and sank to the bottom of the pool and stayed there, somebody always noticed in time and hauled him out and got the pulmotor working on him.

It was a simple, manly sport, American water polo, conceived in the era of turtle-neck sweaters, open trolleys, and rugged individualism. Teamwork and finesse meant little. All you had to do was to get the man playing opposite you. To get him you drowned him — that is, you applied the kind of hold that would keep his face beneath the surface of the water and leave yours above (for breathing purposes). Under these conditions your opponent tired more quickly than you did, because your muscles would be getting oxygen and his wouldn't. Man is not equipped by nature for extracting oxygen from water—I had this proved to me again and again. And without oxygen the fastest swimmer, the scrappiest fighter, soon wilts. After we had "drowned off" an opponent several times, he didn't give us much trouble, becoming mushy and apathetic. We hated doing it, you understand, but that was the only way to play the game, the coach said.

You didn't have to be a student of the game to understand water polo. There were the same positions as in ice hockey, three forwards and three backs, including the goalkeeper; other-

wise the game was more like football. We played with a partially inflated rubber ball which could be gripped in the hand or tossed. By touching the ball against the goal, a 4-foot by 1½-foot board at each end of the pool, a player scored 5 points; by merely throwing the ball against his opponent's goal, he scored 3 points.

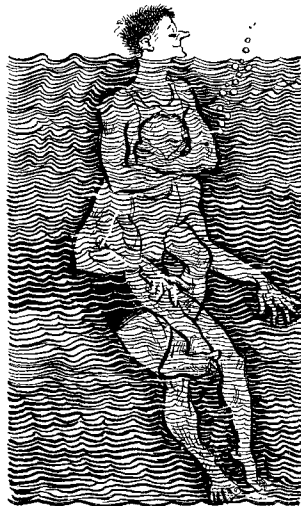
Playing time, which meant time in the water, consisted of two halves of eight minutes each, which was plenty for a couple of good drownings. At the beginning of each half, the teams lined up at their respective ends of the pool; then, blowing his whistle to start the proceedings, the referee tossed the ball into the center of the pool and the players raced for it.

The memory of college days fades with the years, but I remember a certain part of New Haven in minutest detail — the bottom of Carnegie Pool, every grinning tile of it, every pipe and drain. Best of all I remember the gutters, the blessed gutters we could hang on to between scrimmages.

When the ball was down at the other end of the pool, you hooked your elbow in the gutter, you and your opponent, face to face, gasping for air, your lungs in your mouth. When the ball was returned, you were faced with a nasty dilemma. There were two things you could do and either of them could be fatal. If, making a lunge for the ball, you shoved off from the gutter first, your opponent might be able to leap off on top of you, which meant a drowning. But if you shoved off too late, he would be out there floating happily on his back, ready to kick you in the face. Kicking was the only effective way of striking an opponent, and to kick well you had to be on your back. Trying to slug anyone in the water was just a waste of energy.

Water polo had its own Golden Rule — which was not to let the other fellow do to you what you fondly hoped to do to him. In theory survival was assured by two regulations: (1) you were supposed to let a man up to breathe if he pinched you, which implied that the pincher was *in extremis*; and (2) you weren't supposed to assault an opponent unless he was within four feet of the ball — to prevent the type of manslaughter that is called murder.

But as I say, rules never meant a great deal in water polo, because the serious side of the game went on under water where only a seal could have sat in judgment. All the referee saw usually was a mighty churning and thrashing, arms and legs flailing the water anonymously, and now and then a purple visage breaking the surface to gulp air. What mayhem, what foul play, went on below was a matter of conjecture and impossible to verify. Once when an old Eli protested to Ed Kennedy, the referee,



that somebody had been biting him, and showed the teeth marks to prove it, Kennedy could only shrug and suggest that next time he get the attacker to identify himself by cutting his initials.

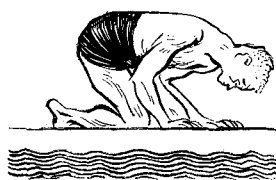
As for the pinching rule, we felt that letting a man up just because he pinched you was shortsighted and sentimental. If he pinched you he was in distress, and the longer he remained in distress the weaker he became and the pleasanter it was for you. Also the imminence of death by drowning gave players a superhuman strength which usually enabled them to break away and get to the surface.

Besides, there are certain rather authoritative ways of pinching. We preferred the back-strangle hold. This was hard to get on a man, being universally dreaded, but once in place it was unbreakable. You approached your opponent from the rear, slipping your arm gently under his chin (so as not to alarm him) and wrapping your legs about his body, octopus-like. Then, cuddling his chin decisively in the crook of your arm, you locked your hands to make him yours for keeps and tightened your legs to prevent his body from thrashing around.

Not only was the hapless fellow held as in a vise, but his head was under water while yours remained above. In addition, it was almost impossible for him to reach around and pinch you. About the best he could do was to try to break your toes — and there wasn't much time for that — or to play dead. When a man played dead, it was difficult not to relax a trifle. But as soon as you relaxed, your man had a chance to wriggle out of even a back-strangle.

There were other holds — arm locks and head locks, and so forth, according to a player's personal fancy. But anything that kept an opponent's head under water answered the purpose. Merely placing your hand on top of a man's head and keeping it there was effective. And if a player had the carelessness or vanity to let his hair grow more than an inch long, you could haul him around like a dog on a leash. But the back-strangle hold remained the hold we dreamed of, because it meant that the victim was written off for the rest of the game, liquidated. Which made it worth while, since each team was allowed but two substitutes.

In water polo, it is significant to note, *no* holds were barred — beneath the surface anyway. Hair-pulling, ear-twisting, and biting were routine techniques with many players in the soundproof privacy of our underwater studio. At one institution of higher learning, indeed, where a rope separated the playing area from the remainder of an oversized pool, it was common practice to try to ensnare your



opponent's neck in the rope — mostly as a joke, of course, because it is impossible to hang a man in the water.

Although the injuries usually associated with athletics were all but unknown in water polo, the grand old game had its own bizarre list of occupational ills. Pinkeye, for example, and the common cold circulated relentlessly. Often we got all clawed up by somebody who had forgotten to keep his nails clipped — a matter of honor with most players — and cramps hit somebody nearly every day. The most unpleasant injury was the ruptured eardrum, and the most lasting souvenir which the game could bestow was sinus trouble. A Ph.D. researcher has reported that about 50 per cent of all who played water polo developed sinus trouble — and the other 50 per cent had it to begin with. Whenever you meet an old water polo player, the polite thing to do is to ask him how his sinus is.

Water polo owed much to the old-fashioned swimming suit. During a spirited scrimmage these flimsy cotton suits were often torn completely off. The referee would then have to stop the game while the nude player swam to the side of the pool and slithered voluptuously into a blanket — amid the happy stamping and whistling of the spectators. It may be significant that not long after the players took to wearing trunks (which could not be torn off) the public lost its zest for water polo.

College authorities then stepped in quickly and abolished the grand old game. Only two or three athletic clubs, they tell me, still fool around with it. Well, I'm sorry, because somehow that game got a grip on you; and there was nothing like it, of course, to give a fellow confidence in the water.



THE GARDENER AT KEW

by HELEN BEVINGTON

VISTAS I love and gardeners at Kew
Like Capability Brown, whom England knew
As builder of the ha-ha, a small ditch
In place of a garden wall to spoil the view.

When each rapt visitor cried "ha-ha," which
 Meant only he was so engrossed at Kew
 In vistas, around 1752,
 That happily he'd fallen flat in a ditch,

Capability Brown, aware that prospects please,
Saw in the ha-ha capabilities.



Books and Men



English novelist and student of history, particularly of the eighteenth

and nineteenth centuries, C. S. FORESTER is the creator of Captain Horatio Hornblower and the author of some of the liveliest and best-written historical novels of our time. Readers who have been carried away by his stories of the sea should not overlook his remarkable novel of the First World War, *The General*.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, LEADER AND HISTORIAN

by C. S. FORESTER

I

WINSTON CHURCHILL's new book falls into two distinct halves — *Out of Office* and *In Office* — if not as different as chalk from cheese, at least as different as ice and water. In the last three hundred pages of *The Gathering Storm: The Second World War* (Houghton Mifflin in association with Cooperation Publishing, \$6.00) he tells of his own deeds; in the first four hundred he gives us the history of the years between the wars, during most of which he was a spectator — a highly privileged spectator and one whose keen insight and innumerable friendships give much weight to his opinions, but a spectator all the same.

The authorities whom he quotes have nearly in every case long been published, and the history with which he deals has mostly been written before. He assails the governments whose foreign and military policies (Mr. Churchill is at his best in his insistence upon the close relationship between military power and foreign policy) during those fatal years were as inept as anything history can show. He draws an analogy between the Baldwin-MacDonald regime and the Walpole administration of two centuries earlier, but he need not have gone back quite so far. There appears to be a closer analogy between Mr. Baldwin and Lord North; in each case we have a Prime Minister carrying through a fatal policy by the aid of astute party management. Mr. Baldwin was obsessed with the notion (not uncommon among Prime Ministers) that the stability of the country depended on his continuance in power; Lord North wished to maintain the royal ascendancy; but each persisted in a course of action which, within a very few years, was proved to be utterly wrongheaded.

Perhaps Mr. Churchill does not lay quite enough stress on one factor which accounts for much of the national acquiescence in the Baldwin-MacDonald policy — namely, the almost universal belief that nobody outside an asylum (certainly no one in a responsible position) would be such a fool as to start war again. Statesmen might threaten and

bluster, or even, as became apparent later on, might send inconsiderable Japanese against negligible Chinese, Italians against Abyssinians, to kill or to be killed, but no one would ever take a decision that would put the soldiers back in the trenches of Passchendaele; the voting public of the world believed that, confronted by such possibility, no one could possibly commit such an act of criminal folly. At the last moment the blusterers would draw back. Nowadays we can at least profit by the knowledge that it can happen again.

Yet allied with this feeling among the masses was another feeling among the leaders: fear. It was fear which, in the last word, held back the British government from dealing with Mussolini in the Mediterranean as he should have been dealt with and as (history now shows) he could have been dealt with. Fear influenced the foreign policy of every government, whose true interest lay in the maintenance of law and order, to such an extent that even after the die had been cast and war was an actual though still almost unbelievable fact, the French government was afraid to stir up Hitler by offensive action for fear of reprisals. They thought of death raining from the skies; no one knew how effective air warfare might be, and no one was anxious that his people should find out first. Today statesmen face similar problems.

From the moment of the accession of Hitler to power, the need of a leader on the opposite side was of vital urgency, and yet no such leader arose, no one man who could rally not only the opinion but the military potential of civilized Europe in the cause of peace. If Mr. Baldwin had only possessed Mr. Churchill's military insight and his fearlessness of responsibility — ! If Mr. Churchill had only possessed Mr. Baldwin's ability to manage an electorate — !

Looking back as Mr. Churchill does we are as amazed as he is both at the number and at the magnitude of the mistakes of the British government, of the French government, and for that

matter of the American government. Mr. Churchill himself was in high office during the time when the first seeds of future troubles were being sown; he was Chancellor of the Exchequer for five years while Seeckt was laying the foundations of the German army with which later Hitler nearly conquered the world, and therefore he must bear a little of the responsibility himself. But after that Mr. Churchill held no office; part of the time he was not even a member of Parliament, and part of the time he was not a member of the Conservative Party, and he could only utter warnings to which no attention was paid, while the civilized governments slid steadily down the slope towards destruction — and sometimes were pushed instead of sliding, and sometimes leapt down it voluntarily.

From mere inertia the French government permitted the reoccupation of the Rhineland; of its own free will the British government entered into the naval agreement with Hitler which made war possible for Germany by ensuring her dominance of the Baltic, and everybody kept silence — save Mr. Churchill — while Hitler pushed on that rearmament of Germany in the air, and on the land which was the most dangerous violation of the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Churchill uttered continual cries of warning, and in every case that he quotes he was proved right by subsequent events — we could wish we could be as right in any single thing as Mr. Churchill was right in everything.

2

THEN came war, and Mr. Churchill was instantly requested by Mr. Chamberlain to assume the responsibilities of the Admiralty; the correctness of his predictions entitled him to office, in addition to his record as a fearless and ceaselessly energetic minister in wartime, and we can guess that the brilliance of the opening volumes of *The World Crisis* played a large part in the decision as to which office he should actually hold. Mr. Churchill took over the direction of a navy for whose development and organization others had been responsible for more than twenty years. It was a superb fighting force, remarkably free from the purely materialistic obsessions which had characterized British naval thought (in defiance of the Nelsonian tradition) in 1914, when tonnage was weighed against tonnage, and armament against armament, and yet German gunnery control enabled German guns to commence hitting in half the time it took British guns to hit back, and German night-fighting arrangements (as Jellicoe subsequently complained) were so superior to those of the British as to make a night action undesirable on those grounds alone.

The navy in 1939 was trained and equipped for its tasks, and the action in the River Plate speedily demonstrated the fact, when the *Exeter* scored hits on the *Graf Spee* as quickly as that crack ship with

her bigger guns scored hits upon her. Mr. Churchill describes the action with all the brilliance and lucidity we have come to expect of him, and the victory there was the direct result of teamwork of the highest order. Mr. Churchill himself was responsible for the deployment of the navy in the “hunting units,” each strong enough to deal with a surface raider, and in the areas where the hunting units would be most effective, and it was Commodore Harwood’s brilliant intuition which took Force G to the River Plate at the very hour when the *Graf Spee* appeared there, and it was the excellence of the British tactics and training that did the rest.

Meanwhile Mr. Churchill had been dealing with vigor and resolution with the multifarious problems of a First Lord of the Admiralty — problems on which the life of the nation depended: the institution of convoy, the allocation of forces to watch the Italian fleet, and the priorities regarding new construction. He saw at once the necessity for escort vessels — ships more economically and more rapidly built than destroyers, and formidable only to submarines — and was responsible for the early construction of those frigates and corvettes which, when the German submarine campaign was later at its height, retained the command of the sea in the hands of the cause of justice. Inevitably he explored the possibilities of wresting from Hitler the command of the Baltic — the most fatal offensive blow sea power could deal him — but he could find no solution to that problem which he and Fisher had tried to solve a generation earlier and which the Allies in all their might found insoluble three years later.

Equally inevitably, he was bound to be led from these considerations to contemplate with dismay the consequences of Norwegian neutrality. With the freezing of the Baltic the railway to Narvik and the inland passage through the Leads took on greater importance. Norwegian neutrality made it possible for Hitler to bring iron ore from Sweden, which really meant that Norwegian neutrality was maintaining Hitler in power. England — and Churchill as the wielder of English sea power — was faced with a situation of such frequent occurrence in English history as to be hackneyed. Academic or punctilious respect for neutral rights meant damage to the national cause, and it was the vital duty of a British statesman to try at least to circumvent those rights. Even direct violation of them might be justifiable, as regards both national necessity and the danger to civilization. In 1914 to 1918, Norway had acquiesced — had even coöperated — in technical violations of her neutrality, and it was to be expected that today, with the cause of right and wrong so much more evident, she would raise no greater objections.

In this connection the incident of the *Altmark* was of special significance. The *Altmark* was carry-

ing a cargo of British prisoners down the Norwegian coast towards Germany. The Norwegian government stated that after search she had been found neither to be armed nor to contain prisoners. Mr. Churchill himself framed the orders, absolutely explicit, which sent Captain Philip Vian (as he then was) in the *Cossack* to board the *Altmark* in defiance of Norwegian protests. The *Altmark* was captured and the prisoners freed — a stirring tale to delight a world-wide public suspicious of the “phony war.” The world saw only the dashing exploit, and it is only now that we know that it was Mr. Churchill who bore the whole responsibility and who would have been held up to execration if (as was perfectly possible) Norwegian sailors had been killed in action with the British navy and the Norwegian government’s statements proved correct.

But the affair had gone off brilliantly. No lives had been lost, the operation had been justified in public opinion by its spectacular success, and, most important of all, Norway had been proved — or at least Norwegian officials speaking for their government had been proved — to have submitted to gross violations of Norwegian neutrality by Germany. It was fear of war with Germany — fear of the bombs and brutality — which was influencing the Norwegian government; moreover, Norway’s protests against the British action, stultified as they were by her having been proved in the wrong, were feeble in the extreme. It seemed to make it possible, both legally and practically, to insist on Norway’s agreeing to the closure of the Leads by a mine field. Yet that could not be all, for precautions must also be taken to prevent Germany from sweeping the mine field, as she undoubtedly would try to do, and to make impossible a German occupation of Norway which would guarantee Hitler against any recrudescence of the trouble. If Hitler were contemplating such a thing — and there were hints that he was — he must be forestalled; in other words there must be an Allied military occupation of Norway, and Mr. Churchill pressed for it.

Logically, and to the mind of someone knowing the secret history, such a stroke was perfectly justifiable, but many will not agree with Mr. Churchill in what he said in his memorandum to the Cabinet: that “no evil effect will be produced upon the greatest of all neutrals, the United States.” This was December, 1939; at that time the justice of the British cause would have been seriously endangered in American eyes if England had landed an army for the conquest of Norway; it was well for the happiness of the world that Hitler struck first and overran Norway with an even more cynical disregard for international rights and opinion.

More effectively, too. He struck with all his

force and with unparalleled efficiency. Mr. Churchill’s story of the British countermoves makes pathetic reading. In 1807, when the British countered an almost exactly similar move by Napoleon in Denmark, they were ready (thanks to the experience of fourteen years of war) with a fleet and army that ensured success; it is almost unbelievable that in 1940 the Cabinet had to scrape up single battalions — single companies even — of infantry to throw on the Norwegian coast, months after the operation had first been suggested. There was ill fortune too — storms, snow, the deaths of important individuals — but that does not really lessen the gravity of the charge of complete ineptitude leveled against the government whose expiring act was this unavailing and feeble defense of Norway.

So the book closes with the fall of the Chamberlain government and the rise of Mr. Churchill to the Premiership on the very day when, coincidentally, the German assault opened in the West. It is a book for every historian to study. As a literary achievement it falls somewhat below Mr. Churchill’s previous lofty standard. It shows marks of haste in composition. Tanga was unsuccessfully attacked in 1914, not 1917, and in one or two cases the admirable British system of putting the month in Roman figures, when writing a date, has led in the Appendix to some self-evident errors. And Mr. Churchill is occasionally careless of his English. He speaks of a “vengeance thrust,” and he says “a lot had happened,” and he frequently lapses into colloquialisms unnatural in such a deep student of Gibbon and Macaulay. But there can be no doubting the lofty spirit of the author; and his self-dedication to the general good, will remain an example to succeeding generations forever.

Mr. Churchill occupies a special position and is under a special responsibility as a writer of English prose. In millennia to come, his work will be studied as we now study Thucydides and Tacitus, as source books of incomparable value. He is happily devoid of the almost morbid self-consciousness which restrains most of his contemporaries from employing eloquence, for fear lest they fall into rhetoric, and he will use on occasion an exalted phrasing entirely compatible with his theme and with the emotions both of himself and his reader. The sheer beauty of some of his passages is admirably set off by the directness and common sense of his parallel commentary; he will make a truth enchantingly obvious where Tacitus would have used a crabbed epigram or Thucydides a portentous profundity, all the three cases demonstrating perfect mastery of the medium employed, and giving the pleasure a display of mastery always gives. That is why we should like Mr. Churchill to do it every time.



Books and Men



Author and bibliophile, well known
in England for his superlative re-

search which led to the detection of the forgeries of the internationally respected book collector Thomas J. Wise, JOHN CARTER is a Director of Scribner's London house. Last year he delivered the Sandars Lectures at Cambridge University — lectures which were the source material for his new book, *Taste and Technique in Book-Collecting*, which will be published in the early summer by the R. R. Bowker Company.

BOOKSELLER AND AUCTIONEER

by JOHN CARTER

I

ON YOUR Shakespeare of 1623," wrote Thomas Rodd, the London bookseller, to Thomas P. Barton, a collector in New York, in the middle of the last century, "on your Shakespeare of 1623 I pin my reputation, moral as well as bibliographical. If you do not find it in every respect perfect and genuine, I will make you a present of the book, and will in addition forfeit ten pounds a leaf for every one that is not genuine." Rodd's language is perhaps more flowery than would be employed today by Maggs or Francis Edwards, Rosenbach or Goodspeed: but his attitude towards his customer and his book differs only in degree, not in kind, from that of any honorable bookseller of his day or ours. The great dealers of Rodd's time were as good bookmen as their customers, taking a keen interest in their collections, fighting their battles in the auction room, scouring the British Isles and the Continent in their interest.

The traditions of *expertise* and integrity set by the principal booksellers of the nineteenth century have been worthily maintained, despite a few exceptions, in the twentieth. There was, indeed, cause for apprehension in the nineteen-twenties, when stock-market tactics were introduced into the book business on both sides of the Atlantic. In New York, particularly, a group of *arriviste* dealers hurried to assume patches from the mantle of George D. Smith, that tremendous buccaneer who had singed the beard of every reverend signior in Europe in the interests of Huntington and other customers, and had taught his countrymen that the principle of *toujours l'audace* could be as effective in the auction room as in other fields of warlike diplomacy. Some of these men were not so much booksellers as financial operators in the book market, as were some of the collectors whom they served; and though they mostly disappeared along with the conditions in which such operations thrive, the book trade as a whole proved not entirely immune from the infection of their methods.

The chastening thirties did much to redress the damage, for they made a necessity of virtue. But it remains to be seen whether another boom can be weathered without developing shock tactics, speculation, and "merchandising": a question to which the answer lies as much in the hands of collectors as of booksellers.

In general, however, the peculiarly intimate relationship between bookseller and collector has not merely survived unimpaired the strains and stresses of the past quarter of a century. It has in some ways been intensified. For if integrity is an absolute quality, *expertise* is relative. And if the collector must always rely on the former in a steady measure, he has to rely more heavily on the latter with every decade's increase in special knowledge and connoisseurship.

A bookseller may be as honest as the day, but if he does not know that the Aldine *Poliphilus* (Venice, 1499) needs a leaf of errata, that there is a secondary binding of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (3 vols., 1859), that a half-title is called for in the second volume of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* (1776) but not in the first — to take three points which in fact every bookseller does know — he may in all good faith sell you a wrong book. Of course he will take it back if *you* know. But collectors cannot know everything. As often as not they must ask not only "Is this an honest copy?" but also "Is it right?"

The distinction between ethics and *expertise* was clearly present in the mind of Thomas Rodd when he pledged his reputation "moral as well as bibliographical." And the necessity for confidence in both has more recently been stated, perhaps in a rather extreme form, but certainly with a salutary emphasis, by Messrs. Winterich and Randall in their *Primer of Book Collecting*. "If the collector," they maintain, "cannot find a dealer in whose complete honesty and judgment he can place as much faith as he does, say, in that of his doctor,

lawyer or minister, he had better stop collecting. For neither he nor the dealer will have any fun. Collecting is a two-way street, and the rare book dealer of integrity who feels that a particular collector does not have faith in him (despite, perhaps, an occasional unwitting error) will cheerfully give up that collector."

It is the honorable dealer's pleasure and pride, no less than his duty and his business, to foster the collections of his customers. He tries to be worthy of their confidence: but he has a right to some confidence in return. A suspicious or a grudging collector brings out the worst in his bookseller; and if it is natural for the ignorant to be more suspicious than the experienced — really ignorant collectors are usually either criminally credulous or absurdly suspicious — the veterans have less excuse.

No bookseller resents a reasoned skepticism in bibliographical matters, nor an honest difference of opinion as to the value of a book. Indeed, a good bookseller respects, appreciates, and is glad to profit by both, when they are backed by knowledge and experience. What he does resent is a collector who regularly assumes that he is about to be deceived and automatically regards a marked price as something to be reduced. He will sell to such a one reluctantly and with a sour heart. For though booksellers are destined always to be parting from books, they have a liking for them and a pride in their own stock. The grocer who sells a pound of butter cares nothing who eats it. But the bookseller who has a fine thing to dispose of would rather sell it to someone who will appreciate it, whose collection is worthy of it, and whose pleasure in the transaction can be shared by both parties to it.

2

IT is this unanimity of interest between collector and dealer which so sharply differentiates the function and atmosphere of the bookshop from those of the auction room. The auctioneer is, of course, interested in the general health of book-collecting. But his interest is inevitably an impartial one, since his first duty is to his consigners. It is as inevitably impersonal: for though he can, if he likes, solicit bids from individual collectors for individual books, he is selling something which he has not bought himself, so that his offerings reflect a borrowed, sometimes an alien, personality. And between sales there is little to maintain his relationship with the collector, which is therefore fitful as well as oblique, where the bookseller's is close, continuous, and direct. An important sale strikes sparks from the collecting world and the rostrum is vividly, though momentarily, highlighted. But it is the constant and fostering care of the bookseller which maintains the collector at or near the sparking temperature.

To stress the essential difference of these two functions is by no means to depreciate the importance of the auction room to collectors and dealers alike. Quite the contrary. Sales are a vital component in the machinery of book-collecting, and the great auction houses lend a color, an excitement, and a romance to the business of dispersal and acquisition, which is as welcome to the trade as it is stimulating to the collector. But whereas the bookseller is under no temptation to usurp the auctioneer's function, since he has not the means even if he had the will, the auctioneers of New York have for a couple of decades past been moving into the territory of the dealers, so that the distinction of function has tended, in America at any rate, to become blurred.

In the last century and the early years of the present (as to a strictly limited extent still in England today) a book auction was really a wholesaling operation, the retailing being done by the booksellers, who solicited and handled their customers' bids but also bought largely for stock. Private collectors were not encouraged to bid in person and seldom did so, preferring to entrust their ventures to their agents, whose expert assistance, first in appraising, then in securing, and finally in collating the book, they thus enlisted, in return for a commission of 10 per cent, or sometimes less.

This practice suited the auctioneer for several reasons. The purchasers were commonly dealers of established status, to whom he could give credit without question. They were also reasonably expert, so that unnoticed faults in a book would be exposed before rather than after the fall of the hammer, thus minimizing the troublesome business of returns. But most important of all, the preponderance of professional over private bidding gave a stability to prices which the dealers had a real and personal interest in maintaining, in bad times as in good. Even the bookseller is not wholly proof against the psychology of the auction room: but he will neither bid himself, nor encourage any customer for whom he is acting to bid, a price grossly in excess of what he deems a book to be worth. He knows that fancy prices are bad for the book business in the long run, and that if he buys a book for twice what it is worth this month, his professional reputation will be, in some measure at least, involved when another copy turns up next month.

Private collectors have no such concern. When money is plentiful they will throw it about in the auction room as they would never do in a bookshop. But when times are bad, it is no business of theirs if a hundred-pound book goes for a fiver. And in a market where most prices are, after all, artificial, the impression that the same book can have a widely different value in different sets of circumstances is as dangerous to the well-being of collectors and auctioneers as it is to booksellers.

Apart from the fact that many people get a little drunk with the excitement of the auction room, the idea is still prevalent among collectors that auction prices are always cheaper than bookshop prices. This was perhaps apt to be the case in the days when auction prices were more nearly wholesale than retail in character and when one's opponent was a bookseller bidding for stock. It was never true when he was bidding on commission, and it is seldom true at all today in the major sale rooms of London and New York, whether the opposing bid be on commission or for stock.

In general a collector bidding in person is likely to pay as much as, and sometimes more than, he would have done if he had given his bid to his bookseller or bought the item from a bookshop. To grudge the dealer his commission, as the unthinking or the mean do, is like dispensing with an architect for your house. For there is much more to the execution of a commission for a customer than a readiness to nod to the auctioneer more persistently than another.

Anyone who considers 10 per cent a high price to pay for a bookseller's *expertise* should read the conditions of sale printed in all auction catalogues. He will be surprised by the almost complete disclaimer of any warranty whatsoever in respect of the goods to be offered. Unless he is prepared not only to inspect but to collate the book he wants, in advance, and unless he knows himself better qualified than his bookseller to do so, he may consider his bibliographical insurance alone cheap at the price. But in addition he will have had his bookseller's advice, if he wants it, on what this copy is worth, and also on what it may be expected to fetch in this particular sale, which is often something different again. And finally he will have the services of an expert in the actual landing of the book, a proceeding sometimes calling for the nicest judgment.

3

THE diffident private bidder is always a trifle flurried. Not only is he the cynosure of the room, but he is also trying feverishly to identify the bidder against him. This is instinctive, and he would often be none the wiser for the knowledge. In fact, of course, if his opponent is a dealer, he will probably, having once caught the auctioneer's attention, be bidding with his eyebrow or by raising his pencil. If the other bid is at the desk, our poor friend will feel that he is boxing with shadows, and after three or four raises he will not know which is his bid and which the auctioneer's. It is at this point that an unscrupulous auctioneer (and they do exist) will either let the collector bid himself up or, when that fails, will "pick a bid off the wall," as the phrase is, to raise him another notch or two. No self-confident person, of course, would be thus

put about. He will bid boldly, and show his hand; or he will think to come in triumphantly at the end, and have the book knocked down elsewhere while he is still holding his fire; or he will mistake another collector for a dealer and assume that he can safely go one higher, until he has paid far more than his book is worth.

Even if the collector is neither diffident nor overconfident, nor a conspicuous expert, he will often conclude that his bookseller knows the angles better than he can ever expect to do. For an old auction-room hand has a shrewd idea which booksellers are likely to be seriously interested in which lots; he knows from long experience what deductions can be drawn from the way they are bidding; he will probably have developed a sixth sense for a strong commission elsewhere in the room, and will handle his own bidding accordingly. Playing a bid is like playing a fish. An air of reluctance, even of disinterest, will be successful with one lot, while a resolute, money-no-object opening may on another occasion discourage competition and secure the book well below one's mark. This sounds a fascinating game, and so it is. But it is a game for professionals, not amateurs.

This opinion would probably be endorsed by most English auctioneers, who believe in a predominantly professional clientele. Their sales are conducted, their catalogues prepared, and their advertising devised accordingly. They admit the loud-speaker and the news cameras on a great occasion, but the normal sale is a subdued gathering of quiet men round a dingy green baize table. They will sometimes spread themselves over the description of a spectacular book, but their catalogues are commonly stripped to the bare essentials (and sometimes further), on the assumption that they are provided for professionals, not the uninstructed, and furthermore that the function of an auction catalogue is accurate description and not ballyhoo.

New York's practice is different because its policy is different. The one major auction house in the city has deliberately set itself to attract direct collector-custom and it conducts its operations accordingly. Even in the days before this policy was adopted, American sales were held in a very different style from London's: usually in the evening, with a fashionable crowd at any important dispersal; comfortable chairs, and uniformed staff calling bids for the auctioneer; a spotlight on the lot selling, which is reverently displayed on a dais (no passing round the table); in short, an atmosphere eminently conducive to the painless extraction of that extra bid. This technique has proved very effective, and if the dealers are sufficiently habituated to be immune, the public are not.

Cataloguing style follows the same pattern. Descriptions of condition are much fuller, which benefits the out-of-town dealer as well as the collector, and must be generally considered a very

advantageous contrast, so long as the descriptions are accurate, to the tight-lipped manner of London. But the entries are not confined to description. They are freely garnished with puffs of one kind and another, and it is this consciously promotional character which distinguishes them so clearly from the English variety. They often read more like a bookseller's catalogue than an auctioneer's exposition of consigned goods, and that is exactly what, essentially, they are: for they are not so much designed to describe books for booksellers as to sell them to collectors.

Now this ambition, which is furthered by correspondence and personal contacts, is an entirely proper one in itself: judged, that is, without relation to book-collecting as a whole. It also has a plausible sound: cut out the middleman, and the owner gets more money while the buyer pays less. But it remains to be seen whether it can be fully achieved, in New York or anywhere else, without doing such harm to the delicate and complex structure of the book business as will eventually react just as sharply on its proponents as on the retailers whom they are willing to by-pass.

4

IT WILL perhaps be not inappropriate to conclude with a word or two about prices in general. Most collectors want a short simple formula for telling whether such and such a book is too dear, dear but probably not to be let pass, fairly priced, cheap but perhaps hardly a good enough copy even at that price, or finally a "sitter" or "sleeper," as the booksellers call a real bargain. There is, of course, no such formula. The collector will have to learn about prices by the hard way of experience, though he may assist himself by studying sales records and booksellers' catalogues and by inquiry among his fellow collectors.

I will venture, however, to suggest a few general principles.

1. Auction records are most unreliable guides unless full account is taken of the quality of the copy (seldom deducible from the annual summaries), the date (whether in a period of high or low prices), and the character of the sale (pedigree sales make higher prices even for the minor books than miscellaneous sales).

2. A cheap mediocre copy is probably more expensive than a high-priced but brilliant example of the same book.

3. The collector must expect to pay a little more for a book which is reported to him than for one which he digs out: he is paying for the bookseller's time, trouble, and memory.

4. It is unreasonable to expect a bookseller who has bought a bargain to forgo his profit simply because his purchase price is known to his customer,

or to sell for a 10 per cent profit what he invested his own money in (not his customer's) at an auction.

5. Books are by no means always dearer in the West End of London than in the suburbs or the provinces (and the same goes for New York).

6. Real howling bargains are very rare. They should never be reckoned on or waited for, or one may wait forever. The best purchases most collectors make are due to prescience, not good fortune: they are the books bought at a fair market price ten years, five years, perhaps even only one year before enough other people are looking for them to send the price up.

7. If a collector is in doubt whether a certain book for which he has been looking is not, when he finds it, overpriced, let him consider the bookseller's probable attitude towards that particular book. Some booksellers overprice from ignorance, others from knowledge abetted by a belief that the book is rarer or more important than has been generally supposed.

8. Never bargain. If you succeed in beating the bookseller down on this book, you will have saved a little money. But will he offer you the next one he knows you want? A marked price is a dealer's honest opinion. You are fully entitled to disagree with him and to say so. But you should take the book or leave it. If you leave it and he is right, someone else will get it. He may, of course, be wrong. If so, the book will stay with him and he will probably meet you of his own accord after a decent interval.

9. Never think, when you are buying a book, what it will sell for — tomorrow or fifty years hence. As Messrs. Winterich and Randall have well said: "A man who considers books primarily as investments or speculations is not a collector. He is in the book business. . . . No man can serve two masters, and no wise man tries."

10. Lastly, be less afraid of paying a stiff price than of letting slip some book you know to be rare and which is important to you. You cannot tell when, at what price, or even whether, you will see another. De Ricci expressed this principle in an eloquent passage which shall serve for my peroration: "Out-bidding is the very essence of collecting. The most sacred duty of every collector is to overpay. To outbid and overpay is not a calamity, but an absolute necessity. . . ."

"Every great collection in the world, ever since there have been collectors, has been made by men who had foresight enough to secure for themselves, to snatch away from others, objects that they understood to be really significant and desirable. You must therefore be prepared not only to outbid your competitors, but also to outwit them. 'All is fair,' says the proverb, 'in love and war.' Collecting, we will most of us admit, partakes both of love and war."

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I BELIEVE I am one of the few who went to war with a tennis racket. In the autumn of 1916 I was slowly drowning as a student of mechanical engineering. For going on three terms I had passing grades in two courses and flat failure in three. When it became evident that my time as an engineer was limited, I looked around for a graceful exit and found it as a volunteer in the French Army. I sailed for France the following spring (before the final exams), and with me went a Slazenger tennis racket which I hoped to use on leave.

My first *permission* occurred after a spell of duty at Verdun that summer. I packed up my racket, which had been stored at the University Club in Paris, bought a few books at Brentano's, — *Sonia* by Stephen McKenna, Lockhart's *Napoleon*, and *Le Feu* by Barbusse, — and took the night train for Nice. A friend and I had been offered the most exquisite quarters in a villa overlooking the harbor of Villefranche. The house — Pershing was to occupy it a month later — was capacious, with long French windows looking out over the terrace to the Mediterranean. A marvelous staff and no one at home but ourselves. As a contrast to Haudainville and Carrière-Sud, our mucky and most unpleasant *poste de secours*, it was almost unbelievable. We lay abed until nine, had our breakfast — I remember the great fistful of heavy purple grapes — in the sunlight before the open French windows, and at half-past ten I took the tram for Nice armed with my tennis racket. The Secretary of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club was M. Lenglen, the father of the famous Suzanne. He it was who provided me with white flannels, tennis shirts, and a guest card. And for five mornings in a row I rallied and played a set or two with Suzanne. My service began to come back, and in time I was able to take three games a set from her.

Then came a tournament. A handicap men's

singles. All went well for me until the semifinals, where my opponent was an old American architect (he was probably all of forty-five!). He played with a loosely strung Horseman racket and had a reputation for cutting the ball and getting everything back. I banged my way through the first set, thanks to my first serve and my persistence in going to the net. Then we changed courts.

Now the Nice Lawn Tennis Club was surrounded by plane trees whose trim boughs provided a green background to a height of perhaps twenty-five feet. But above the trees rose the pensions and hotels, which were now blazing whitely in the sunlight. As I looked up to serve at the start of the second set, my eye was caught by the whiteness. I served my first ball blindly and there was a scream from a stout woman who had been sitting in the gallery under the shade of a large feathered hat. The hat had been knocked off her head into the lap of the gentleman behind her. She was flustered and so was I. When order was restored I served a soft pat ball, the architect chopped it swiftly down my backhand, and I lost the point. I went on to lose the game and the set. We changed courts on the odd game in the third and decisive set, and each time my opponent passed me he would commiserate about the spectator. "Don't worry about the old girl," he would say, "she's over it by now," or "That first service of yours has a real hop to it — when you can keep it in." His psychology was perfect. Of course I couldn't keep it in — in fact I gave up trying — and when I played safe the architect cut the life out of the ball. When I congratulated him on his victory at the end of the third set, I dimly realized that I had been given a lesson in Gamesmanship.

The art of winning

Now the secret has been made public by **Stephen Potter**, in his discerning and laughable little book, *Gamesmanship* or The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating (Holt, \$2.50). This will appeal to any amateur of tennis, golf, billiards, cards, or croquet who has suffered from the mental competition of a deft and older opponent. It is the shrewd, mock-serious rule book of behavior which every club will cherish. In a chapter entitled "The Pre-Game," Mr. Potter dwells on what he calls the "flurry." Supposing, for instance, that your tennis opponent picks you up before the game. Your procedure, Mr. Potter suggests, should be as follows: Be late in answering the bell. Don't have



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your things ready. Walk down path and realize that you have forgotten shoes. Return with shoes. Then just before getting into car pause and wonder whether racket is at the club or whether you have left it in the bathroom at top of the house.

Once on the court, with the game a toss-up, the older opponent can resort to "Game Leg," also known as "Limpmanship." ("I hope I shall be able to give you a game, but my back . . .") Compassion, as it gnaws away at the younger man, sometimes must elicit a comment from the winning oldster. "In my pamphlet for the British Council," writes Mr. Potter, "I listed eighteen ways of saying 'Bad luck.' I do not believe there are more."

Or if you find yourself in a four-ball tournament in golf, "do not forget," says Mr. Potter, "the art of fomenting distrust between your two opponents. The basis of Split Play is to make friends with your opponent A, and in that same process undermine his carefully assumed friendship — so easily liable to strain — with his partner, your opponent B, in order that, after the first bad shot by B, the thought 'Poor you!' may be clearly implied by a glance from you, a shrug of the shoulders or the whistling of two notes as recommended by Gale (descending minor third)." All this of course would be utter nonsense were it not at the same time perfectly delightful and true.

Man-eater

Sport totally unlike anything to be found in this country is that described by Jim Corbett in *The Man-Eating Leopard of Rudraprayag* (Oxford, \$2.50). Mr. Corbett is a white hunter who rose to be the best tiger exterminator in India. His aim, his patience, his ability to sleep in trees, to follow a trail, and to outthink a man-eater, we know from his earlier volume, *Man-Eaters of Kumaon*. Now, in the sequel, he tells of a hunt that lasted eight years, the hunt for an outsized male leopard ("the most beautiful and the most graceful of all the animals in our jungles") who fed on the inhabitants of Garhwal — 125 human beings and probably more, between the years 1918 and 1926.

This particular man-eater did his eating on the Hindu pilgrims bound for Golabrai. The pilgrims as they paused on the steep and incredibly rough trail, or slept in the grass-thatched pilgrim shelters, were so much anchovy on toast. When, after innumerable *shikaris*, the Government failed to bring the man-eater to bay, Jim Corbett was called in. Corbett stalked the leopard for two years, and this is the story of his resourcefulness, his honestly expressed fear.

In the hunt certain secrets are disclosed which I never hope to put to the test. I had not realized, for instance, that a man-eater would assault the latched door of a pilgrim shelter within which, in stifling heat, lay some thirty persons; I had not realized

that a giant cat of this cunning would secrete himself in the lower story of a dwelling and, when the family slept, make off with his dessert; I had never imagined the length of his spring, or that he might carry his victim two or three miles before dining, and put another ten miles between himself and the invaded village if the alarm arose. Mr. Corbett met only two people, a Pundit and an indomitable woman with a lacerated arm, who survived contact with the Leopard of Rudraprayag, and his account of that escape reads like a bad dream, but a dream that comes all too true in the blood-clotted sunlight of the next morning.

Interspersed in this long sleepless vigil are telling descriptions of the native villages of Mother India, and of fishing (with what sounds very much like a spinning rod) for mahseer fish of thirty pounds or more, which Mr. Corbett plays to exhaustion and then, lacking net or gaff, lifts out of the stream with his thumbs. I think I'd rather go for the fish than the leopard.

The meddler

For the third time the Book-of-the-Month Club has selected a Margery Sharp novel. This is a singular tribute. *The Foolish Gentlewoman* (Little, Brown, \$3.00) is the post-war story of a sentimental widow, Isabel Brocken, whose large house eight miles from Charing Cross and whose income of £800 a year have survived into these days of austerity, thanks to the protective, crotchety trusteeship of her brother-in-law, Simon. Indeed by June, 1946, Chipping Lodge, Mrs. Brocken's home, has become sanctuary to a variegated group: to Simon, whose London home has been bombed, to Jacqueline, her water-color painting companion, to Humphrey, her nephew from New Zealand, a young veteran from the 8th Army, and belowstairs, to the Pooles, mother and daughter, who do a little cooking when it doesn't interfere with their films, dancing, and roller skating. The arrangement is cozy and protective until, out of compassion, Mrs. Brocken invites to their midst Tillie Cuff, a poor relative and governess whom she had once slighted when young. Tillie is meddlesome, ingratiating, envious, and a troublemaker from the word go. During her years of lonely subservience she has learned to pull the strings without letting it show. And the more she meddles at Chipping Lodge, the edgier the comedy becomes.

This is light writing by a novelist with a sure sense of order and a deft, dramatic touch. Throughout, the humor is saved from frivolity by scenes which hold the pathos of life: Jacqueline as she quarrels with Humphrey; Simon as he hugs to himself the inviolability of the bachelor; little Greta Poole as she tells Simon of why they ran away from her father; Tillie Cuff as she breaks down in the confession of her loneliness, — these are real people without grease paint.

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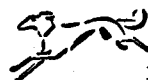


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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

FEW living writers have displayed a more glittering comic artistry than **Evelyn Waugh** did in his early novels. *The Loved One* (Little, Brown, \$2.50) — a burlesque on the burial customs of Southern California — is on the surface a return to Waugh's early manner. But there is a difference.

The world of *Vile Bodies*, *Decline and Fall*, or *Black Mischief* was one of anarchic fantasy, floodlit with a bland, devastating brilliance. The characters reeled their lunatic way, with sublime insouciance or sublime rascality, through a harlequinade ending in gruesome but hilarious calamity. Waugh's people were of two classes, both of whom he knew intimately: the giddy rich and adventurers of vast caddishness. He handled them with ironic affection or amused detachment, and betrayed no trace of rage or disgust. The wit was radiant and incessant, the absurdity entrancing.

Then Mr. Waugh ceased to be detached, and he began to grow angry. He wrote a life of Edmund Campion which revealed a weird animosity toward the Anglican Church. He wrote a salute to Mussolini's Abyssinian victory, deriding "the whinney of the nonconformist conscience." He assumed the tone of an emigré in a world of parvenus, and appeared to be subject to gusts of nostalgia and truculence, to deepening dogmatism and acrimony. This mood is not explicit in *The Loved One*, but I think it underlies the failings of the book, which in part is extremely funny.

An English poet, Dennis Barlow, summoned to Hollywood to write up Shelley for the screen, has fled his odious job and found congenial employment in a pet cemetery. At Whispering Glades, the nationally famed necropolis, Dennis meets a cosmetician of indecent beauty, Aimee Thanatogenos. Aimee is being archly courted by the senior mortician, Mr. Joyboy, to whom she is drawn both by admiration for his professional genius (they say he could make a stiff who has sat on the atom bomb presentable), and by ambition to achieve the rank of embalmer. Moreover Joyboy, if unattractive, is "ethical." Dennis is handsome but extremely "un-ethical," and what's more "he is British and therefore in many ways quite un-American." Poetry, however, gives Dennis the lead, since Aimee fails to recognize some of the best-known lyrics in the English language. Thereafter it's a Jamesian con-

flict — "American innocence and European experience" — with a ghoulish climax.

Waugh's caddish hero and the Hollywood English — Sir Francis Hinsley ("I was always the most defatigable of hacks"); Sir Ambrose Abercrombie, arbiter of the Cricket Club code for expatriate sahibs — radiate some of the old outrageous fun. The mortuary lore of Graustark has been somewhat staled as a subject for satire by Huxley and others. Still, there's macabre hilarity in Waugh's mock clinical report on the ritual for disposing of Loved Ones ("by inhumement, entombment, inurement or immurement, but many people lately prefer insarcophagusment. That is *very* individual").

But Waugh's Americans — and they are the point of his cadaveric fable — are about as pointed as the stage Englishman in a Broadway farce. Acrimony has blurred his vision and turned his fantasy sour. His generalizations run to such hoary clichés as the standardized good looks of American women and the mass production of smartly shod, nylon-encased legs. His caricature of Americans is so extravagant it becomes silly. Joyboy is a crude pastiche of the sanctimonious middle-aged Mom's Boy. Aimee is lifted out of a Dorothy Dix column, the only place where she belongs. Some of their talk is downright embarrassing. One wishes Mr. Waugh had boned up on what the natives have said about themselves.

The "spoiled giant"

"What the world needs is a first-class dogma-catcher," a speaker said last fall at Washington's National Press Club. In *The Turning Stream* (Doubleday, \$5.00), **Duncan Aikman** goes dogma-catching along the highroad of American tradition and the bypaths of the contemporary scene, seeking to clear the way for adjustment to critical change. Aikman writes with Menckonian scorn for the "nostalgic fixations of USA folk life" and with a destructive wit of his own. His book skips deftly from transportation to soil erosion and birth control; from religious revivalism to Luce and Lippmann. It discourses pungently on money as "a branch of theology"; on the sectarian clashes of "a sex-based near theology"; on witch-hunting, "womb-seeking," and *The Wealth of Nations*. The author's equipment in certain fields is inferior to his zeal, but he has turned out a lively and hard-hitting book, which some will find salutary, some provocative, and some wickedly subversive. Here is a sampling of his ideas: —

The revolution which handed down America's "liberating inheritance" was won in Europe: it began with the Italian Renaissance and Martin Luther. The early colonists relapsed into "a kind of Calvinist Dadaism, crossing at times the borders of religious psychosis." In the McKinley era, Americans acquired the "dangerous illusion" that the practices of dog-eats-dog competition, which had

solved the problems of growth, could solve those of a country "almost as different from the [pioneer] Republic . . . as from Athens or Sparta." They "fell in love with the bigness of business and industry," and acquired the composite personality of a "spoiled giant."

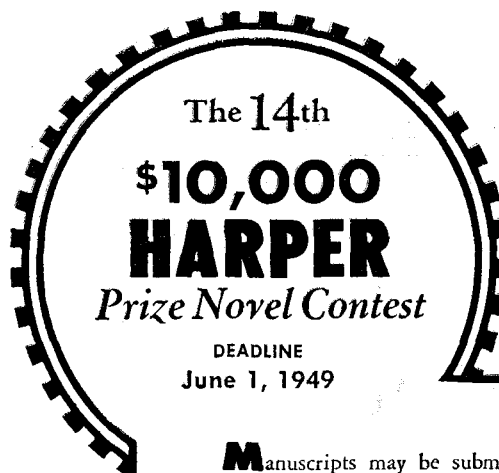
Buttressed by the dogma of non-stop expansion the Spoiled Giant has since abused his soil, wasted his timber and his oil, and resisted change under pretense of keeping his "basic inheritance" intact. American education is a "self-admiration cult," which teaches that the U.S.A. is close to Arcadia and which fosters patriotic "priggery." Thought has grown flabby in high places from a hypertrophied "cult of nostalgia." A Congressional committee, for instance, tried to silence the "Voice of America" broadcasts on the ground that "our forebears" believed the American ideal would "reach out into the world . . . through its own dynamics." Nostalgia even decrees that use of mass communications to defend America is un-American.

The "automobileer"

Paradox confronts you at every turn in *The Legend of Henry Ford* (Rinehart, \$5.00). Ford introduced the Five-Dollar Day, and he boasted, "I give nothing for which I do not receive compensation." He was an empire-builder who had trouble with figures. When he was boomed for the Presidency, Arthur Vandenberg said: "Ford has to his debit more erratic interviews on public questions, more dubious quotations, more blandly boasted ignorance of American history, more political nonsense, more dangerous propaganda, than any other dependable citizen." But he was the national idol and a poll showed he might well sweep the popular vote. He made billions and he proclaimed that capitalism was the cause of war, inveighed against Wall Street "multi-millionaires." He waged an infamous campaign against the Jews, publicly recanted, but kept Fritz Kuhn on his payroll and accepted the Grand Cross from Hitler. When he resigned direction of the company to Edsel, he made an ex-boxer, Harry Bennett, the real boss and allowed him to maintain an army of thugs to beat down union activity.

Keith Sward's enormously detailed chronicle goes far toward resolving these contradictions. The legend of the "folk hero" gets pretty tarnished in the process.

Mr. Sward — a former Stanford Research Fellow and teacher at the University of Minnesota, now a clinical psychologist — spent ten years gathering material for this book. He has woven a phenomenal number of facts into a smoothly written and completely fascinating narrative, excitingly climaxed by the story of the Ford Motor Company's bitter-end fight against unionization, its defeat, and the dismissal of Bennett and his gang when control passed to Henry Ford II. Sward's tone is always measured; the evidence he sets down — much of it explosive — is documented to the hilt. The appendix lists 1038 references to written sources, the main ones being Ford's own newspaper and books, public documents and the records of legal actions,



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the leading Detroit papers, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *New York Times*.

Most of Ford's social ideas came to him from the old platforms of agrarian revolt and from his idol, Thomas Edison. His Populism was sincere enough in theory, but, judging from this dossier, it seldom affected his practice. He had a genius, though, for publicly spreading what Mark Twain called "soul butter." His private generosity (which were notable) notwithstanding, Ford's treatment of workers and dealers was, according to the testimony assembled, harsh in the extreme. *Fortune* magazine said in the thirties that the Ford Company was ruled by chronic job anxiety. Ford's maneuvers to buy up Muscle Shoals for a song (exposed and balked by Senator Norris), his company's manipulation of local politics and administration, are two more of the many damaging items in Mr. Sward's bill of particulars.

The credit side of the ledger takes first place in a book by **William C. Richards** published earlier this year, *The Last Billionaire* (Scribner, \$3.75). It is essentially a sprightly collection of anecdotes, designed — the author disarmingly admits — to present Ford as a very human personality. Mr. Richards skims rather lightly over Ford's labor policy, politics, racialism, and so forth, and it is precisely his record in those fields which, in Sward's book, punctures the popular myth.

Proust revisited

At the age of thirty-eight, Marcel Proust was little known as a writer. He was well known in Paris society as a semi-invalid who frequented the salons muffled in a greatcoat, had a passion for sending flowers, and wrote letters of cloying effusiveness. In the spring of 1909 Proust underwent a profound emotional experience. A chance association of sensations made him relive a moment of the past in all its forgotten details. It left him with the feeling that, beneath the opaque and fleeting surface of time-encased experience, there was a timeless essence, a crystalline reality. This was the germ of the philosophy which animated *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*.

Proust started work on his great novel in 1909, withdrawing into the isolation of his famous cork-lined room and dosing himself with caffeine and adrenalin. He died in 1922, at the age of fifty-one, just after the 4000-page work was completed. A few hours before his death he rang for his maid, Céleste, and dictated additions to the scene describing the death of the novelist, Bergotte. The tenth volume of *Remembrance of Things Past* had just been published; the last — there are sixteen — appeared in 1927.

A survey of critical literature on Proust made in 1940 listed 1700 items. But almost all of them were studies of some special aspect of Proust's work. There was not at that time in any language a com-

prehensive synthesis which took into account the important material brought to light in the previous decade. **Harold March**, a professor at Swarthmore College, fills that surprising gap with *The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust* (University of Pennsylvania Press, \$3.50). Written with sound scholarship, it is in general an intelligent, compact (270 pages), logically organized study addressed to the general reader. But Edmund Wilson's essay in *Axel's Castle* (though, of course, it cannot be compared in range) is a more vital and profound analysis of Proust's work.

Professor March opens with an incisive discussion of "the climate of ideas" into which Proust was born. A biography follows. Here the subjects which French critics have handled with singular malaise are dispatched with sobriety and precision: Proust's Jewish ancestry, the question of snobbery, his homosexuality. The treatment of Proust's asthma and general neurosis, which loom so large in his life and work, is unfortunately somewhat superficial. Mr. March recognizes that Proust was "a beautiful Freudian case, complete with mother fixation, father rivalry, fantasy, perversion," but he neglects the implications of this diagnosis. And he states, loosely if not incorrectly, that there is "nothing Freudian" in Proust's point of view. One of the most arresting aspects of Proust's work is the parallelism between his emotional researches and Freud's analysis of the workings of the neurotic personality.

Mr. March's elucidation of Proust's "religion of art" leads into a picture of Proust at work on *Remembrance of Things Past*, which is then carefully analyzed in terms of structure, characters, intellectual themes, and so forth. The book closes with an excellent summation of "The Meaning of Proust." Mr. March sifts it down to this: —

There are two worlds, one the world of time, where necessity, illusion, suffering, change, decay, and death are the law; the other the world of eternity, where there is freedom, beauty, and peace. Normal experience is in the world of time, but glimpses of the other world may be given in moments of contemplation or through accidents of involuntary memory. It is the function of art to develop these insights and to use them for the illumination of life in the world of time.

Society is used by Proust to build up an impression of uncertainty, confusion, and change. The series of social scenes punctuates the novel with pessimism. A second series, that of the "privileged moments," provides a compensatory optimism. Thus the over-all effect is that of "a somber panorama of time lit by flashes of eternity." In effect Proust has, to quote Edmund Wilson, "re-created the world of the novel from the point of view of relativity; he has supplied for the first time in literature an equivalent on the full scale for the new theory of modern physics."

Potpourri

WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED \$4.00

David L. Cohn

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PART of this volume is a reissue of *God Shakes Creation* (1935), a description of the Mississippi Delta and its problems. In the second section, Mr. Cohn records the changes he found in the Delta country on his return there last year. He surveys race relations with sad-eyed realism; discusses the coming of the new industry; the social changes it has brought; the drastic effects of the mechanical cotton picker. But this is essentially a book about people. Whatever the point, there hangs a human tale to it, and Mr. Cohn really knows how to tell a story. His writing has the flavor of civilized conversation. His book is witty and mellow, pointed and informed.

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH \$3.75

Zoë Oldenbourg

PANTHEON

THIS historical novel (translated from the French) is a striking departure from the garish fustian which has discredited the genre. In her saga of a petty knight's family in twelfth- and thirteenth-century France, Miss Oldenbourg has sought an authentic re-creation of medieval life. She describes, in unromanticized detail, the everyday routine of the castle of Linnieres, the marriage customs of the period, the hunts, tournaments, and feasts; the vicious family vendettas, the unending civil wars, and the Crusades. The central motif of her intricate tapestry, crowded with personages, is the married life of Baron Ansiau of Linnieres and his lady. Those who have a penchant for the massive period piece, and would like to see it handled with artistry, should find this to their taste.

JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE, VOL. II \$6.00

Translated and annotated by Justin O'Brien KNOPF

THE second volume of Gide's *Journals* — the first was published last summer — ranges from his forty-fifth to his fifty-eighth year and covers the period 1914 through 1927. The war years are among the less interesting in the *Journals*, the nine following are among the most fascinating. It was then that Gide published *The Counterfeiters* and his autobiography, *Si Le Grain Ne Meurt*, and became the dominant figure in French letters. As in all of Gide's work, the heart of this volume is his unending quest for values, his remorseless self-exploration. Justin O'Brien has done a fine job of translation.

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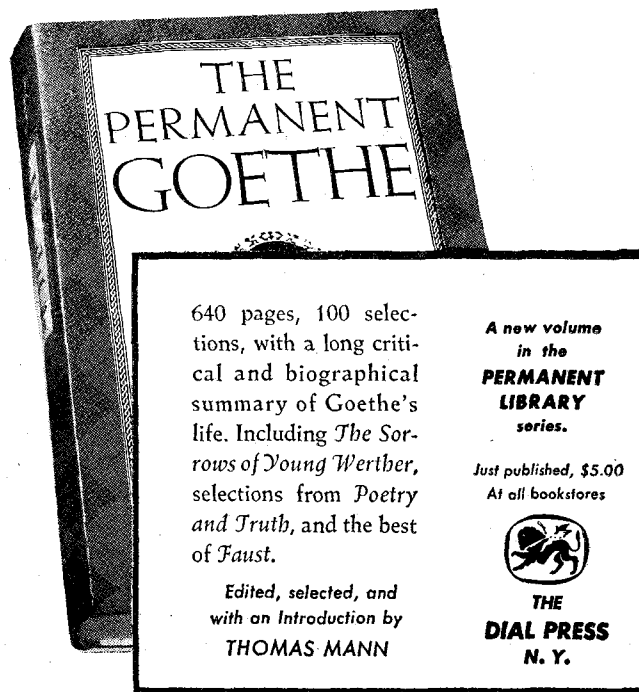
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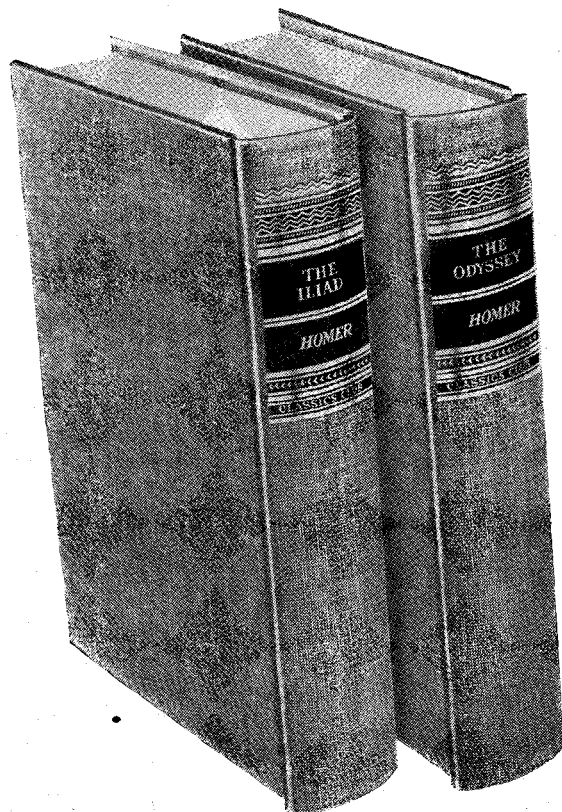
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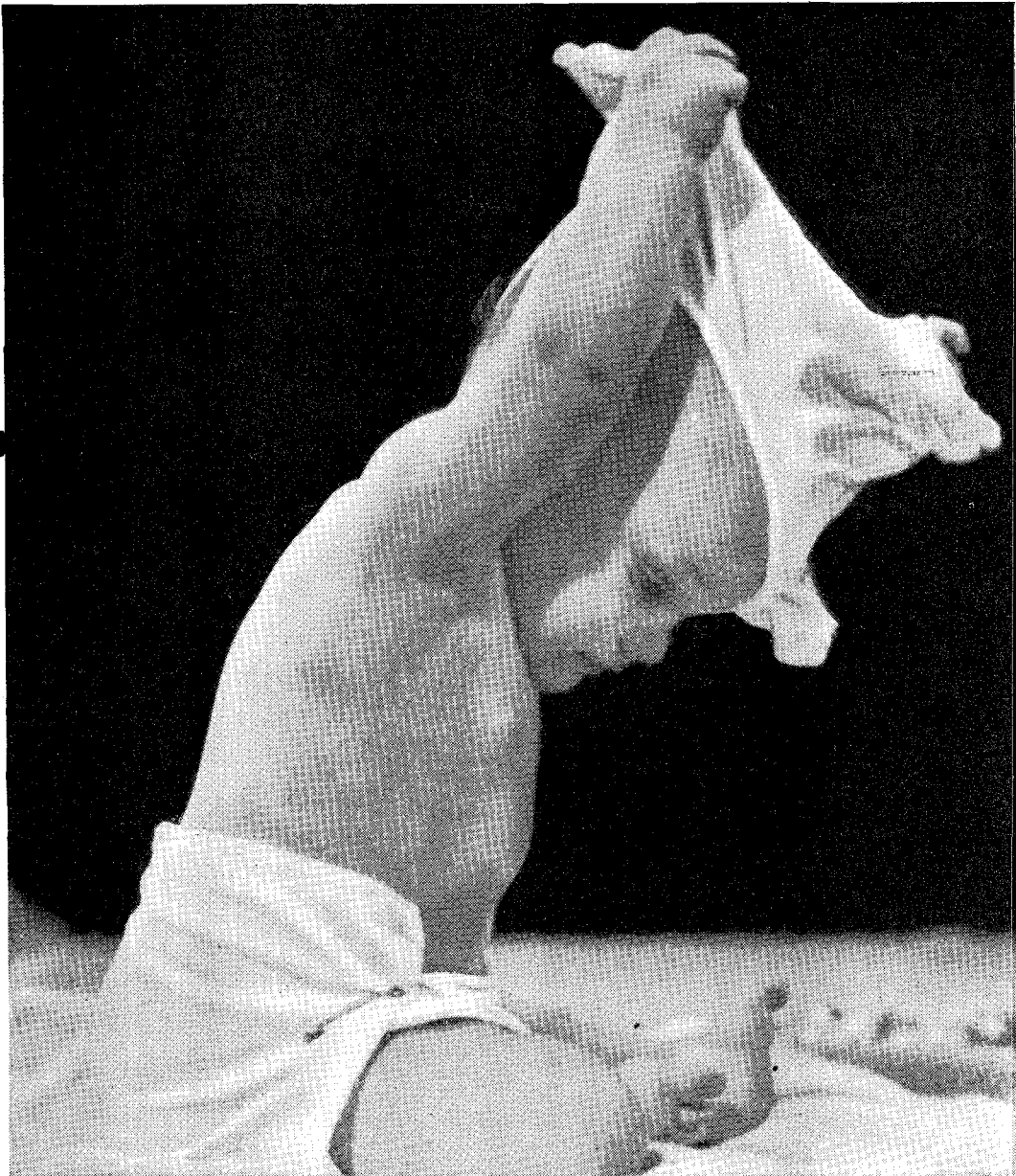
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